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TENNYSON AND THEOCRITUS.

SOMETHING has been done, of late, in our schools and universities, to harmonize the acts of mental discipline with the formation of a liberal taste.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Fifteen years ago, however, the pursuit of exact learning, and that of a broad and elegant culture, could not be said to follow equal paths. Straight was the line of duty, curved was the line of beauty; and as for the remainder of the apothegm, whatever may have been the instinct of an exceptional student, his guides and philosophers seemed to trouble themselves very little concerning it.

With rare variation, the classical exercises, by which a neophyte was advanced in Latin and Greek, were unlikely to breed within him any love for the glorious relics of ancient literature. Endless analysis of the first and second aorists, or of the inflections of the verb-roots, is associated with certain books of the Odyssey in the recollection of many an alumnus. The curriculum of the Yale olympiad, for instance, embraced little beyond the texts of Homer and Herodotus, with a few tragedies of

Æschylus and Euripides added as a propitiatory homage to the grittiness, not the grandeur, of the Greek dramatic chorus. To be sure, we had just enough exercise (of the drill-order) in Plato to give us an aversion to the Socratic method of argument and a languid sympathy with any sophist who resisted the pug-nosed inquisitor. Had one of us been asked his opinion of the baffled but resolute Gorgias, doubtless the reply would have been that of Lord Thurlow with regard to the Satan of "Paradise Lost": "He's a d—d fine fellow, and I hope he may win!" But few such questions gave us occasion for critical answers, irreverent or otherwise.

At the time of which I write we had not even the class-student's opportunity to acquire a knowledge of the Sicilian idyls,* though examined, of course, in

* Recently, as I have heard, our foremost Grecian has ventured to place the *Bucolicorum Græcorum Reliquiæ* upon the course at Yale. Professor H— doubtless has relinquished his ancient office, — that of breaking in the Freshmen, — at which occupation, as I look back now with a fuller appreciation of his exquisite scholarship, alike broad and minute, he seems to me the philological counterpart of Napoleon drilling a corporal's guard at Elba. But if he still cling to the recitation-room, exercising more advanced classes upon the text which he has thus brought in vogue, what superb disciplinary opportu-

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the pseudo-bucolics of Virgil, and more familiar with his dactyls and spondees than with the laws of a planetary system. Nevertheless, the Greek Reader then used for the preparatory lessons, containing an assorted lot of passages from various writers, included that wonderful elegy, "The Epitaph of Bion," whose authorship is attributed to Moschus. The novelty, the beauty, the fresh and modern thought of this undying poem, were dimly visible even to the school-fagged intellect of a youth to whom poetry was a vague delight. Well might they be, for this elegy, — in which the pain and passion of lamentation for a brother-minstrel are sung in strains echoing those which Bion himself had chanted in artificial sorrow for the mystic Adonis, — this perpetual elegy was the mould, if not the inspiration, of Spenser's "Astrophel," of Milton's "Lycidas," of Shelley's "Adonais"; and, again, of Arnold's "Thyrsis" and Swinburne's "Ave atque Vale": laments beyond which the force of poetic anguish can no further go, and each of which is but a later affirmation that the ancient pupil of Theocritus found the one key-note to which all high idyllic elegy should be attuned thenceforth.

Having made a first acquaintance with the work of Tennyson, — and who does not remember how new and delicious the lyrics of the rising English poet seemed to us, half surfeited, as we were, with the fulness of his predecessors? — I could not fail to observe a resemblance between certain portions of his verse and the only Greek idyl which I then knew. For example, in the use of the elegiac refrain, in the special imagery, in the adaptation of landscape and color to the feeling of a poem, and, often, in the suggestion of the feeling by the mere scenic effect. It was not till after that thorough knowledge of the English *maestro's* art, which has been no less absorbing and perilous than nities are offered by the new Doric dialect, with its broadened vowels and quaint inflections, above those derived, for the reduction of our own proud flesh, from the sound, old-fashioned Ionic of the Homeric times!

instructive to the singers of our period, that I was led to study the entire relics of the Greek idyllic poets. Then, for the first time, I became aware of the immense obligations of Tennyson to Theocritus, not only for the method, sentiment, and purpose, but for the very form and language, which render beautiful much of his most widely celebrated verse.

Three points are distinctly brought in view: —

1. The likeness of the Victorian to the Alexandrian age.

2. The close study made by Tennyson of the Syracusan idyls, resulting in the adjustment of their structure to English theme and composition, and in the artistic imitation of their choicest passages.

3. Hence, his own discovery of his proper function as a poet, and the gradual evolution and shaping of his whole literary career.

The design of this paper is to exhibit some of the evidences on which these points are taken. They may interest the student of comparative minstrelsy, as an addition to his list of "Historic Counterparts" in literature, and are worth the attention of that host of readers, so wonted to the faultless art of Tennyson that each trick and turn of his verse, his every image and thought, are more familiar to them than were the sentimental ditties of Moore and the romantic cantos of Scott and Byron to the cruder poetic taste of an earlier generation. I do not say weaker, but cruder; there is no question as to the superiority of the laureate's art, however opinions may differ concerning the quality which lies beneath. The blank-verse of Byron is often without form, and void; the dithyrambic music of Shelley runs on without apparent purpose, ending we know not how, like some magical mist-hung river which at last loses itself in the sands. The blank-verse of the "Morte d'Arthur" and "Guinevere" is the perfection of English rhythm; nor has Tennyson, of late years, uttered a poem without that objective foresight which

sees the end from the beginning, and makes the whole work round and perfect. A great artist. A strong, conscientious singer, holding his imagination quite in hand. How few of his pieces could we spare ! so few, indeed, that when he does trifle with his art (as not long since), the critics laugh like school-boys delighted to catch the master tripping for once ; not wholly sure but that the matter may be noble, because, forsooth, he composed it. Yet men, wont to fare sumptuously, will now and then leave their delicate viands untasted, and hanker with lusty appetite for ruder and more sinewy fare. We turn again to Byron for sweep and fervor, to Coleridge and Shelley for the music that is divine ; and it is through Wordsworth that we commune with the very spirits of the woodland and the misty mountain winds.

It will not harm the noble army of verse-readers to be guided for a moment to the original fountain of that stream from which they take their favorite draughts. The Sicilian idyls were very familiar to the dramatists and songsters of Shakespeare's time, and a knowledge of them was affected, at least, by the artificial jinglers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. How little is thought or known of them in our own period ! We have Homer and Horace by heart ; but Theocritus, to most of us, is but the echo of a melodious name. He was, none the less, the creator of the fourth great order of poetry, the Composite, or Idyllic, to which he bears the relation of Homer to epic, Pindar to lyric, Æschylus to dramatic verse ; and if he had not sung as he sang, in Syracuse and Alexandria, two thousand years ago, it is doubtful whether modern English fancy would have been under the spell of that minstrelsy by which it is now so justly and delightfully enthralled.

I do not know that any extended references to the present topic have been printed heretofore ; although, within the last decade, during a revival of the study and translation of the Greek poets, allusions to it have been

made, and parallel passages occasionally noted,—as by Thackeray, in his *Anthology*, and by Snow, in his appendix to the Clarendon school edition of *Theocritus*,—such waifs confirming me in my recognition of the evidence on which the foregoing statements are adventured.*

In a review, printed some years ago, of the "*Late English Poets*," I wrote more fully upon the first of the three points above named, to wit, the resemblance between the Alexandrian and Victorian periods in their general literary phenomena ; but I will now, briefly, again touch upon this likeness, for the purpose of illustrating what shall follow.

What was the Alexandrian period ? It covered the time wherein the city, by which Alexander marked the splendor of his Western conquests, was the capital of a new Greece, and had grouped within it all that was left of Hellenic philosophy, beauty, and power. Latin thought and imagination were still in their dawning, and Alexandria was the centre, the new Athens, of the civilized world. But the intellect, if not that of a decadence, was reflective, critical, scholarly, rather than creative ; a comfortable era, in which to live and enjoy the gathered harvests of what had gone before. All the previous history of Greece led up to the high Alexandrian refinement. Her literature had completed a round of four hundred years, of which the first three centuries, in the slower progress of national adolescence, comprised an epic and lyric period, reaching from Homer and Hesiod to Anacreon and Pindar. The remainder was the golden Attic

* Since the completion of this article I have read an essay, entitled "*Mr. Tennyson's Poetry*," which appeared in the closing number of the "*North British Review*." The writer, while making a philosophical analysis of the laureate's genius, and fully recognizing the pictorial or idyllic quality of his entire work, devotes himself to examination of the spirit, not the body, of the latter. Now, the art—the technical perfection—of Mr. Tennyson's verse is so pre-eminent, that it demands the attention of any reviewer. By it he has led captive a legion of minor English poets. The essayist, while noticing the "iteration" of the refrains, the arrangement of idyllic songs, etc., seems to be wholly unconscious of the classical influences under which these have been produced.

age, the time of the Old, Middle, and New Comedy, of the dramatists from Æschylus to Aristophanes. Greek poetry then passed its noontide; the Alexandrian school arose, flourishing for two centuries before the birth of Christ.

Literary accomplishments now were widely diffused. There was a mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. Tact and scholarship so abounded, that it was difficult to draw the line between talent and genius. We see a period of scholia and revised and annotated editions of the elder writers; wherein was done for Homer, Plato, the Hebrew Scriptures, what is now doing for Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Philology came into being, and criticism began to clog the fancy. Schoell says that "the poets were deeply read, but wanting in imagination, and often also in judgment." It was impossible for most to rise above the influence of the time. Science, however, made gigantic strides. In material growth it was indeed a "wondrous age," an era of inventions, travel, and discovery: the period of Euclid and Archimedes; of Ptolemy with his astronomers; of Hiero, with his galleys long as clipper-ships; of academies, museums, theatres, lecture-halls, gymnasia; of a hundred philosophies; of geographers, botanists, casuists, scholiasts, reformers, and what not; — all springing into existence and finding support in the luxurious, speculative, bustling, news-devouring hurly-burly of that strangely modern Alexandrian time.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the analogy which my readers already have drawn for themselves. It is not an even one. There is no parallel between the Greek and English languages. The former is copious, but simple, and a departure from the Attic purity was in itself a decline to vagueness and affectation. Our own tongue grows richer and stronger every year. Again, though England has also passed through great dramatic and lyric periods, our modern cycles are not of antique duration, but are likely to repeat themselves again

and again. Our golden year is shorter, and the seasons in their turns come often round. Nevertheless, at the close of the poetical renaissance which marked the first quarter of the nineteenth century, English literature drifted into a chaotic, transition period, bearing a resemblance to that of Alexandria when Ptolemy Philadelphus commenced his reign.

That liberal and ambitious monarch confirmed the structure of an empire, and made the capital city attractive and renowned. The wisest and most famous scholars resorted to his court, but not even imperial patronage could restore the lost spirit of Greek creative art. There was a single exception. A poet of original and abounding genius, nurtured in the beautiful island of Sicily, where the sky and sea are bluer, the piny mountains, with Ætna at their head, more kingly, the breezes fresher, the rivulets more musical, and the upland pastures greener, than upon any other shores which the Mediterranean borders, — such a poet felt himself inspired to utter a fresh and native melody, even in that over-learned and bustling time. Disdaining any feeble variations of worn-out themes, he saw that Greek poetry had achieved little in the delineation of common, everyday life, and so flung himself right upon nature, which he knew and revered well; and ere long the pastoral and town idyls of Theocritus, with their amœbeanic dialogue and elegant occasional songs, won the ear of both the fashionable and critical worlds. Although his subjects were entirely novel, he availed himself, in form, of all his predecessors' arts; composing in the new Doric, the most liquid, colloquial, and flexible of the dialects; and thus he fashioned his *eidullia*, — little pictures of real life upon the hillside and in the town, among the high and low, — portraying characters with a few distinct touches in lyric, epic, or dramatic form, and often by a combination of the whole. It is not my province here to show who were his immediate teachers, or from what rude

island ditties and mimes he conceived and shaped his art ; only, to state that Theocritus found one field of verse then unworked, and so availed himself of it as to make it his own, capturing the hearts of those who still loved freshness and beauty, and forthwith attaining such excellence, that the relics left us by him and two of his pupils are even now the wonder and imitation of mankind. A few sentences from Charles Kingsley's reference to the father of idyllic poetry tell the truth as simply and clearly as it can be told : —

“One natural strain is heard amid all this artificial jingle, — that of Theocritus. It is not altogether Alexandrian. Its sweetest notes were learnt amid the chestnut groves and orchards, the volcanic glens and sunny pastures of Sicily ; but the intercourse between the courts of Hiero and the Ptolemies seems to have been continual. Poets and philosophers moved freely from one to the other and found a like atmosphere in both. . . . One can well conceive the delight which his idyls must have given to the dusty Alexandrians, pent up forever between sea and sand-hills, drinking the tank water and never hearing the sound of a running stream ; whirling, too, forever, in all the bustle and intrigue of a great commercial and literary city. To them and to us also. I believe Theocritus is one of the poets who will never die. He sees men and things in his own light way, truly ; and he describes them simply, honestly, with little careless touches of pathos and humor, while he floods his whole scene with that gorgeous Sicilian air, like one of Titian's pictures ; . . . and all this told in a language and a metre which shapes itself almost unconsciously, wave after wave, into the most luscious song.”

It was in this wise that Theocritus founded and endowed the Greek idyllic school. Let us see how Tennyson, living in a somewhat analogous period, may be compared with him. How far has the representative idyllist of the nineteenth century profited by the example of his prototype ? To what

extent is the one indebted to the other for the structure, the manner, it may be even the matter, of many of his poems ?

We are uninformed of the year in which the boy Tennyson was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, but find him there in 1829, taking the chancellor's gold medal for English verse ; this by the poem “Timbuctoo,” a creditable performance for a lad of nineteen, and favored with the approval of the “Athenæum.” It was thought to show traces of Milton, Shelley, and Wordsworth. In the years 1826–1829 a Cambridge reprint was made of the Kiessling edition of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, including a Doric Lexicon, the whole in 2 vols. 8vo ; an excellent text and commentary, and altogether the most noticeable English edition of the Sicilian poets, since that superb Oxford Theocritus, edited by the laureate, Warton, which appeared in 1770. The publication of a Cambridge text must have directed unusual attention to the study of these classics, and if Tennyson did not place them upon his list for the public examinations, there can be little doubt that he at this time familiarized himself with their difficult and exquisite verse. His present admiration of them is well known.

In 1830 he made his first independent venture for public favor* with a thin volume, “Poems, chiefly Lyrical,” not more than one third of which he has chosen to preserve in later collections of his works. The book contains such pieces as “Claribel,” “Lilian,” “Mariana,” “Recollections of the Arabian Nights,” and the “Ode to Memory,” all breathing distinctly of a new and delicate genius, but varied in character, and with a purpose as yet somewhat ill-defined. The poet was trying his wing for the pleasure of flight, and hardly certain of his future course.

In these, as in some of his later works, one finds an open loyalty to

* “Poems by Two Brothers” had appeared in 1827, the authors being Alfred and a brother, respectively of the age of sixteen and seventeen.

Wordsworth's canon of reliance upon nature, and occasionally Wordsworth's mannerism and language, with something of the vague and wandering music of Shelley and the sensuous beauty of Keats. A study of old English ballad-poetry is also apparent. The influence of the great Italian poets is quite marked; whether by reflection from the Chaucerian and Elizabethan periods (which owed everything to the Italian school), or by more direct absorption, it is difficult to pronounce. The truth was, that the poet began his career at an intercalary, transition period. To quote from a book-note by E. A. Poe: "Matters were now verging to their worst; and, at length, in Tennyson, poetic inconsistency attained its extreme. But it was precisely this extreme which wrought in him a natural and inevitable revulsion; leading him first to condemn, and secondly to investigate, his early manner, and finally to winnow from its magnificent elements the truest and purest of all poetical styles."

In all that concerns *form*, the young poet soon found himself in sympathy with the Greek idyllic compositions. He saw the opportunity for work after these models, and willingly yielded himself to their beautiful influence. It has never left him, but is present in his latest and most sustained productions. But there is a difference between his maturer work, which is the adjustment of the idyllic method to native, modern conceptions, with a delightful presentation of English landscape and atmosphere, and the manners and dialects of English life, and the experimental, early poems, which were written upon antique themes. Of these "*Ænone*" and "*The Lotos-Eaters*" appeared in the collection of 1833, and in the same volume are other poems, appealing more directly to modern sympathies, which show traces of the master with whom Tennyson had put his genius to school.

There are two modes in which the workmanship of one poet may resemble that of another. The first, while

not subjecting an author to the charge of direct appropriation, in the vulgar sense of plagiarism, is detected by critical analogy, and, of the two, is more easily recognized by the skilled reader. It is the mode which involves either a sympathetic treatment of rhythmical breaks, pauses, accents, alliterations; a correspondence of the architecture of two poems, with parallel interludes and effects; correspondence of theme, allowing for difference of place and period; or, a correspondence of scenic and metrical purpose; in fine, general analogy of atmosphere and tone. The second, more obvious and commonplace, mode is that displaying immediate coincidence of structure, language, and thought; a mode which, in the hands of men not "entirely great," leaves the users at the mercy of their dullest reviewers.

A citation of passages, exemplifying these two kinds of resemblance between the Sicilian idyls and the poetry of Tennyson, will confirm and illustrate the statements upon which this article is based. The instance first set forth is that of a general, and not the special, likeness; but no subsequent attempt is made to classify the obligations of our modern poet to the ancient, as it is believed that the reader will easily distinguish for himself the significant analogies in each collection.

"*Hylas*," the celebrated thirteenth idyl of Theocritus, is one of the most perfect which have come down to our time. It is not a bucolic poem, but classified as narrative or semi-epic in character, yet exhibits many touches of the bucolic sweetness; is a poem of seventy-five verses, written in the honey-flowing pastoral hexameter, so distinct, in *cæsura* and dactylic structure, from the verse of Homer, and commencing thus:—

"Not only for ourselves the God begat
Erôs—whoever, *Nicias*, was his sire—
 As once we thought; nor unto us the first
 Have lovely things seemed lovely: not to us
 Mortals, who cannot see beyond a day;
 But he, that heart of brass, *Amphirityôn's* son,

Who braved the ruthless lion, — he, too, loved
A youth, the graceful Hylas.*

As a counterpart to this, and directly modelled upon it in form, take the "Godiva" of Tennyson, — that lovely and faultless poem, whose rhythm is full of the melodious quality which gives specific distinction to the laureate's blank-verse; a "flower," of which so many followers now have the "seed" (to use his own metaphor), that it has taken its place as the standard idyllic measure of our language.

"Godiva" is a narrative or semi-epic idyl, which contains — after a didactic prelude, divided from the story proper — just seventy-five verses, and commences thus: —

"Not only we, the latest seed of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry —"

But it is in the "Ænone" that we discover Tennyson's earliest adaptation of that *refrain*, which was a striking beauty of the pastoral elegiac verse.

"O mother Ida, hearken ere I die,"
is the analogue of (Theocr., II.),

"See thou, whence came my love, O lady Moon";
of the refrain to the lament of Daphnis,
(Theocr., I.),

"Begin, dear Muse, begin the woodland song";
and of the recurrent wail in the "Epitaph of Bion" (Mosch., III.),

"Begin, Sicilian Muses, begin the song of your
sorrow!"

Throughout the poem the Syracusan manner and feeling are strictly and nobly maintained; and, while we are

* This translation, and many which follow, I have rendered in blank-verse, not because I deem that measure at all adequate in effect to the original. But even a tolerable version in "English hexameter" would require more labor than is needful for the purposes of this article; and again, blank-verse is the form in which Mr. Tennyson chiefly has availed himself of his Dorian models. I have translated most of the passages as rapidly as possible: only taking care, first, that my versions should be *literal*; secondly, that by no artifice of my own they should seem to resemble Mr. Tennyson's adaptations any more closely than in fact they do.

considering "Ænone," a few points of more exact resemblance may be noted: —

The Thalysia (Theocr., VII. 21–23).

"Whither at noonday dost thou drag thy feet?
For now the lizard sleeps upon the wall,
The crested lark is wandering no more —"

The Enchantress (Theocr., II. 33–41).

"Lo, now the sea is silent, and the winds
Are hushed. Not silent is the wretchedness
Within my breast; but I am all aflame
With love for him who made me thus forlorn, —
A thing of evil, neither maid nor wife."

The Young Herdsman (Theocr., XX. 19, 20;
30, 31).

"O shepherds, tell me truth! Am I not fair?
Hath some god made me, then, from what I was,
Offhand, another being? . . .
Along the mountains all the women call
Me beautiful, all love me."

Ænone.

"For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;
The grasshopper is silent in the grass;
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,
Rests like a shadow, and the cicada sleeps.
The purple flowers droop; the golden bee
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,*
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,
And I am all weary of my life.

"Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die.
Fairest — why fairest wife? Am I not fair?
My love hath told me so a thousand times.
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday," etc.

"The Lotos-Eaters," another imaginative presentment of an antique theme, — full of Tennyson's excellences, no less than of early mannerisms since foregone, — while Gothic in some respects, is charged from beginning to end with the effects and very language of the Greek pastoral poets. As in "Ænone," there is no consecutive imitation of any one idyl; but the work is curiously filled out with passages borrowed here and there, as the growth of the poem recalled them at random to the author's mind. The idyls of Theocritus often have been subjected to this process; first, by Virgil, in several of whose eclogues the component parts were culled from his master, as one selects from a flower-plot a white rose, a red, and then a sprig of green, to suit the exigencies of color, while the wreath grows under the hand. Pope, among moderns, has

* "Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief."
Second Part of King Henry VI., Act II. Sc. 3.

followed the method of Virgil, as may be observed in either of his four "Pastorals." The process used by Pope is tame, artificial, and avowed; in "The Lotos-Eaters" it is subtle, masterly, yet of a completeness which only parallel quotations can display.

The Argonauts (Theocr., XIII.) come in the afternoon unto a land of cliffs and thickets and streams; of meadows set with sedge, whence they cut for their couches sharp flowering-rush and the low galingale. "In the afternoon" the Lotos-Eaters "come unto a land" where

"Through mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale."

All this, except the landscape, is after Homer, from the ninth book of the Odyssey. The "Choric Song" follows, of them to whom

"Evermore
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam";

and in this, the feature of the poem, are certain coincidences to which I refer:—

Europa (Mosch., II. 3. 4).

"When Sleep, that sweeter on the eyelids lies
Than honey, and doth fether down the eyes
With gentle bond."

The Wayfarers (Theocr., V. 50, 51).

"Here, if you come, your feet shall tread on wool,
The fleece of lambs, softer than downy Sleep."

Ibid. (45-49).

"Here are the oaks, and here is galingale,
Here bees are sweetly humming near their hives;
Here are twin fountains of cool water; here
The birds are prattling on the trees,—the shade
Is deeper than beyond; and here the pine
From overhead casts down to us its cones."

Ibid. (31, 34).

"More sweetly will you sing
Propt underneath the olive, in these groves.
Here are cool waters plashing down, and here
The grasses spring; and here, too, is a bed
Of leafage, and the locusts babble here."

The Choice (Mosch., V. 4-13).

"When the gray deep has sounded, and the sea
Climbs up in foam and far the loud waves roar,
I seek for land and trees, and flee the brine,
And earth to me is welcome: the dark wood
Delights me, where, although the great wind blow,
The pine-tree sings. An evil life indeed
The fisherman's, whose vessel is his home,
The sea his toil, the fish his wandering prey.
But sweet to me to sleep beneath the plane
Thick-leaved; and near me I would love to hear
The babble of the spring, that murmuring
Perturbs him not, but is the woodman's joy."

The Lotos-Eaters.

"Music, that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the bliss-
ful skies."

"Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in
sleep."

"Lo! sweetened with the summer light
The full-juiced apple, waxen over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night."

"But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing
lowly)

"To watch the emerald-colored water falling
Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the
pine."

"Hateful is the dark blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark blue sea."

"Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?"

"All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone."

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream."

Dismissing these two poems, the earlier of Tennyson's experiments upon classical myths, let us look at another class of idyls, wherein the Theocritan method is adapted to modern themes; where the form is Dorian, but the feeling, color, and thought are thoroughly and naturally English. Of "Godiva" I have already spoken, and the laureate's rural compositions in blank-verse are directly in point, reflecting every feature of the so-called "pastoral idyls" of Theocritus. "The Gardener's Daughter," "Audley Court," "Walking to the Mail," "Edwin Morris, or the Lake," and "The Golden Year" are modelled upon such patterns as "The Thalysia," "The Singers of Pastorals," "The Rival Singers," and "The Triumph of Daphnis." In all of them, cultured and country-loving friends are sauntering, resting, singing, sometimes lunching in the open air among the hills, the waters, and the woods; in all of them there is dialogue, healthful philosophy,

a wealth of atmosphere and color; and in nearly all we see for the first time successfully handled in English and made really melodious the true *isometric song* as found in Theocritus. The effects of this are not produced by any change to a strictly lyrical measure, but it is composed in the metre of the whole poem; the Greek, of course, in hexameter, the English, in unrhymed iambic-pentameter verse. Still, it is a song, with stanzaic divisions into distiches, triplets, quatrains, etc., as the case may be. As in Theocritus, so in Tennyson, two songs by rival comrades sometimes are balanced against each other: a love-ditty against a proverbial or worldly-wise lyric, — the latter, in the modern idyl, frequently rising to the height of modern faith and progress. These "blank-verse songs," as they are termed, are a special beauty of the laureate's verse. Where each stanza has a refrain or burden, as in "Tears, idle tears," "Our enemies have fallen, have fallen," etc., they partake both of the bucolic and elegiac manner; but elsewhere Tennyson's personages discourse against each other as in the eclogues proper. For example, the two songs in "Audley Court,"

"Ah! who would fight and march and counter-march?"

"Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, sleep and dream of me!"

are the *Doppelgänger*, so to speak, of the ditties sung respectively by Milo and Battus, in "The Harvesters" (Theocr., X.). Thirteen of these songs, many of them in "riddling triplets of old time," are scattered through "Audley Court," "The Golden Year," "The Princess," and the completed "Idyls of the King." And where Tennyson's rustic and civic graduates content themselves with jest and debate, it is after a semi-amœbean fashion, which no student of the Syracusan idyls can fail to recognize.

Even in "The Gardener's Daughter" there are passages which respond to the verse of Theocritus. That simply perfect idyl, "Dora," and

such pieces as "The Brook" and "Sea-Dreams," are more original, yet the legitimate outgrowth of the antique school. The blank-verse idyls of Tennyson, though connecting him with Theocritus, do not establish a ratio between the relations of the ancient and the modern poet to their respective periods. The laureate is a more genuine, because more independent and English, idyllist and lyricist, in "The May Queen," "The Miller's Daughter," "The Talking Oak," "The Grandmother," and "Northern Farmer, Old Style." *Theocritus created his own school*, with no models except those obtainable from the popular mimes and catches of his own region; just as Burns, availing himself of the simple Scottish ballads, lifted the poetry of Scotland to an eminent and winsome individuality. Lowell, in the most perfect of American bucolics, "The Courtin'," has done for New England precisely what Theocritus did for Sicily. In a rough way, Bret Harte's "Jim" is a true idyl; yet there seems to have been more music in the voice of an Ætnean herdsman than we find in that of Mr. Harte's "Dow's Flat" digger. The latter carries his music in his soul.

The co-relations of Theocritus and Tennyson lie in the fact that our poet discovered years ago that a period had arrived for poetry of the idyllic or composite order; and that much of the manner, form, and language of the latter is directly taken from the former. Mr. Tennyson's maturer poems, "The Princess" and "The Idyls of the King," are written Dorian-wise. "The Holy Grail" and its associate legendary pieces occupy the same position in his life-work which those *semi-epic* poems, "The Dioscuri," "The Infant Hercules," and "Heracles the Lion-Slayer" hold in the relics of Theocritus. The "Morte d'Arthur" is written as he would have translated Homer, judging from his version of a passage in the Iliad, and was composed years before other "Idyls of the King," and in a notice-

ably different style. For all this, — especially in the speech of the departing Arthur, — it is semi-idyllic, to say the least; a grand poem, a chant without a discord, strong throughout with ringing, monosyllabic Saxon verse.

The Swallow Song, in "The Princess," is modelled upon the isometric songs in the third and eleventh idyls of Theocritus, bearing a special likeness to the lover's serenade in Idyl III., as divided by Ahrens and others into stanzas of three verses each. There is also some correspondence of imagery: —

The Serenade (Theocr., III. 12-14).

"Would that I were

The humming-bee, to pass within thy cave,
Thridding the ivy and the feather-fern
By which thou 'rt hidden."

Cyclops (Theocr., XI. 54-57).

"O that I had been born a thing with fins
To sink anear thee, and to kiss thy hands, —
If thou deniedst thy mouth, — and now to bring
White lilies to thee, and the red-leaved bloom
Of tender poppies!"

The Princess (Book IV.).

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And chirp and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me in her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died."

Throughout the work of Tennyson we meet with isolated passages which also seem to be reflections or reminiscences of verses in the relics of the Syracusan triad. Where the thought or image of such a passage is of a familiar type, common to many classical writers, there is often a flavor about it to indicate that its immediate inspiration was caught from Theocritus, Bion, or Moschus. One of the following comparisons, however, can only be made between the two poets from whom it is derived. Many have been struck by the novelty, no less than the fitness, of an image which I will quote from "Enid." Nothing in earlier English poetry suggests it, and I was surprised to find a conceit, which, with a shade of difference, is so akin, in the semi-epic fragment of "The Dioscuri." The modern verse and image are the more excellent: —

The Dioscuri (Theocr., XXII. 46-50).

"His massive breast and back were rounded high
With flesh of iron, like that of which is wrought
A forged colossus. On his stalwart arms,
Sheer over the huge shoulder, standing out
Were muscles. — like the rolled and spheric stones,
Which, in its mighty eddies whirling on,
The winter-flowing stream hath worn right smooth
This side and that."

Enid.

"And bared the knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast,
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,
Running too vehemently to break upon it."

Pastorals (Theocr., IX. 31, 32).

"Dear is cicala to cicala, dear
The ant to ant, and hawk to hawk, but I
Hold only dear to me the Muse and Song."

The Princess (Book III.).

"The crane,' I said, 'may chatter of the crane,
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I
An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere.'"

The Syracusan Gossips (Theocr., XV. 102-105).

"How fair to thee the gentle-footed Hours
Have brought Adonis back from Acheron!
Sweet Hours, and slowest of the Blessed Ones;
But still they come desired, and ever bring
Gifts to all mortals."*

Love and Duty.

"The slow, sweet Hours that bring us all things good,
The slow, sad Hours that bring us all things ill,
And all things good from evil."

The Bridal of Helen (Theocr., XVI II. 47, 48).

"In Dorian letters on the bark
We'll carve for men to see,
Pay honor to me, all who mark,
For I am Helen's tree."

The Talking Oak.

"But tell me, did he read the name
I carved with many vows,
When last with throbbing heart I came
To rest beneath thy boughs?"

"And I will work in prose and rhyme,
And praise thee more in both,
Than bard has honored beech or lime," etc.

The Little Heracles (Theocr., XXIV. 7-9).

(Alcmene's Lullaby.)

"Sleep ye, my babes, a sweet and healthful sleep!
Sleep safe, ye brothers twain that are my life:
Sleep, happy now, and happy wake at morn."

"Cradle Song" in *The Princess*.

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon!

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

* "I thought how once Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young."

MRS. BROWNING, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

Epitaph of Bion (Mosch., III. 68, 69).

"Thee Cypris holds more dear than that last kiss
She gave Adonis, as he lay a-dying."

Tears, Idle Tears.

"Dear as remembered kisses after death."

Bion (III. 16).

"Where neither cold of frost, nor sun, doth harm us."

Morte d'Arthur.

"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow."

The Triumph of Daphnis (Theocr., VIII. 90, 91).

"But as the other pined, and in his heart
Smouldered with grief, even so a girl betrothed
Still feels regret."

("A maid first parting from her home might wear as
sad a face." — *Calverley's Transl.*)

In Memoriam (XXXIX.).

"When crowned with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes."

The Distaff (Theocr., XXVIII. 24, 25).

"For, seeing thee, one to his friend shall say:
Lo, what a grace enriches this poor gift!
All gifts from friends are ever gifts of worth."

Elaine.

"Diamonds for me! they had been thrice their worth,
Being your gift, had you not lost your own.
To loyal hearts the value of all gifts
Must vary as the giver's." *

Cyclops (Theocr., XI. 25-29).

(Love at first sight.)

"For I have loved you, maiden, since you first,
A-gathering hyacinths from yonder mount,
Came with my mother, and I was your guide.
So, having seen you once, I could not cease
To love you from that time, nor can I now."

The Gardener's Daughter.

"But she, a rose

In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,
Nor heard us come, nor from her tendance turned
Into the world without. . . .
So home I went, but could not sleep for joy,
Reading her perfect features in the gloom.

Love at first sight, first-born and heir of all,
Made this night thus."

There are passages of another class, in Mr. Tennyson's verse, which bear a common likeness to the work of various classical poets, his university studies retaining their influence over him through life. In some of these, by brief touches, he reproduces the whole picture of a Greek idyl: —

* But see, also, *Hamlet* (III. 1). : —

"With them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind."

Europa (Mosch., II. 125-130).

"But she, upon the ox-like back of Zeus
Sitting, with one hand held the bull's great horn,
And with the other her garment's purple fold
Drew upward, that the infinite hoary spray
Of the salt ocean might not drench it through;
The while Europa's mantle by the winds
Was filled and swollen like a vessel's sail,
Buoying the maiden onward."

The Palace of Art.

"Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd
From off her shoulder backward borne:
From one hand drooped a crocus; one hand grasp'd
The wild bull's golden horn."

Elsewhere, in the "Europa," the heroine is said to "shine most eminent, as the Foam-Born among her Graces three." Tennyson's classical feeling is so strong, that, in the closing scene of "The Princess," at the height of his dramatic passion, he stops to draw a picture of Aphrodite coming "from barren deeps to conquer all with love," and follows the goddess even to her Graces, who "decked her out for worship without end." Both the ancient and modern idyllists are mindful of the second Homeric Hymn to Aphrodite; and the excursus of the latter poet is so beautiful, that we forgive him for delaying the action of his poem. In his other classical allusions such phrases as "the cold-crowned snake," "the charm of married brows," "like a dog he hunts in dreams," and "sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and left," repeat not only the language of Theocritus and his pupils, but of Homer, Anacreon, and the Latin Lucretius and Catullus.

Alliterations and rhymes within lines, graces of poetry in which Tennyson has excelled English predecessors, are a continuous excellence of his Syracusan teachers. There is a wandering melody, wholly different from the sounding Homeric rhythm, and impossible for a translator to reproduce, which the author of "The Princess" has approached in such lines as these: —

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light."
"Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine."

"Laborious, orient ivory, sphere in sphere."

"The lime a summer home of murmurous wings."

"Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs
With bunch and berry and flower through and through."

"The flower of all the west and all the world."
 "And in the meadow tremulous aspen-trees
 And poplars made a noise of falling showers."
 "Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet,
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
 And murmuring of innumerable bees."

These effects, which the laureate employs with such variation and continuance that the resultant style is known as Tennysonian, were Dorian first of all. Whole idyls of Theocritus, composed in the flexible bucolic hexameter, are a succession of melodies which are simply consonant with the genius of the new Doric tongue. The four English verses last cited above are curiously imitated from the musical passage in the first idyl (Theocr., I. 7, 8).

"Sweeter thy song, O shepherd, than the sound
 Of yon loud stream, falling adown, adown,"

combined with the alliterative line, which mimics the murmuring of bees (Theocr., V. 46),

ὦδε καλὸν βομβεῦντι ποτὶ σπράνεσσι μέλισσαι.

It may be said, generally, that our poet imitates the Sicilians, and them alone, of all his classical models, in the persistent ease with which sound, color, form, and meaning are allied in his compositions. False notes are never struck, and no discordant hues are admitted.

This article has extended beyond its proposed limits, but, ere dismissing the theme, I will cite two more examples in which Mr. Tennyson has very closely followed his master. The first is that "small sweet idyl" in the seventh division of "The Princess"; possibly, so far as objective beauty and finish are concerned, the nonpareil of the whole poem. It is an imitation of the apostrophe of Polyphemus to Galatea, and never were the antique and modern feeling more finely contrasted: the one, clear, simple, childlike, perfect (in the Greek as regards melody and tone; the other, nobler, more intellectual, the antique body with the modern soul. The substitution of the mountains for the sea, as the haunt of the beloved nymph, is the laureate's only departure from the *material* employed by Theocritus: —

Cyclops (Theocr., XI. 42-49, 60-66).

"Come thou to me, and thou shalt have no worse;
 Leave the green sea to stretch itself to shore!
 More sweetly shalt thou pass the night with me
 In yonder cave; for laurels cluster there,
 And slender-pointed cypresses; and there
 Is the dark ivy, the sweet-fruited vine;
 There the cool water, that from shining snows
 Thick-wooded Ætnea sends, a draught for gods.
 Who these would barter for the sea and waves?

There are oak fagots and unceasing fire
 Beneath the ashes. . . .
 Now will I learn to swim, that I may see
 What pleasure thus to dwell in water depths
 Thou findest! Nay, but, Galatea, come!
 Come thence, and having come, forget henceforth,
 As I (who tarry here), to seek thy home!
 And mayst thou love with me to feed the flocks
 And milk them, and to press the cheese with me,
 Curdling their milk with rennet."

The Princess (Book VII.).

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
 What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
 In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?
 But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease
 To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
 And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
 For Love is of the valley, come thou down
 And find him; by the happy threshold he,
 Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
 Or red with spured purple of the vats,
 Or fox-like in the vine:

. . . . Let the torrent dance thee down
 To find him in the valley; let the wild
 Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave
 The monstrous ledges there to slope
 but come; for all the vales
 Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
 Arise to thee; the children call, and I,
 Thy shepherd, pipe, and sweet is every sound."

The closing example is from "The Thalysia," or Harvest-Home, which has furnished Mr. Tennyson with the design for portions of "The Gardener's Daughter" and "Audley Court." There is no exact reproduction, but in outline and spirit the passages herewith compared will be seen to resemble each other more nearly than others already given, where the expressions of the Greek text are repeated in the English adaptation: —

The Thalysia (Theocr., VII. 1, 2, 130-147).

"It was the day when I and Eucritus
 Strolled from the city to the river-side:
 With us a third, Amyntas."

(After this opening follows a eulogy of the poet's friends, Phrasidamus and Antigones.)

"He, leftward turning, sauntered on the road
 To Pyxa; as for Eucritus and me

With handsome young Amyntas, — having gained
 The house of Phrasidamus, and lain down
 On beds of fragrant rushes and on leaves
 Fresh from the vines, — we took our fill of joy.
 Poplars and elms were rustling in the wind
 Above us, and a sacred rivulet
 From the Nymphs' cave was murmuring anigh.
The red cicalas ceaselessly amid
The shady boughs were chirping ; from afar
The tree-frog in the briers chanted shrill ;
The crest-larks and the thistle-finches sang,
The turtle-dove was plaining ; tawny bees
 Were hovering round the fountain. *All things near*
Smell of the ripened summer, all things smelt
 Of fruit-time. Pears were rolling at our feet,
 And apples for the taking ; to the ground
 The plum-tree staggered, burdened with its fruit ;
 And we, meanwhile, brushed from a wine-jar's
 mouth
 The pitch, four years unbroken."

The Gardener's Daughter.

" This morning is the morning of the day
 When I and Eustace from the city went
 To see the Gardener's Daughter :

(After this opening follows a eulogy
 of Eustace and Juliet.)

" . . . All the land in flowery squares,
 Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,
Smell of the coming summer. . . .
 . . . From the woods
Came voices of the well-contented doves.
The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,
But shook his song together as he neared
His happy home, the ground. To left and right
The cuckoo told his name to all the hills ;
The mellow owl fluted in the glen ;
The red-cap whistled ; and the nightingale
Sang loud, as though he were the bird of day."

Audley Court.

There, on a slope of orchard, Francis laid
 A damask napkin wrought with horse and hound,
 Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home,
 And, half cut down, a pasty costly made,
 Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret, lay
 Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks
 Imbedded and injellied ; last, with these,
 A flask of cider from his father's vats
 Prime, which I knew."

Each portion of the foregoing English Idyls, so far as quoted, is a reminiscence of some portion of the "Thalysia" (*mutatis mutandis*, with regard to theme, season, and country), and the general analogy is equally spirited and remarkable. As for the two lunches, the one is pure Sicilian, of the fruits of the orchard and the vine ; the other, pure Briton, smacking of the cook and the larder. Your true Englishman, while sensible of the beauty of the song of the lark, who can "scarce get out his notes for joy," appreciates him none the less when lying "imbedded and injellied" beneath the crust of "a pas-

ty costly made." It should be remembered, however, that the bird does not appear under these differing conditions in the same idyl.

A sufficient number of analogous passages have now been cited to illustrate the homage which our laureate has paid to the example of Theocritus, and the perfection of that art by which he has wedded his master's method to the spirit and resources of the English tongue. I have written with genuine reverence for Mr. Tennyson's work, and with a gratitude, felt by all who take pleasure in noble verse, for the delight imparted through many years by the successive productions of his genius. In study of the Sicilian models, he has been true to his poetic instinct, and fortunate in discernment of the wants of his day and generation. Emerson, in an essay on "Imitation and Originality," has said : "We expect a great man to be a good reader ; or in proportion to the spontaneous power should be the assimilating power" ; and again, "There are great ways of borrowing. Genius borrows nobly. When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies : 'Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them to life.'"

It must be acknowledged that somewhat of this applies to Mr. Tennyson's variations upon Theocritus. To him, also, may be adjudged the credit of being the first to catch the manner of the classical idyls and reproduce it in modern use and being. Before his time, Milton and Shelley were the only English poets who measurably succeeded in this attempt, and neither of them repeated it after a single trial. Other reproductions of the Greek idyllic form have been by a kind of filtration through the Latin medium ; and often, by a third remove, after a redistillation of the French product. The odious result is visible in the absurd pastorals of "standard British poets," from Dryden himself and Pope, to Browne, Phillips, Shenstone, and Gay. Their bucolics have made us sicken

at the very mention of such names as Daphnis and Corydon, soiled as these are with all ignoble use. Tennyson has revived the true idyllic purpose, adopting the form mainly as a structure in which to exhibit, with equal naturalness and beauty, the scenery, thought, manners, of his own country and time. Assuming the title of idyllic poet, he has made the term "idyl" honored and understood; but has carried his method to such perfection, that its cycle seems already near an end, and a new generation is calling for work of a different order, for more realistic passion and dramatic power.

After all, the future renown of Tennyson, and in this regard most nearly approaching that of Theocritus, will lie in the fact that, during thirty years of supremacy, he has been a represent-

ative English poet. The highest modern culture and taste, the newest discovery, have found expression in his poems, and, more than either of his compeers, he has embodied in verse the doubting, yet eager, speculative, refined, æsthetic spirit of his age. We honor one contemporary for mystical, dramatic faculty, another for sentiment and sweetness, a third for spontaneity, and so through the tuneful list; but in years to come, when asked to declare in whose work there was the most adequate presentation of all the lyrical qualities demanded by this composite era, the scholar will pronounce the name of Tennyson, somewhat as men recur to Horace for the fashion of the Augustan period, or — each after his own genius — to Pope as an epitomist of the reign of good Queen Anne.

Edmund C. Stedman.

A THANKSGIVING.

HIGH on the ledge the wind blows the bayberry bright,
Turning the leaves till they shudder and shine in the light;
Yellow St. John's-wort and yarrow are nodding their heads;
Iris and wild rose are glowing in purples and reds.

Swift flies the schooner careering beyond o'er the blue;
Faint shows the furrow she leaves as she cleaves lightly through;
Gay gleams the fluttering flag at her delicate mast,
Full swell the sails with the wind that is following fast.

Quail and sandpiper and swallow and sparrow are here;
Sweet sound their manifold notes, high and low, far and near;
Chorus of musical waters, the rush of the breeze,
Steady and strong from the south, — what glad voices are these!

O cup of the wild rose, curved close to hold odorous dew,
What thought do you hide in your heart? I would that I knew!
O beautiful Iris, unfurling your purple and gold,
What victory fling you abroad in the flags you unfold?

Sweet may your thought be, red rose, but still sweeter is mine,
Close in my heart hidden, clear as your dewdrop divine:
Flutter your gonfalons, Iris, the pæan I sing
Is for victory better than joy or than beauty can bring!

Into thy calm eyes, O Nature, I look and rejoice;
Prayerful, I add my one note to the Infinite voice,
As shining and singing and sparkling glides on the glad day,
And eastward the swift-rolling planet wheels into the gray.

Celia Thaxter.

THE BEDLAMs OF STAMBOUL.

A RESIDENCE of many years among the Turks has given the writer such facilities for becoming acquainted with the fireside life of this European branch of the great Tartar tribes as are denied to the mere tourist. To embody these experiences in one connected form is, however, attended with this difficulty, that the habits, customs, and traditions of a comparatively obscure nation are so dovetailed as to compel awkward digressions from the subject in hand,—here to illustrate a point, there to fledge the wings of some shiftless idea.

Among the hitherto untravelled tracts of this *terra incognita*, and one of interest to the philanthropist, is that of Oriental insanity. In exploring this new field, it is neither my purpose to survey and label every square rood of ground, nor to grope through the dreary fogs of metaphysics after subtle agents and recondite theories; a pioneer is not called upon to analyze, but simply to narrate and describe.

Repeated efforts on the part of Turkish Sultans to establish hospitals for the insane, and make their treatment a specialty, have proved futile; partly from national customs and prejudices, and partly from the prevalent belief that insanity, like epilepsy,—the *morbis sacer* of the ancients,—is either a divine token of regard, or else the spell of some *Jin*, or evil spirit, and that it is sinful to resort to science for its relief. Hence, unless positively dangerous, a male lunatic is put under no restraint whatever, and is indulged at home, on the ground that the presence of one of Heaven's favorites will be a source of prosperity.

A crazy lounge about a street-corner is the best improvement Turkish real estate can have; gas, water, and good drainage count as nothing in comparison. There is no surer protection against the Evil-Eye; such potent talis-

mans as a bunch of garlicks, or a bristle from the True Beard, holding inferior rank. Many a savory tidbit comes up smoking from neighboring kitchens to satisfy his hunger; many a silver coin drops into his expectant palm, whilst adjacent house-lots are at a premium. Should he die, or should some shrewd speculator entice him away to advertise newly built quarters of the city, all the bereaved gossips ferment with busy apprehension, and every still-birth, every club-foot or supernumerary toe, is laid to his absence. Like financiers in our own favored land, an insane Turk who thus influences the real-estate market acts pretty much as he pleases. He does not, it is true, over-issue stock, or "make a corner," in the Christian sense of the term; but he levies blackmail on householders, and sets at defiance all social and municipal regulations, trusting to the forbearance of the police, and to the increased homage of his fellow-citizens.

A well-known Greek beggar of Constantinople, popularly supposed to be crazy, but sane enough to attempt on the writer the drop-game of a paste ring, broke through the guards of the late Sultan, and seizing the royal stirrup, clamorously demanded alms. Instead of being hacked to pieces by the halberds of the guards, there on the spot, he received an order for a *Sehim*, or annuity, of six hundred piasters, about thirty dollars in gold. This sum he pocketed with exemplary punctuality until the present monarch began to reign, when, among other abuses, this one was ordered to be abolished. Upon hearing the news, over the Galata Bridge rushed the Greek, and, bursting into the Treasury building, so bullied and badgered the officials by his imprecations, that not one dared to refuse him his pension.

One old reprobate, Mustapha by name, I have often met in the crowded

streets tripping his way with as much absence of clothing as of mind, scorning even the decorum of a fig-leaf, and blandly smiling at the dismay of matrons, who fluttered into the nearest alley. This artless child of nature would often mount guard on the doorsteps of some rich man's house, and refuse to move unless bribed by gold. Another half-crazy vagabond once entered the court of an embassy palace, and seating himself at the foot of the flag-staff, for hours kept up an outrageous howling, in order to be bribed to go away. The foreign minister, knowing well that not one of his native servants would dare to lay violent hands upon the intruder, got rid of him, not without many curses, by ordering the flag-staff to be well washed down.

But perhaps the best illustration of the forbearance shown to the insane may be found in an incident, which recently happened on board one of the crowded ferry-boats of the Bosphorus. A tipsy Greek passenger suddenly collared an *Ulema*, or priest of the highest rank, and threw him overboard, waving after him the sign of the cross, and shouting out, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Fortunately for the priest, his salvation depended upon the buoyancy of his robes and upon that of a passing skiff. Meantime the excitement on board the ferry-boat became intense; Mohammedan fanaticism was aroused; weapons were unsheathed, and a general massacre of all the Christian passengers would have inevitably ensued, had not the friends of the offender loudly proclaimed his insanity, and, under the protection of that ægis, safely hustled him ashore at the first landing-place. It is pleasing to add that he found it necessary to spend a few weeks of reflection in a madhouse, before he could venture out into the streets.

Apart from such playful eccentricities, the general deportment of the insane layman is not bad. But beware those hashish-eating, half-crazy, and extremely filthy monks, called der-

vishes, whose frenzied utterances and indecent gestures are looked upon by the natives with awe. Clad in the skins of wild beasts, affecting shaggy locks and frowning brows, they infest every city and hamlet from the Adriatic to the Amoor, and are apt to charge down upon a European hat like a bull upon the red flag of the matador. Every resident has had serious encounters with these fanatic madmen; I recall that of a Greek banker who, in broad daylight, was attacked in the streets, and nearly throttled, for carrying a green umbrella, that color being considered sacred. An English merchant on 'Change was rudely interrupted by an uplifted sword, and the gruff threat of its owner to split the infidel, did he not instantly repeat the Prophet's Creed.

The reverence shown to the male lunatic during life culminates at death, and his funeral procession is swelled by multitudes, each mourner taking a turn of forty paces at the bier, and thus earning plenary indulgence for many past and some prospective sins. On the other hand, the insane Mohammedan woman is treated more harshly. If harmless, she is kept at home; if fortunately old and ugly, she is allowed a good deal of liberty; but if young and violent, or should her relatives be too poor to seclude her properly, there are grave reasons for fearing that the burden of her maintenance is avoided by her death.

Whenever a member of a Turkish household unfortunately loses his wits, his friends first fasten an unwashed fragment of his clothing to the wire-grated window of some saint's tomb, and, having as it were hoisted their flag at half mast, piously await celestial aid. Should the saint be unpropitious, and fail to notice this rag, among the scores of every hue and shape that flutter from each mesh, like the full code of maritime signals, they next resort to certain reputed *Sheiks*, or holy mendicants, who are the Pinels and Esquirols of the East. On such occasions, these native alienists, reek-

ing with the animated filth of unwashed decades, approach with solemn tread, and under the inspiration of the Indian Hemp, bewilder their patient by giberish incantations, mesmeric passes, and rude buffets, accompanied by hoarse cries of "*Allah, Allah*," often kept up an entire night. Thus by producing impressions more dominant than the illusions of the lunatic, and by thoroughly exhausting him, they occasionally exorcise the *Fin*.

Nor is this superstition confined to the Moslem population; the native Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgarians consign the treatment of all mental diseases so universally to their religious orders, that all their churches and some convents are provided with cells for crazy parishioners. Here, securely chained to the dripping wall, under the image of some patron saint, the unhappy maniac languishes in filth and darkness; forgotten alike by friend and foe, but occasionally visited by some bigoted lay brother, who, by hunger and stripes, soon wears out the throbs of that weary heart.

Although the Saracens founded at Cairo, in 1304 A.D., the first known lunatic asylum, and introduced a system of treatment which, a century later, was copied by the Knights Hospitallers of Spain, yet Ottoman history shows that every such humane effort has proved unsuccessful when made by their successors, the Turks, who adopted the religion, but not their virtues. Three centuries ago, when the scimitar was making havoc among the chivalry of Christendom, Constantinople contained within the circuit of its ramparts a far greater number of charitable institutions than any other city of ancient or modern times. There were hospitals alike for curable and incurable diseases; almshouses and diet-houses for the poor; asylums for the insane; and homes for the halt, the maimed, and the blind. There were retreats for crippled, or superannuated animals; and, as tradition unblushingly asserts, a building, endowed by pious bequest, for the maintenance of valetu-

dinarian vermin, which drew nightly rations from the bodies of such vagrants as were tempted to lodge there by the prospect of free quarters and good cheer. In addition to all these institutions, with lavish prodigality a vast number of schools and colleges were supported.

Yet thirty years ago, of all these magnificent charities, and of the insane asylums which crowned five of the hills of the Turkish metropolis, hardly a vestige remained. A brief sketch of the latter may possibly bridge over a gap in psychological literature, and will at least serve to show that ever-present element of decadence which outcrops the dislocated strata of Moslem history.

In the fifteenth century, Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople, founded for his Mohammedan subjects a lunatic asylum, which was erected in the environs of a mosque still bearing his name. Endowed with the princely income of forty thousand Venetian sequins, equal in value to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars of our currency, it gave every promise of success; but popular prejudices so crippled its usefulness, that a few years later found its halls noisy with the disputes of theological students, to whom the Koran, and the Turkish *in*-Humanities were expounding in throat-splitting gutturals. In the year 1560, within the parish of the Suleimanié mosque—a masterpiece of Saracenic architecture—a second institution for the insane was built by Suleiman the Magnificent, who thus commemorated the fortieth year of his reign. Forty-five years later, the Validé Sultana, or mother of that unhappy Prince, Ibrahim I., piously erected a noble mosque in Scutari, the Brooklyn of Constantinople, and appended to it an insane asylum, which, however, after lying fallow for many years, degenerated into a military hospital. Early in the eighteenth century Rukié, better known by the name of Hasseki Sultana, a daughter of Amurath IV., endowed a retreat exclusively for insane women. But in 1847, with in my own recollection, its handful of

patients were transferred to the Suleimanié Hospital, in order to make room for their more degraded sisters, whose excesses were thus rebuked by the grave dignitaries of Islam. Finally, in 1725, Achmed III., probably as a thank-offering for having at last rid himself of his Swedish guest, the Madman of the North, laid the corner-stone of a spacious lunatic asylum; which, after languishing for a century, was converted into a military storehouse, its two sole patients being carried to the Suleimanié Hospital.

The site of each one of these asylums, chosen for its nearness to some mosque, shows that the benevolence prompting their erection could not throw off those Rabbinical notions which class insanity among diseases requiring the aid of the "bell and book," rather than that of the doctor or apothecary. This belief caused the decay of these asylums; for equally efficacious prayer and incantations could be made at the home of the patient, without subjecting him to confinement. Hence of all these noble charities for the insane, but one remains, — that of Suleiman.

True it is that, among the Christian population, there are cells and dark closets in every parish church set apart for the weak in faith and the weak in mind; terms made convertible by cruel intolerance. In addition, the Greek and both the Gregorian and Papal Armenian communities each support a general hospital for its co-religionists, provided with wards for the insane. But this passing allusion to them will suffice, since the inmates of the former are unprofessionally treated by texts and scourges; whilst those of the latter groan under the combined treatment of an ignorant priesthood and of complaisant hospital physicians, who make no pretensions to being expert in mental diseases. As a consequence the insane department gets the cold shoulder from the profession, and is thankfully turned over to the discipline of the church, and of the nurses, who display towards their charge a temper truly vitriolic. These Christian hospi-

tals are hampered by the patronage of the priests, who receive and disburse the alms for their maintenance, and who appoint or snub the physicians at pleasure. This unnatural union of sacerdotal and secular affairs begets many disorders; indeed, so crying have been the abuses in the management of the one at the Seven Towers, that the *Lutchivoragan*, or "Enlightened" Armenians, as the educated class is called, have come to an open rupture with their superior clergy, and are now striving to rescue the guardianship of their hospital and madhouse from the crook of the Patriarchate, and place it in the hands of the laity.

As the Suleimanié Hospital is the only one exclusively devoted to the insane, and withal entirely free from sectarian partiality and priestly interference, it demands a brief description, and I take this opportunity of acknowledging my great indebtedness to the masterly reports of Dr. Mongeri, its present talented superintendent.

The *Dari-Chifah*, or Health-House, of Suleiman, is built in the form of a square upon the slope of a hill whose summit is crowned by the Suleimanié mosque. With no architectural pretensions, it would readily pass for a factory; whilst the general effect is somewhat marred by the abrupt descent of the ground, which compelled the addition of a story to the lower end of the building, in order to place the long corridors upon the same level. A low wall divides the quadrangle into two courts; the inner one reserved for the patients, the outer one for the officers and attendants. A long open gallery of masonry overlooks these courts, sheltered by a groined roof, traced with quaint arabesques, and supported by graceful Saracenic arches, which spring from the capitals of marble columns. Upon this cool and airy gallery the cross-barred windows of the wards open. This asylum was originally placed in the centre of an extensive garden, but a narrow lane alone now isolates it from the surrounding dwellings.

To fill up the foreground of this truly

Oriental picture, vast flocks of doves bill and coo in every nook and corner of the building. The priests of the adjacent mosque watch over them with touching solicitude, and should a feather be wantonly ruffled, or a courtship be interrupted, a fanatic mob would avenge the insult. From early dawn to the hour of sunset prayer these doves are fed by a priest, who scoops out of large chests of barley such measures as are proportioned to the alms of the worshipper.

During the lives of the founder and of his immediate successors, the Suleimanié Health-House was so richly endowed, that, although the number of patients was limited to twenty, they had one hundred and fifty attendants to wait upon them; making it hard to decide whether this institution was intended for a lunatic asylum, or a cloister for decayed tradesmen and superannuated upper servants. With so numerous a staff, it was necessary to carry out their duties almost to decimals; whilst to flatter their vanity, titles and insignia of office were created, which sound strangely to our ears. That most important personage, the *Achdji-Bashi*, or Head-Cook, lorded it over a large corps of butlers, scullions, and caterers, all of whom had bare legs, and at the same time wore such extravagantly voluminous turbans, that they resembled those improper fractions, whose numerators are greater than their denominators. There was the *Hammandji-Bashi*, or Chief Bather; the *Tellakdji-Bashi*, or Chief Shampooer, whose working-costumes were copied direct from the fashion-plates of Eden. Then followed a long list of jailers, keepers, sweepers, ptisan-makers, water-carriers, barbers, lictors, and stock-keepers, all in appropriate uniform; the duty of the last consisting in confining the feet and hands of unruly patients in the stocks, preparatory to the bastinado, which was scientifically administered by the lictor.

It would be tiresome to enumerate all the offices in this unique asylum. In one word, there were the butchers,

the bakers, the candlestick-makers, and numerous other groups of servants, each under a chief, who was made answerable, sometimes with his head, oftener with his soles, for any misconduct of his subordinates, who in turn reaped an abundant harvest of abuse from their limping superior. These petty offices, at first in the gift of the Sultan, soon became hereditary, and degenerated into sinecures, whose sole duty was limited to drawing fixed daily rations of bread and rice, and in dunning the treasury for a small monthly stipend. The bread, being heavy, was of good weight, and the rice above suspicion; but the money passed through so many official palms, and adhered to so many in the transit, that it became quite microscopic before jingling in the pocket of the incumbent.

The system of treatment pursued in the early history of this asylum betrays a curious medley of barbarism and civilization, of science and superstition, and yet was far in advance of that adopted by contemporaneous Christian nations. In the centre of the building a steam bath was constructed, consisting of three contiguous chambers, each heated to a different degree of temperature, and containing a large basin of water, whose marble curb is stained by the rust of the iron rings to which the limbs of the resisting patients were bound. Once a week each patient was bathed, and a depilatory applied to his body. His head was closely shaved, excepting one long tuft over the bump of reverence, which was piously preserved as a convenient handle by which the angel Azrael could pull the defunct believer up to Paradise. After this lustration, according to the active or passive condition of the patient, he was turned over by the Head Shampooer into the hands either of his guardian or of the stock-keeper. If to the former, a blacksmith replaced an iron collar about his neck, by which he was led back to his cell, and securely bolted to the wall. If to the latter, his feet were put into the stocks, and the lictor summoned to

administer a wholesome castigation on the soles of his feet.

Twice a year the head tailor and furrier, followed by a train of journeymen, knocked at the gate. They measured each patient for a suit out of such rich stuffs and costly furs as the good Sultan and his courtiers had contributed. Upon these occasions a sleek priest from the adjacent mosque registered the names of the recipients, and made a report of their condition. When the number of patients fell short of the maximum, which, under the peculiar circumstances, was probably the rule, the steward chained up for the occasion some younger brother or poor relations, in order to have them clothed at the expense of the state.

The diet of these score of lunatics, including the poor relations, was an object of deep solicitude to their one hundred and fifty attendants; and the reader will be pleased to learn that the larder of the Suleimanié kitchen groaned under the weight of the most delicate viands. In the hospital archives are carefully preserved the original items of expenses for maintaining a band of hunters to scour the country for such game as is unforbidden in the Mosaic bill of fare. As in those devouter days no true Mussulmans could taste the hare or the wild-boar, these consequently abound, to the delight of their degenerate descendants, who, taking particular pains not to recognize this unclean food, highly enjoy it on the table of their infidel friends, especially during the forty days' fast of Ramazan.

In the "First Perfume," as the spring is termed in the poetic language of the East, to expel the peccant humors which had accumulated during the winter, the chief barber furbished up his lancet, and opened the campaign by binding up the arm of each patient, and letting out a pound or two of "bad blood." Close on his heels followed the ptisan and electuary makers, who placed upon each patient's tongue a purgative bolus, and washed it down by sundry empirical sherbets. Among the ingredients of the latter were com-

pounded curiously rare and repulsive drugs, unknown even to the small type of the United States Dispensatory.

Nor was the treatment of the Turkish lunatic limited to his stomach and to the soles of his feet. And here, although a smile may be allowed at many puerilities, let us hasten to acknowledge that the alienists of the East were Sauls among their European brethren, perhaps the first to recognize the dual element of insanity, that correlation betwixt mind and matter. To soar from the sensuous to the spiritual is so thoroughly un-Turkish, that religious mania is an unknown element of Eastern insanity. There was therefore marked propriety in directing all the theological fledglings of the adjacent mosque — I refer to the students, and not to the pigeons — to repair daily to the Suleimanié asylum, and get their hand in by repeating long prayers and incantations for the disenchantment of its inmates from the spell of one particular malign spirit. Praise be to Allah! the *Sheik-ul-Islam*, or Turkish Archbishop of Canterbury, had attained to such skill as chief spiritual detective, that, of the seventy thousand genii, good and bad, who expatiate in the upper ether of the Mohammedan atmosphere, he was able to point out the very Puck who disordered the brains of all crazy believers. To identify this sprite was one thing, but to restrain him was quite another; as it involved earnest supplications to a series of other sprites, whose chief business was limited to repairing the mischievous pranks of their comrade.

To distract the patient from himself and to beguile his weary hours, stone benches were placed in front of the open doorways of the wards, from which jugglers, story-tellers, buffoons, mimes, dancers, and — Heaven save the mark — musicians exercised their calling. As a recompense for such services, these artists enjoyed exemption from the annual taxes levied by their respective guilds, besides being occasionally tipped by the Howards and Frys of that day.

Such was the condition of the lunatic in those palmy days ; but making a bold leap of over three centuries, without tracing each separate element of decay, we shall find in the year 1835 a very different state of things. That imposing brigade of retainers had dwindled down to a mere corporal's guard of one jailer and four ragged turnkeys. The ptisan-makers, the water-carriers, the cooks and barbers, had long since gone the way of all Mohammedan flesh. An unwholesome broth took the place of costly viands ; instead of neatness and perfumes, a disgusting filth and stench pervaded the premises ; robes and furs no longer concealed the nakedness of the inmates, but of course the chains, the iron bolts, and collars remained intact. By chronic pilfering and malfeasance, the princely revenues had vanished, and the maintenance of the establishment depended partly on the stinted charity of a curious rabble, who flocked thither to be amused.

At length, after inexcusable delay, the Sublime Porte hastily convened a special *divan*, or cabinet meeting. After the requisite number of pipes and cups of Mocha had been discussed, and beards, black and gray, had been stroked in the name of the Prophet, it was decided to invite the *Hakim-Bashi*, or physician extraordinary, to the palace, to select a staff and besom out these Augean mews. Rumor asserts that the father of this portly and dignified functionary — I have often seen him — had been promoted from the royal skewer to the royal lancet ; but that is neither here nor there. At any rate, the son, who inherited the paternal title as well as the paternal lancet, knew just about as much of the treatment of insanity as his pipe-bearer ; but genius triumphs over difficulties. Under his inspiration, which certainly evinced good common sense, the gates of the asylum were closed, the patients were isolated, and their nakedness concealed by a thin but very populous blanket, the number of inhabitants to the square inch being positively fabulous. An empty treasury forbade all luxuries,

and the pangs of hunger were barely appeased by a pittance of rice and two small loaves of sour black bread. Finally, that great Eastern therapeutic tripod, consisting of diet, bleeding, and clysters, were so heroically resorted to, that the scalp-locks of the poor wretches were very frequently clutched by the black-winged Azrael.

Four years crawled along wearily enough to the poor lunatics, but rather pleasantly to the doctor, who had gained flesh, and a decoration to boot, and was looking forward to still further promotion. But as if in fulfilment of the prophecy, that "promotion cometh not from the east nor from the west nor from the south," unexpected humiliation came from these very quarters of the globe, not excepting the north, which seems to have escaped the psalmist when boxing the compass. Russian threats, a Persian boundary complication, Albanian outlaws, and Greek brigands turned the whole energy of the Porte to the work of reorganizing its wretched army, and of equipping those few rotten hulks which had survived neglect, the worms, and the battle of Navarino. The noise of the anvil and loom never ceased ; the *chibouques* and forges were in full blast ; unprecedented was the activity in the arsenals. Many public edifices, such as schools, academies, and hospitals, were sequestered, and converted into military depots. There was a certain building, known as the Menagerie of Sultan Achmed, which belonged to the state, and constituted a very important appendage to royalty. At that time its stock consisted, as I well remember, of several ostriches, two half-starved lions, an unhappy hyena, a fox or two, and quite a large number of apes. From time immemorial all vacancies in the rank and file of this menagerie were filled by the gifts of provincial governors to their Sultan, who graciously deigned to accept these zoölogical proofs of loyalty, especially as their nourishment involved no loosening of the royal purse-strings. The arrival in Stamboul of each new re-

cruit was a welcome event to the entire population, with the slight exception of the butchers, who were taxed in turn for a daily supply of bullocks' hearts and livers.

The pashas, flushed with an unusual fit of military ardor, rebelled against the monopoly of so capacious an edifice by a few asthmatic quadrupeds. To destroy them would certainly create a tumult, in which any number of pashas' heads, as well as tails, might come to grief. The insult of their return to the donors would prompt several powerful chieftains to upset their rice-kettles, which was the vernacular for setting up the standard of revolt. Another cabinet meeting was called. The nature of its deliberations has never transpired, for the climate of Constantinople is singularly unhealthy to reporters; of which curious medical fact I could give many examples. To make a long story very short, early one hot summer morning a long string of creaking buffalo-carts filed in under the gateway of the Suleimanié Health-House, and interrupted the *namaz*, or morning devotions, of the whole staff by breaking bulk in the court-yard, and billeting the entire menagerie, cages, beasts, and keepers, upon the premises.

History is prudently silent as to the number of distinguished courtiers whose mothers', grandmothers', and great-grandmothers' graves the doctor spat upon, and whose fathers' and forefathers' shades, up to the time of the first Caliph of Bagdad, — on whom be peace, — he otherwise defiled in very indecorous pantomime. History, I repeat, is silent; but tradition asserts that the language indulged in on that memorable morning would cause us all to marvel at the vituperative resources of the Turkish language. The first effervescence of surprise once over, like a prudent general under the cannon of a superior foe, the doctor retreated with all his baggage, and without the loss of a single pipe-stem, over to one side of the court-yard, leaving the enemy in full possession of the opposite gallery. The gates of the hospital were again

thrown open to the public, to whom this striking combination of a menagerie of wild beasts and a menagerie of wild men gave infinite satisfaction; and the doctor finally put an arm of the sea and several miles of difficult country between himself and his patients.

Left without a head, the showmen of the rival menageries began to tread upon each other's slippers, and to study each other's profiles from very irritating points of perspective. Noisy disputes occurred hourly over the division of the gifts and of the alms; ugly epithets and broomsticks flew backwards and forwards across the area, to the great amusement of the visitors. Suddenly and most unaccountably these sworn enemies were seen to unite in constructing a miniature citadel under the eaves of the gallery roof, gained by a movable ladder, whence in peace and harmony they smoked over their respective charges by day, and snored over them by night.

Humanity veils her eyes from a spectacle over which demons gloated, and which for three shameful years polluted the soil of Europe. Yet, so far from being studiously concealed, this combination of madhouse and menagerie was deemed one of the most interesting sights of the capital, as many a tourist's note-book will bear me witness.

Unfruitful would be the task to unravel the tangle of Turkish statecraft. Suffice it to say, that in 1843 the Sublime Porte again smoked its pipe and sipped its Mocha, but this time to some purpose. A Mohammedan physician of European education now dislodged the showmen from their citadel: the menagerie of wild beasts disappeared as mysteriously as an apparition; once more the heavy gates swung to and shut out the rabble. Clothing and bedding were given to those lunatics who had not altogether forgotten how to use them. The teachings of civilization opened up new life to gaunt and squalid frames, whose stiffened limbs were freed from chains. The largest wards were partitioned off into cells, in which the more noisy inmates could ex-

ercise their lungs without fear of stocks and bastinado. A priest from the adjacent mosque hastened to furbish up his old sermons and fill the post of chaplain. An apothecary was coaxed to reside on the premises, and the patients to swallow his medicines. But, what was still better, the vast kitchens, being put into thorough repair, began to exhale odors of *pilaff* and *kibab*; nay, twice a day became fragrant and canorous with the roasting and bruising of coffee-grains.

The year 1857 brings us to the more pleasing task of describing the last, best, and present administration of the hospital. A well-appointed corps of male and female attendants were organized; a uniform dress gave system to the enterprise; and, above all, a piece of very good luck secured the services of Dr. Mongeri, an intelligent European physician, and ably seconded him by two medical assistants, and by twenty-one employees, including the chaplain, clerk, and apothecary. For three centuries of fortunate intolerance this hospital was denied to the Christian subjects of the Porte, that privilege, if such it may be termed, being restricted to the true believer; but now its gates were thrown open to every nationality and sect.

Constantinople, from its unique geographical position, perplexes the stranger by its medley of peoples and tongues. Sandwiched between two continents, it is the El Dorado of all the fortune-hunters of Asia, and the city of refuge to all the expatriated rogues and patriots of Europe. Hence, the doctor and his assistants are perforce polyglots.

At first the new superintendent felt awkward, and as much out of date as the odd day in leap-year; but he soon took courage. Shod with the seven-leagued boots of civilization, he brusquely jostled against the slippered Turkish drones, and, with the unexpectedness of a boomerang, now gave a quietus to time-honored customs, anon doubled up some prejudice loitering sadly behind the times.

But art is long, very, very long, in

Turkey. Its history reads like a comedy. The admission of the insane to the regenerated Health-House of Suleiman is not accompanied by those forms and certificates which other nations deem necessary as safeguards against crime, nor by the previous history of the patient. Surely, to deprive a fellow-creature of his social and political rights ought to be no hasty act; yet the present superintendent complains that friends and relatives too readily obtain an order of admission from the civil authorities, which is a model of official brevity. Thus: "The head physician of the Suleimanié Hospital will receive the bearer, Mustapha, known to be crazy, the son of the Yellow-Slippered" or "the Black-Bearded Aali"; the want of patronymics compelling this resort to descriptive nicknames. Sometimes a policeman will drag in a handcuffed prisoner and show this concise order: "Confine this unknown lunatic." Indeed, so carelessly is this managed, that the order for the admission of a man has accompanied a woman; and too often sick persons, delirious through fever, are hurried off to this asylum, either designedly or through ignorance, where they usually die from the effects of the fatigue and rudeness attending their removal. Still more frequently galley-slaves are admitted, who feign madness in hopes of escaping from premises less carefully guarded than those of the Bagnio.

Of course such official carelessness, together with the easy evasion of every law, encourages the worst crimes, and many a heart-sickening fraud has been perpetrated upon the liberty of a perfectly sane person. A large measure of this grave charge, so far as it regards the Suleimanié, must be taken retrospectively, for the present humane superintendent would never lend his aid to such an outrage; but his own authority is limited, and his enlightened efforts are often rendered powerless by the connivance or apathy of corrupt officials. Comparatively speaking, such cases in his asylum, although too fre-

quent, are isolated; let them pass: but humanity shudders at the outrages hidden in the small mad cells and dungeons of the so-called Christian churches, and especially in the reckless confinement in private houses. With such unlimited facilities for crime at his command, any person of influence, or of its equivalent, — wealth, — can, on the plea of insanity, immure an enemy, his ward, an heir, or a disobedient son, without being obliged to give the proper proofs to any magistrate, unless it may be to the parish priest or to the church beadle, who, if sublimely indifferent to bribes from those who are too poor to bribe, are not so to false representations. These are bold assertions; but to substantiate them I could bring forward fact upon fact that has fallen under my own observation. Threats of such incarceration have, to my certain knowledge, been made by men of rank to importunate creditors; whilst to confine in madhouses recusants from the faith of their fathers has been so common as to pass into a jest. Also, to evade the penalty for murder or for other crimes, the guilty parties are clamorously accused of insanity by their own influential friends, and hurriedly thrust into some obscure madhouse, where they remain until either the excitement has died away, or some amicable arrangement of blood-money or hush-money has been made. Such lawlessness is represented to be somewhat checked at present, but what old resident believes in these honeyed bulletins of reform? Still, let us be charitable; there are beams in our own eyes.

Formerly the method of conveying a male lunatic to the Suleimanié Health-House was not calculated to tone down his distorted views of life. First, an iron collar was clamped about his neck; to this one end of a long chain was riveted, the other end being locked around the waist of the first-met porter, who was summarily impressed into the service. Two policemen now pinioned his arms and shoved him along, whilst the porter, leading the way,

dragged him to the asylum gate with many a resentful tug. As a very lame apology for this rough treatment, the reader will remember that, excepting a few thoroughfares, the streets of Constantinople are too narrow for any wheeled vehicle, and Turkish ingenuity is not up to inventing a substitute, but depends upon predestinated conflagrations to widen them into carriage-ways. With his usual promptitude Dr. Mongeri took the matter in hand; a few strait-jackets and handcuffs were expressed from Paris, and the iron chains, collars, and other instruments of punishment or of restraint now rust among the labelled curiosities of the asylum museum.

For this act of philanthropy let us give the doctor a kind shake of the hand, but at the same time a disapproving shake of the head at his want of gallantry towards the other sex. It is sad to relate that, should one of the daughters of the land display any coyness in making his acquaintance, she is treated in so culinary a manner as to justify the suspicion that she is destined for the larder of some one of those ghouls of Eastern legend. After having her arms and legs trussed up like a drawn fowl, she is packed into a hamper, carefully covered over with a cloth, and placed upon the pack of a porter, who jogs along to the asylum with as much indifference as if he were carrying an unusually large and rather noisy supply of marketing.

By stepping into the clerk's office, and by turning over the records, all written on thick vellum paper resembling parchment, and in characters remarkably like a row of fish-hooks and pothooks variously inclined to the plane of the horizon, the learned visitor will find that the executive administration of the Suleimanié asylum has never been intrusted to the medical staff, where it properly belongs, but limps along under the guardianship of four cabinet ministers. The *Sevaskier*, or Minister of War, provides the clothing, the furniture, and the medicines, and doles out the daily rations, which,

although simple, are very fortifying to the constitutions of a score or two of that nobleman's retainers. All general repairs are shouldered by the Minister of Pious Edifices; for Constantinople, like Rome, rejoices in a Pious as well as a Profane *Ædile*. The Minister of Finance very properly pays the wages of the nurses, — whenever they are paid, — subtracting a liberal commission for his trouble; he regulates all extraordinary expenses, and supervises the construction of any addition to the building, such as a coal-bin, a shed, or an outhouse. He must, however, first fill his pipe and have a puff over the matter with his colleague the Minister of Profane Edifices, who decides as to the utility of the proposed improvements. In addition, the latter estimates the expenses of repairs, and determines what share comes out of the funds of the War Department, what portion must be assumed by the Pious *Ædile*, and especially what amount of the current coin of the realm, in the transfer, may be safely diverted, out of the legitimate channel, into his own pocket, and into that of his noble friend of the Treasury. Of course in their councils disputes will arise, and the beard of the Prophet is frequently taken in vain; but of their harmonious alacrity the reader may rest assured, whenever there is a chance of prospecting in the public funds; for here the path of duty coincides with that of pleasure.

As a very natural consequence to this division of labor, delays prejudicial to the interests of the asylum are constantly taking place; not only from the time consumed in deciding which magnate is the proper one to attend to the aforesaid coal-bin, shed, or outhouse, but which one shall incur the expense. For instance, the doctor complains that our old friends, the pigeons, insolent with unlimited barley, were ever breaking the window-panes and trespassing on the premises. To remedy this nuisance a requisition for wire-grating was once made; but this article, being consecrated to the win-

dows of saintly mausoleums and to the rags of the devout, did not appear on the red-tape list of supplies. For years, therefore, this requisition journeyed backwards and forwards, up stairs and down stairs, from one bureau to another.

Without distinction of rank or religion, the patients are clad in a simple uniform; nor, strange to say, has much objection been made to this in a land where each one strives in dress to rival the prismatic hues. Not satisfied with gaining this point, the doctor, somewhat of a martinet, hankered after a uniformity of cut in his patients' beards; and, taking the barber into his confidence, meditated a very base plot. But there is a divinity which hedges the Oriental beard and protects each individual hair. A beard indicates the head of a family, rank, and independence; as such, it is highly venerated, almost worshipped. To swear by one's beard is an oath of solemn import; to pull another's beard is an insult to be atoned only by blood or blood-money. On the other hand, smooth must be the chin of a son, a servant, a chamberlain, or a clerk, although he may wax and stroke any length of mustache. Under this tonsorial law, no prince of the blood royal dare sport an imperial; not even the heir-apparent, whose first stubble dates from his coronation, when he girds on his sword and banishes his razor. In the encounter with such deeply rooted customs, the doctor's shears, like the Czar's, came out second best, and the asylum chins still remain a perpetual eyesore.

The amusements and occupations of the patients require a word. Newspapers, a reading-room, or a library do very well in lands where the schoolmaster has been abroad, but here they are wholly out of place. Nor will the genius of the people admit of athletic games, or any manual labor unless of a sedentary kind. But there is no difficulty in the way of entertaining an Eastern lunatic; give him a pipe, unlimited coffee, and a rug upon which to squat, and man's chief end is at-

tained ; it is only among infidel dogs that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do. A few more active ones, chiefly Christians, occupy themselves in sewing and patching ; indeed, so primitive is the cut of the asylum uniform, so free from the caprices of fashion, so innocent of gores and gussets, that any one who masters the difficulties of hitting the eye of a needle — that northwest passage to the bachelor — soon becomes an expert tailor.

It appears, however, that the time of the patients is chiefly spent in hunting up and quarrelling over their missing slippers and shoes. Happily Mustapha's brains, however erratic, are covered by a fixture ; he sleeps and eats and sits and walks in his turban or fez ; in it he lives and moves and has his being ; and no concatenation of excuses, however ingenious, could justify its appearance on Aali's head. But the slippers and shoes ! ah, there 's the rub ; the blemish in this otherwise admirably appointed institution. Upon entering an Oriental house, custom and good housekeeping require the street shoes to be removed at the threshold of the front door ; hence twice a day, at breakfast and dinner, supper being an unknown meal, the entire stock of the Suleimanié shoes and slippers collects about the dining-room door in very perplexing disorder. Of course, they are forever getting mixed up, forever slipping upon wrong feet, forever being appropriated by acquisitive lunatics, forever going to some undiscovered bourne from which no asylum shoe, but a great deal of wrangling, ever returns. Barring the shoes and the beards, the doctor would be in clover.

The daily average number of patients in this asylum is one hundred and forty, nor can the building with comfort accommodate more. From 1857 to 1867, a period of ten years, there were 1,605 patients under treatment ; of these 1,259 were males and 346 females, a ratio of about four to one. This disproportion must not be taken as a correct standard of the relative liability to insanity

of the two sexes, for the following reasons : (1.) The inmates of the asylum are mainly those who are too violent to be kept at home, and women are not so prone to that form of insanity. (2.) The Turks, doubting the chastity of their wives, confine them in the prison-like apartments of the harem, secluded by close lattices and guarded by eunuchs. It therefore does violence to their prejudices to put a woman under the same roof with men, or under the care of a male physician. (3.) A crazy woman must become very violent indeed before she can inspire the same degree of fear which is excited by an insane man ; hence she is far more frequently kept at home, or else, if poor and old, is allowed to roam the streets. Often have I heard some crazy crone, standing upon the inevitable dunghill of a Turkish hamlet, spitting forth on the villagers below an abusive froth, so rich in filth and quaint obscenity that it would put to the blush the ribald fishwives of Paris or their more renowned sisters across the Channel.

From the differences of custom and education, the phases of insanity present lights and shades unknown to purely Christian communities. Thus the doctor finds that the religious observance of stated ablutions is so indoctrinated into the Mohammedan mind as to become an instinct, and greatly tends to prevent that repulsive imbecility which tries the skill and patience of European alienists. Should a patient show any such tendency, it is readily combated by awakening the idea of ceremonial uncleanness. On the other hand, the effluvia arising from the Christian person are sadly pungent ; but, as a makeweight, his linen is more clean and less populous than that of the Mussulman. The Christian patient delights to scribble upon the walls, and to exercise his art in charcoal-sketches ; the Turk looks on in admiration, but rarely ventures to imitate. The former is irascible and fault-finding ; the latter calm and dignified. There are many other points of difference, but as regards the

disposition to lose their shoes the harmony is touching.

Among the female patients there is not often found the disposition to tear or strip off their clothes; for so rigidly is woman guarded at home from every profane gaze, so peremptorily does the Koran permit a husband to divorce her should she unveil before a stranger, that this instinct of modesty remains long after every other sense of shame is lost. Again: the oppressive vacuity of the Eastern intellect, the perfumed indolence of the rich, the drowsy lethargy of the poor, the lack of education, the life-killing doctrine of fatalism, the servile cringing to superiors, which has effaced every trace of manhood, — all combine to stamp their impress upon the insane brain. "Hardly known," says the doctor, "is that restless energy of mind and body, those fierce alternations of rapture and despair, finding vent in excessive action and incoherent volubility, fretting at restraint and chafing at reproof." Equally rare is that extravagant egotism and exaggerated self-esteem, which so frequently in our own asylums lead to insubordination and treachery.

Such elements of discord are scarcely to be met with; but, torpid in body, sluggish in mind, exhibiting a mute and brutish resignation, the insane Oriental, like those chemical solutions which crystallize only when agitated, remains inert, unless rudely jostled against an idea. Taught from the cradle to grovel at the feet of his superiors, let his stolid mind once absorb the fact that the superintendent is the *Effendi*, or master, who holds the reins, and there remains no further difficulty in controlling him. At occasional intervals, however, to enliven the dull routine of hospital discipline, the doctor catches a real as well as proverbial "Tartar," who, fresh from the provinces, is too churlish a bigot to yield precedence to the "cursed son of a *giaour*," and raises quite a tempest of insubordination.

Having glanced at this truly noble institution, my next step should be to turn to its statistics, and show what

percentage the insane bear to the total population, and to the three great communities of Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews. But at the threshold a serious difficulty confronts the inquirer; namely, how to solve that vexed question as regards the number of inhabitants in the city of Constantinople. In consulting a considerable number of authorities upon this subject, I find a difference of opinion and of numerals truly disheartening. One dyspeptic economist, in order to point some gloomy vital problem, lowers the population to five hundred thousand. Equally reckless guesses are hazarded by a series of geographical adventurers, climaxed finally by a "cry from Macedonia" for "one million three hundred thousand copies of the Scriptures for the benighted souls of the great metropolis alone."

Adopting as an impartial basis for future calculations a population of nine hundred thousand, and eliminating the European and Jewish residents, the former as foreign to our inquiry, the latter because the number of their insane is not known, I find that Constantinople contains three hundred and thirty thousand native Christians, and four hundred and fifty-nine thousand persons who profess Mohammedanism. Armed with these data, I am now prepared to develop new facts; although the scant material at my command will show to disadvantage beside the affluence of European and American statistics.

During the twelve months ending March 1, 1864, 325 patients, of whom 72 were females, passed under treatment in the Suleimanié. Of this number 98, or three tenths, represented the local population, the remainder of 227 being sent from provincial towns. During the same period of time about 258 Christian patients, namely, 202 males and 56 females, were confined in the insane wards of the three Christian general hospitals. Of these, 192 claimed a residence in the city proper. In addition, about a score of wretches cower in the cells of an old Greek convent

in the island of Prinkipo, a good two hours' row from the Golden Horn, whither, even in the times of the Lower Empire, all crazy Byzantines were ferried, to be placed under the care of Saint George, its patron saint. But as that saintly warrior and alienist, in all the daubs and legends of the Greek Church, is ever depicted in desperate conflict with the Dragon, it is charitable to explain the loathsome condition of his patients by the inference that he has not yet thrust home his lance-head, and is still hard pressed by *quarte* and *tierce*.

Three hundred and ten lunatics, therefore, represent a mixed population of 789,000 souls, a proportion of one insane person to every 2,545 of the inhabitants. To subdivide still further, 330,000 native Christians support 212 insane patients in their three sectarian hospitals, a ratio of one to 1,560. On the other hand, as the 98 citizens who are confined in the tolerant Suleimanie also include outcasts from other sects, and especially from the foreign legations, only about eighty lunatics — and this is a high estimate — will represent the 459,000 Mohammedans of the metropolis, namely, one in every 5,737. Now if in France, according to M. Lunier, Inspector-General of Lunatic Asylums, there exists one lunatic to every 200 inhabitants, and one in 412 so violent as to require confinement, whilst in England the proportion is one in 432 of the population, it stands to reason that the proportion of lunatics in Constantinople should be greater than one in 2,545. The fact is, that since so many Oriental lunatics are concealed at home, made way with, or allowed to be at large, the above statistics are utterly unreliable, so far as they give the proportion of the insane to the sane inhabitants. But as these sources of error are common to all the communities, this important fact may be fairly deduced, that the tendency to insanity among the Christian subjects far exceeds that of their Moslem masters. So unexpected a result demands some explanation; and I shall

therefore attempt to trace out the causes of this startling difference.

In a measure this may be explained by the aphorism of Esquirol, "*Les progrès de la civilisation multiplient les fous*"; for the Christians are far better educated than the Turks, on whom civilization, like an unwelcome marauder, makes an occasional raid. Other causes, not so patent, exist; under currents, which show no surface ripples, and yet drift surely towards the abyss. To determine these demands a knowledge of the character, customs, habits, and religious tenets of each community is necessary.

The statistics of all Christian asylums show that the moral effect of public opinion and the twinges of an educated conscience often lead to insanity those who abandon themselves to the indulgence of their appetites. In the Ottoman race this does not hold good. Turkish society sanctions the most exhaustive excesses, and openly winks at vices forbidden alike by natural and revealed religion. Their songs, national and anacreontic, reek with the vilest filth. The coarse ribaldry of their polite conversation would not be tolerated even by our ancestors, who, like the gentle Cowper, read aloud to fireside circles the comedies of a Congreve or Wycherley. At such favorite places of resort as the "Heavenly Waters," or the "Valley of Sweet Waters," the wanton dances and lascivious couplets of strolling gypsy girls are the favorite amusements of the mothers and daughters of the land. Kara-Gueuz, the harlequin of their only national play, sets at defiance all decency of language and pantomime. So debauched a people, who know no chastity but what is barred and bolted, whose "ministering spirits" are mere concubines, and whose heaven is one vast seraglio, the demon of insanity may scourge only when devils shall again be suffered to enter into a herd of swine.

In other lands, education peoples the wards of insane asylums. In the days of the Caliphs many a Saracen's busy brain and alembic cracked in the search

after the Elixir of Life. But the times are changed, and with them the true believers, for positively much learning hath not made mad a single patient in the Suleimanié Health-House. In the Bœotian atmosphere of the East, where the midnight lamp burns only in orgies, nerve fibres are too relaxed to snap.

Utterly unknown is religious mania. No pantheistic dream, no scornful scepticism, disturbs the repose of the Oriental mind. The dogma of Fatalism so covers every inch of ground, and leaves so little elbow-room for wrangling schoolmen, that amid all the oscillations of human belief the Moslem has ever remained constant to his creed. Grave disputes have arisen, it is true, whether the canonical color of the turban should be a snow-white or a pea-green; whether Fatima or Ayesha possesses a soul, or some other germ of immortality: but in these brain jousts no wits have been lost. In short, all Moslems stand shoulder to shoulder in their religious tenets, excepting those accursed Persians, whose beards we spit upon, and whose fathers' graves we defile.

The wonderful buoyancy and elasticity of the Moslem faith is yet another cause of exemption from religious mania. It accepts as truths absurdities the most amazing, anachronisms the most incoherent, paradoxes the most monstrous. Should reason or common sense suggest an objection, "God is great" is the unanswerable reply.

For the merest trifles, over five thousand Frenchmen annually perish by their own hands; full as many Britons "sneak to death"; but what Turk was ever known to commit suicide? His only fireside is a brazier of charcoal; polished arms bristle in his girdle; deadly poisons are sold over his grocer's counter; his highway, the Bosphorus, seethes with venomous currents; and yet an implicit belief in *Kismet*, or Fate, renders him so undemonstrative of joy or sorrow, so patient under disheartening calamities, that never basely skulks from life, but with austere apathy waits for the tidal wave

of adversity to ebb. Moreover, in the presence of royalty, the pasha and the peasant are vassals; whilst neither aristocracy nor wealth are hereditary. There hardly exists a man of rank, whose life is not a romance; to-day a beggar, to-morrow clad in ermine; now chained to the oar, a week hence lolling on the divan of the Grand-Vezir. Hence in the darkest night he looks toward the orient, and hope is the nepenthe which sustains him. Even when there falls upon his ear the stealthy tread of the imperial mutes, he resorts not to suicide, but calmly exclaiming, "God is great," bares his neck to the bow-string. Can a phlegm so tough yield to insanity?

Save among a few simple-hearted mountaineers, or in some exiled member of a nomadic tribe, nostalgia is an unknown element of insanity. The young Turk yearns for no home, and is bound by hallowed ties to no spot on earth. The affectionate outgoings of his childhood are repressed; he is taught to approach his parents, not with the artless abandon of filial love, but with studied awe and measured step. Instead of showering kisses and receiving them back with interest, he reverently presses his lips to their hands, and then falling back a step or two, stands servilely with folded arms. At the age of puberty he is carefully excluded from the apartments of the harem, and is married off as soon as possible to some girl on whom he never laid eyes.

The passion of love, which in other lands has demented its thousands, is in the East so hedged in by customs and traditions, that it is as harmless as a caged wild beast. The women are closely veiled, the sexes kept scrupulously apart. Courtship being forbidden, among the men the "nervous erethism" arising from long engagements and unreciprocated love is utterly unknown. A woman may, however, become enamored of some tradesman, from whom she purchases her finery, and instances are not wanting of female victims to the tender passion.

In civilized lands mental alienation is often produced by noble attributes, such as patriotism, the love of liberty, real or imaginary dishonor; but these are qualities too delicate to take root in the jejune soil of an effete nationality. In vain will you search the wards of the Suleimanié for such soul-maladies. Nor will you have any better success with cases of melancholy and misanthropy; for, give the Osmanlee a few live coals, a coffee-pot, a pipe, and a widow's cruse of tobacco, and I defy him to grow sick of himself or of the world.

If neither education, nor religion, nor love, nor philosophy, nor immorality, nor disaster, nor solitude disturbs the Eastern brain, in the name of the Prophet what does? Without venturing upon the battle-ground of modern alienists, who range themselves under the banners of materialism and immaterialism, in reply, it may be stated broadly that the causes of insanity are divided into two great classes, the one emotional, the other somatic, or dependent on some derangement of the body. Mania arising from love or religion is an example of the first class, whilst the second embraces those cases of mental alienation resulting from injury to the brain, as from disease, want, intemperance, and accidents. Amidst education and refinement the psychical element of insanity preponderates, for the delicate and complex web of nerve fibrils, composing a highly organized brain, resembles that scientific toy, which resists many a rude blow from without, but is shivered by an in-dropping sand-grain. On the other hand, the statistics of the Suleimanié asylum show that certain pathological conditions of the body are requisite to perturbate the stagnant Mohammedan mind.

Foremost among the causes of Eastern insanity stand opium-eating and the use of the Indian hemp. Next in rank is the abuse of alcoholic drinks, especially of those European spirits, which, being distilled from anything under the sun except the forbidden "juice of the grape," are affected by

even the greenest turbaned casuist, who would perish at the stake sooner than sip a thimbleful of wine. In Constantinople and in other seaports, where the attrition of commerce has rubbed off many incrustations, and alas! much of the Oriental enamel, intemperance begets the largest percentage of lunatics. In the provinces, where the habits of the people are more primitive and where the spirit as well as the letter of the Koran is observed too strictly to sanction the use of any intoxicating beverages, almost all the lunatics are victims to the habit of opium and hashish eating. A rapid decay of mind and body is also produced by the use of other deleterious drugs, sold over every counter, and largely employed by Turkish sybarites. Space is wanting to dilate upon this interesting subject of Oriental poison-eaters. Suffice it to say that arsenic is used as a depilatory; cantharides and nux-vomica are habitually taken as aphrodisiacs, or else stealthily administered as philters; whilst corrosive sublimate is swallowed for the purpose of enhancing the dreamy narcotism of opium. This resort to *ak-sulimen*, or corrosive sublimate, is inevitable; like the *Theriaki*, or opium-eater, may shiver awhile on the brink of the abyss, but into it he must plunge sooner or later. Among Mohammedan women, according to Dr. Mongeri, insanity may be traced to the excessive use of coffee and tobacco, and especially to the loss of health resulting from the measures adopted to prevent offspring. In our own land this crime of fœticide is of bastard growth and without excuse; but where polygamy prevails it is a natural offshoot, and will ever be coeval with the vitality of Islamism.

Having traced out the causes of insanity among the Moslems, let me now turn to the native Christian population and explain their greater tendency to mental alienation. Fear holds the first rank as a cause of insanity; such fear as no citizen of a free land can understand. In the palmy days of the Jani-

zaries, when human life was held so cheap that any petty lord of a manor could at pleasure hang or behead his vassals, the rural districts would have been depopulated, had not some Turkish Malthus instituted a *humane* order of knighthood, whose motto should have been, "Tails I win, heads you lose." Thus a Pasha of One Tail bore on his standard one horse's tail, which patent of nobility bestowed the right of cutting off one human head daily between sunrise and sunset, without assigning any reason, and without being called to account. More heads than one every four-and-twenty hours justly rendered him liable to reproof. A Pasha of Two Tails was entitled to two heads per day; and thus tails were added and heads subtracted in even ratio until a pashalick of five tails was the highest rank of nobility in the gift of a grateful monarch. Then followed a very lucky gap in this sequence of numbers, closed by the Sultan himself, whose rank of Sixty Tails very suitably has gained him the title of *Khiunk-yar*, or *Blood-Drinker*. Happily, those bloody days are past.

From the capture of Constantinople in 1453 down to the promulgation of the *Hatti-Houmayoun*, or Magna Charta, in 1856, a pall of terror and dismay brooded over the *rayahs*, or Christian subjects. I well remember the ignominious costumes which they were compelled by their oppressors to wear; and, when that was abolished through "outside pressure," the shameful badges of vassalage tagged on to their fezes, lest these uncircumcised dogs should be mistaken for the true believers. I well remember the time, when by gifts or by threats Christian children were enticed to repeat the words, *La Allah il Allah, Muhammed ressul Allah*, "God is the God, and Mohammed his prophet." This creed once uttered, they were claimed as converts and torn away from their parents. Years have elapsed, but never can I forget the afternoon when, seated at an open window and reading a juvenile Life of Mohammed, I first

came across these words; how, with boyish heedlessness I shouted them out at the top of my voice; how my father, pale with fear, ran into the room and silenced me by explaining the danger from being overheard; how for weeks afterwards every knock at the door sounded my doom; how oppressive was the weight of this secret, and how often I was tempted to cry out this fatal creed in the crowded streets of the city!

Those were blood-curdling times. After stealing from his house at an early hour to enter upon the labors of the day, the Armenian or Greek tradesman never knew whether his eyes would rest upon his family again. Fear, heart-rending, hopeless fear, ever dogged his footsteps, — fear for his own life or liberty; fear of confiscation or of torture; fear lest his wife should be dishonored, or his daughters torn away to some nobleman's seraglio; fear lest his sons should be forced to embrace Mohammedanism, and thus be lost to him not only in this life, but eternally in the next. The life of a street dog was absolutely more safe than his. For pastime a party of bravos, bristling with arms, and swaggering through the streets, would not unfrequently try the temper of a newly purchased weapon upon the first Christian. The dreary agony of life was measured, not by days and hours, but by heart-throbs.

I have met with several remarkable instances, and every old resident can tell off on his fingers case upon case of insanity or of kindred nervous disorders produced by harrowing suspense or paroxysms of fear. The French Revolution lasted but a few short years, and yet, during that reign of terror, the increase in insanity was most marked; *a fortiori* must four centuries of torture, of oppression, and of suspense have stamped its impress upon an entire community. It is true that the last twenty years have witnessed great improvements in the condition of the native Christians, but constant fear, constant agony, constant humiliation,

have so crushed out every trace of manhood, that they are still a cringing, fawning, and abject race. Several generations of happier descendants can alone efface the mental taints acquired in those long years of vassalage.

But this Utopian state of happiness can only occur in a change. So long as the dominant power is Moslem, never can the Turk and Christian be upon the same footing. Fortunately, to foretell the end requires no great powers of vaticination. The Ottoman is a doomed empire, Islam is a doomed religion, the Turks a doomed race. "Turkey is dying for want of Turks." What enthusiast believes in Turkish regeneration? Who is now beguiled by those siren notes of reform which yearly float to our ears across the ocean? Alas! even those fitful gleams of light which play athwart the Eastern horizon are but the phosphorescence of decay.

In times of plague or cholera the Turk shows no fear, affects no precautions, and coolly awaits either a fated death or a fated deliverance; whilst the Armenian and Greek — I write as an eyewitness — spurn all ties of blood and affection in frantic efforts at self-preservation. During the last epidemic of cholera in 1867, in the small Christian village of Buyukdéré, over sixty dead bodies were found in as many deserted houses, the occupants having fled at the first alarm, leaving their sick relatives to wrestle alone with death. Nature violated is exacting, and a fear so intense and so selfish often culminates in insanity.

Fortunately such calamities appear in cycles and are not constant; but one dire scourge, that of fire, ever hangs poised over the wood-built cities of the East. From the first feeble glimmer until a vast conflagration flaunts its crimson banners over an entire horizon, the heart grows sick and faint. The countless firebrands, the roaring of the flames, the crash of falling timbers, the explosion of mines, the howls of dogs, the shrieks and yells of men and women, the tearing of the hair, the beating of breasts, the pillaging, the

jamming of a panic-stricken mob in crooked lanes, whole streets blocked up by broken or abandoned furniture, render the confusion appalling. All presence of mind is lost; husbands become separated from their wives, children from their parents; the old and feeble are trodden down; mothers, frantic with terror, throw their infants out of windows, and rush from their burning houses, carefully bearing away some valueless utensil. As no banks exist, every man's house — although it cannot in any sense of the word be called his castle — contains his all, and a fire, consuming the accumulation of years, leaves thousands in abject poverty. Add to this the well-known morbid influence of maternal impressions, not only upon gestation, but upon its products, and we have in conflagrations a fertile source of idiocy and insanity; just as the bombardment of Vienna caused the birth of many weak-brained and idiotic children.

The passion of gaming and of speculating in land are frequent causes of insanity. There exists no nation on the face of the earth who borrow and lend to the same extent as the native Christians. The credit of the Greeks is somewhat impaired by an unpleasant habit of sticking a knife into their creditors; but if an Armenian, poor or rich, can be found in the Turkish Empire who does not confess to being exercised by some little *borge*, or debt, he deserves to be canonized.

Again, so entangled in trickery, fraud, lying, and cheating is every branch of trade, that a business transaction is but a euphemism for an exhaustive encounter between rival swindlers, in which the longer-headed rogue overreaches the other. This harassing anxiety, this constant strain of alertness, — now studying how to repress, now to allure, — the sleepless nights passed in plotting and counter-plotting, in time tell on the brain. Indeed, so notorious is it for the great Armenian bankers to have softening of the brain, that the *Seraff Ileti*, or bankers' disease, has passed into a proverb.

In my opinion one prolific source of insanity lies in certain mediæval customs which obtain among the Christian sects. Early marriages are the rule; each son, therefore, brings his bride to his father's house, which is gradually enlarged to suit the requirements of an increasing family. So many mistresses under one roof would certainly raise it, did not etiquette exact from each bride a Carthusian silence, which is rigidly and often heartlessly enforced by every capricious mother-in-law. For years—I have known it to last thirty and have heard of one authentic case lasting eighty—she may not speak unless first addressed, and must then reply in whispered monosyllables. For one month after her marriage the *galin*, or bride, cannot open her lips under any pretext whatever, and for a year does not quit the house or see any of her relatives. Even her husband cannot converse with her, much less make her the slightest gift, without the permission of the heads of the family; whilst for her to laugh in his presence, to put a question to his parent, or air a dimple before his maiden aunts, would be a gross violation of social etiquette. I have known one uxorious husband, pitying the melancholy of his wife, to smuggle in candies under his cap; and on one occasion, as he himself narrates, so many hours elapsed before he could transfer the gift, that it softened and trickled down his face, exposing him to the rebukes and jeers of the household.

When visitors call, these brides sit mute, and are ignored by all present as if they were children out of the nursery on good behavior. Under all circumstances this polite fiction must be observed. Even in professional visits I confess, *culpa mea, culpa maxima mea*, to having done the proper thing, by barely addressing a word to the poor invalid, although perhaps herself a mother, and by limiting my questions to the bustling mistress of the house, who would describe the aches of her daughter-in-law with all the artless detail of a mamma, whose infant

had just cut a tooth or was about to take to the bottle. A monotony of life so dreary, a social bondage so hateful, to girlish instincts often lead to insanity or to kindred disorders; and this result would be invariable were there not an antidote, a sort of mental bezoar. A wholesome vent to long-pent-up silence is here found in violent hysterical explosions, in outrageous fits of temper, and especially in the most frightful ululations over the dead, not only of their own kindred, but of a whole district. On such a sanitary occasion as a funeral, all the neighbors turn out to beat their breasts, to tear out their hair, to utter piercing shrieks, and to outvie one another in other gymnastic feats of grief. Foreseeing that, in the absence of epidemics, these weaker vessels, like Leyden jars, might become too highly charged for safe detonations, a thoughtful wisdom has appointed stated days in each year, on which the women visit the graveyards; where, with dishevelled hair and disordered dress, they weep and wail and howl themselves into a state of equilibrium.

Such, then, are a few of the peculiarities of Eastern insanity; for the subject is by no means exhausted, nor will it ever be. Studies in human nature can never be exhaustive, even where a unity of traits and customs exists; for there are analogies deep in the constitution of man, and common to all mankind, which science has not yet plumbed. In conclusion, with poor materials and scant statistics at his command, with but a limited knowledge of mental diseases, the writer attaches less value to this article as a contribution to science, than as a description of manners and characteristics. To map out the channels of the human mind, and buoy out its shoals and quicksands, should be the work of a master alienist,—the only trustworthy navigator in that mysterious sea; yet the humblest mariner has done good service whenever he heaves the lead and rudely chalks down the outlines of some unexplored coast.

W. Goodell, M. D.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BEFORE Kate fairly recovered from her fainting fit, her brother Vincent placed a powerful opiate at her lips and she drank it, so that the first hours of her bereavement passed away in sleep, or rather in disturbed and spasmodic dozing.

Leaving her in the hands of this merciful insensibility, let us see how others were affected by the death of Kershaw. Even previous to that event Peyton Beaumont had made it his duty to exorcise Randolph Armitage from his house. When that high-flung gentleman made his appearance, on the morning after he had been put to bed drunk and with a broken scalp, his father-in-law's first words to him were, "Are you able to travel, sir?"

"I suppose I am," sullenly replied Randolph, with a scowl of mingled pain and anger.

"Then travel, sir," growled Peyton, the brown veins in his forehead and the red veins in his cheeks swelling with wrath.

Randolph started, placed one hand to his bandaged head as if to repress its beatings, made an evident effort to recover his self-possession, and seemed about to remonstrate.

"Don't you speak, sir," thundered Beaumont. "You can't have your wife and children. As a husband and as a father, as well as in every other way, you have been a brute. Get out of my house. Get out of this district. If I find you in the neighborhood to-morrow, I'll have you hunted like a wolf. Not one word, sir. Be off!"

With the air of a cowed but savage cur, Armitage walked silently out of the house, and that very day quitted Hartland for parts unknown.

Sadly and heavily, Beaumont now went to find Nellie, and said to her, "My poor child, I have sent him away."

Nellie placed her hands on her father's shoulders, as if for support, and laid her head against his cheek so as to hide her face. She remembered that it was her own husband, once very dear to her, who had thus been driven out, and she remembered also that she could not reasonably say a word against his ignominious expulsion. In that bitter moment she was fully conscious of her loneliness, her degradation as a wife, her failure as a woman. She expressed her wretchedness and her resignation in one brief sentence, "I have ceased to be a wife."

"My dear, it was time," murmured Beaumont, in hoarse, tremulous bass. "My dear child, no one can blame you," he presently added in a louder tone. "I should like to look the man in the face who would dare blame you."

The next notable event in the household, an event already related, was Kershaw's death. In the village, in the district, and even in all the midland part of the State, it produced a prodigious excitement. The profound popular respect which had for many years surrounded this "last of the barons" (as some men called him) blazed up in a flame of wrath against his murderers. All the fighting men of the region, as well as all the non-fighting men and the women, were for once virtuously indignant at an assassination. Even the intimate friends of the McAlisters found it hard to excuse them, and their numerous enemies were in a state of mind to lynch them gladly, had lynching high-toned gentlemen been ethically permissible.

The Judge, honestly horrified by the tragedy, had moral sense enough to foresee the storm which it would arouse, and to shrink from encountering it. He promptly published a card in the "Hartland Journal." In this card he expressed his sincere grief for the death

of Colonel Kershaw; he eulogized the old man's character in a style which strong feeling made eloquent; he flatly denied that his sons were responsible for the homicide, and asked the public to suspend its judgment until further information. Bruce and Wallace also put forth a joint statement, in which they asserted that neither of them had aimed at the deceased, and that their action in the *mêlée* was a justifiable defence of their brother.

But their plea was useless. Nearly all Hartland believed that they had killed Kershaw, and that in so doing they had committed an abominable crime. Even their assertion that they had not aimed at the old man was turned against them by this community of marksmen. John Charles, a fervent adherent of the Beaumonts, be it charitably remembered, expressed very pithily the prevailing opinion.

"Popped the Colonel by accident, did they?" said Mr. Charles, taking a fresh quid aboard and chewing it vigorously, while he meditated upon the infamy of the confession. "Sech men no business carryin' shootin'-irons," he resumed, in his leisurely way. "Why, I consider it one of the highest of crimes an' misdemeanors to pop a man by accident. I'll leave it out to all Hartland, if it ain't. Why, look hyer. Ef I save a man bekownst an' a purpose, I may hev good reason for it. Anyway, I know what I'm after. I do what I set out to do, an' nothin' else. You know how to count on me. You know what I'll do next time I put my hand under my jacket. Take the Beaumonts, now," instanced Mr. Charles, after another prolonged grinding. "*They* don't go round shootin' the best men in the country by accident. When they pop you, they mean it. They've shot as many as any other crowd in the State, an' never had no damn foolish accident yet, but allays bored the feller they drew bead on, an' no other. Now thar's men you can tie to; thar's men you can hev a confidence in; thar's men you can feel safe with. I tell you, I love an' respect them Beaumonts, for

what they do an' for what they don't do, for what they hit an' for what they miss. A man that's allays doin' jest what you reckoned he was gwine to do is the man that John Charles swings his old broadbrim for. That's *so*."

After another stern assault upon his quid, he concluded his virile profession of faith, worthy surely of the heroic age.

"But as much as I love business, I hate foolin' round an' firin' wild. A feller that goes about killin' by accident, you can't tell what he'll do nor whar he'll stop. He may clean out the whole poppylation by one accident after another. Children an' niggers an' stock an' property at large ain't safe when sech a feller is loose. He can't be trusted. A decent community has no use for sech a man. In a general way he oughter be strung up with the nighest grapevine. I don't want to raise a crowd agin the McAlisters," added Mr. Charles, remembering that they were high-toned gentlemen and owned hundreds of negroes. "I've allays considered 'em hitherto as straight-shootin' men an' tolerably reliable men every way, except in politics. I'm willin', as the Judge requests in his keerd, to suspend my judgment. But I must say that so fur, accident or no accident, things is agin 'em. Yes, *sir*, as sure as cotton is white an' niggers is black, things is powerfully agin 'em."

Things were so much "agin 'em," and the Judge was so clearly aware of it, that he persisted in withdrawing his congressional candidature, though dismally uncertain whether Beaumont would now recommend him for the United States Court. In explanation of this step he put forth a second card, which was dictated, like many other political effusions, by a mixture of subtlety and right feeling, but which expressed such admirable sentiments, and expressed them so well, that it regained for him a certain measure of popular consideration.

"In consequence of the universal horror and grief at the death of the late lamented Colonel John Kershaw," he wrote, "and in view of the as yet

mysterious circumstances which seem to throw the responsibility of the tragedy upon members of my family, I withdraw my name as candidate for the House of Representatives, merely begging my esteemed fellow-citizens, and especially my faithful political friends, to believe that it is not an evil conscience which impels me to this step, but solely respect for, and sympathy with, a community mourning its noblest citizen."

"At least," thought the Judge, "I shall have a good excuse to send to Mr. Choke and his committee. And, moreover, I think it must bring people around a little."

It did bring them around somewhat, but not enough and not soon enough to influence the election, even had the Judge's adherents still persisted in considering him a candidate. The voting took place the day after Kershaw's death, and resulted in an overwhelming triumph for Peyton Beaumont, two thirds of the electors supporting him and the other third staying at home. The Judge received the news of his rival's gigantic success with the calmness of a strong man accustomed to misfortunes.

"It is what I looked for," he said to his excellent wife, with whom he consorted much in his times of trouble. "It was inevitable, — once my name withdrawn. Well, the clouds must clear up some day. Heaven," he added, feeling somehow that, because he was chastened, therefore he was good, — "Heaven will some day see that justice is done me."

He did not even show petulance to Bruce and Wallace because of the calamity which they had brought upon him.

"In general I disapprove of rencontres," he said to them. "If gentlemen must fight, they should fight under the code, in most cases. But this was an exceptional case. It was defence against assassination. You were unquestionably right, you were right in the sight of God and man, in trying to rescue your brother. The Beaumonts

themselves, unreasonable and savage as they are, must see it. I have no doubt that you saved Frank's life. I approve of your action. Approve? God bless me, I thank you for it! As for the death of poor Kershaw, time will show that your statement is correct, and that you are not responsible for it. All-discovering time and Heaven's own justice," perorated the Judge, trembling eloquently with his faith and piety.

The Judge's affairs took on brightness quicker than the reader probably sees reason to hope. The public prejudice against his family was destined to receive a prompt and potent shock. There was a grand-jury inquest into the death of Kershaw, and necessarily a post-mortem examination. Then was satisfied a craving curiosity which had kept all Hartland awake of nights. To understand this inquisitiveness, it must be stated that the fighting men of the region frequently marked their bullets, partly perhaps out of a chivalrous feeling that every one ought to take the responsibility of his own shots, and partly that each might be able to vindicate his marksmanship by identifying his proper game. It was a custom which had been introduced by those leaders in chivalry, or, as some few people said, in savagery, the Beaumonts. Of course it was expected by all the enemies of the McAlisters that the fatal bullet would disclose the letter *M*. What then was their astonishment when the letter was found to be *A*!

"*A*!" whispered Vincent, as he handed the tragical bit of lead to his father.

"*A*!" gasped Peyton Beaumont, after a long stare of amazement and a quick glance at Vincent.

"It is an ugly hieroglyphic — for us," observed Poinsett, sombrely.

"What! — was it Armitage?" demanded Tom, blurting out what the rest had shrunk from uttering.

"He was the man," responded Beaumont with drooping head. "The calamity is ten times more dreadful than we knew."

All four were silent for a time,

weighed down by the same terrible reflection, that upon their house rested the responsibility of the death of Kershaw.

"It must have been a pure accident," said Poinsett at last. "Armitage had nothing against our old friend."

"It was a stupid drunken accident of a miserable drunkard and idiot," muttered Beaumont, dashing tears of grief and rage from his eyes.

"One thing puzzles me," resumed Poinsett, whose legal mind was already cross-questioning the circumstances of the tragedy. "Armitage did all his firing before Bruce and Wallace came up. Consequently the Colonel must have known that it was not they who hit him. Now, why did he not state it?"

"Wanted to save the honor of our family," thought Tom.

"No," sighed Beaumont, shaking his head. "Kershaw was our friend, but not to the point of injustice. He was too truthful a man to let the responsibility lie at the wrong door deliberately. It is more likely that he thought the secret would perish with him, and so no one would be punished for his death. That was like Kershaw. He had no spite in him. He was the gentlest-hearted man that ever drew breath."

But Vincent had a surgeon's explanation, and it was noticeable that it at once secured the assent of his auditors, so chirurgical in mind had they become through fightings and hearing of fightings.

"Sometimes a man is not at once aware that he is hit," he said. "I have seen a fellow who had lost first blood insist upon going on with his affair, quite unaware that he was wounded, and smartly wounded at that. I have known a fellow, shot through the shoulder, who complained that the ball had gone down into his thigh, and finally discovered that the pain in the thigh was caused by a second ball which had struck him there, without causing at first any noticeable sensation. It is wonderful what hits a man may take in a moment of excitement,

without immediately remarking them. I suspect that Kershaw never really knew when he was wounded. Had he known it, I think he would have told us, he was naturally so straightforward and frank."

"You may be right, Vincent," answered Beaumont. "I remember something of the sort happening to myself."

The reminiscence was uttered quietly, and no one looked surprised at it, nor were any questions asked. The Beaumonts never babbled about their combats, and rarely mentioned them, except incidentally or when business demanded it.

"What are you going to do with *that*?" asked Tom, as Vincent walked away with the proof of Armitage's homicide.

"I am going to put it in Mattieson's hands to exhibit it to the jury," was the response.

Beaumont gave Tom a grave glance which seemed to ask, "Would you think of concealing it?"

The young fellow dropped his head and made no further remark.

When the story of the ownership of the fatal bullet spread through Hartland, there came a mighty change in public sentiment. The McAlisters were cleared of Kershaw's blood as if by a hurrah. People wanted Randolph Armitage brought to justice, and were not far from ready to lynch him, gentleman as he was. Peyton Beaumont was freely criticised (behind his back) for having allowed his son-in-law to disappear, and was even charged with having urged him to escape before his guilt should become known. Nor were there wanting low-minded gossips, incapable of appreciating the pugnacious old planter's unselfishness and strenuous sense of honor, who hinted that he had long been waiting for the Kershaw estate, and had become impatient. Furthermore, the Beaumonts were held accountable for Armitage's breach of hospitality in attacking Frank under their roof. Bruce and Wallace were justified for defending a brother

in danger of assassination. In short, popular feeling and opinion had never before run so strongly in favor of the McAlisters and against their rivals; and had the election been held after the inquest, instead of before it, the Judge might have gone into Congress by a respectable majority. Of this fact, by the way, he was the first to take notice; and he groaned over it in a spirit that was natural, though not praiseworthy.

At last, however, all the circumstances of the *mêlée* became public, and then Hartland settled down to blaming Randolph Armitage alone, considering that the other combatants had done what was right according to their knowledge, and so merited, not reprobation, but eulogy.

Nevertheless, the Beaumonts remained in a state of grief, wrath, and humiliation. Considering themselves responsible in a measure for their relative, Armitage, they were ashamed of his attack upon their father's guest, and furious at his homicide of their noble Kershaw. The death of the good old man was an awful loss to them in more ways than one. He had been not only their adviser in doing what was right, but their ægis against criticism when they had done what was wrong. On the rare occasions when society dared to condemn them for their battlings and other peccadilloes, they had been able to respond, "But we keep the faith and friendship of Kershaw, and therefore cannot be very culpable." Without him, they felt less strong than hitherto, and they mourned him on that account, as well as because they had loved him.

It would seem now as if Beaumont ought to have fulfilled his promise to Kershaw to do his best at burying the hatchet. But, instead of sending pacific messages to the McAlisters, he turned his back on them and on Hartland, and went off to Washington. He remained absent some weeks, during which nothing was known of his purposes or his doings, except that he was much seen in political circles.

From him, therefore, we turn to his sorrowing daughter, Kate.

This affectionate, sensitive, pleasantly sympathetic nature had been bruised to the core by the great calamity which had fallen upon it. Her best and wisest friend, the sweet old man of whom she had made a pet from her infancy, the being toward whose purity her own pure spirit had instinctively inclined, had been torn from her by a hideous accident, a brutal mistake. At first she had received the blow with an amazement which had the effect of incredulity. This often happens to the afflicted, and it is well that it is so. Sorrow, to use the intelligent phrase of Vincent Beaumont, is thereby distributed over a greater number of heart-beats, and thus permits the heart to beat on.

But day after day passed, and Kershaw did not return. Little by little the girl fully realized her bereavement, and little by little it appeared that she could not well endure it. To those who loved her, and therefore watched her comprehendingly, it was a terrible thing to see the storms of grief which sometimes came upon her, even when she was striving to maintain a sunny countenance. In the midst of a conversation she would be stricken dumb; her head would fall slowly back, and her eyes turn upward as if seeking to pierce other worlds; then, with a quiver of the throat, she would utter a loud, shuddering sigh. It was only a momentary spasm, for almost immediately she would regain her usual air, and perhaps finish a sentence. But short as the tremor had been, her heart had given forth a portion of its vitality, and there was less for the purposes of living. There are eruptions which at once show the power of the volcano and eat away its case.

Of course her trial was a complicated one, and her grief a legion. In losing her best and dearest friend, she had lost her chances of domestic peace and her hope of being able to live for love. Who, now that Kershaw was gone, would keep quiet those wild broods of Beaumont and McAlister

men, always ready to fly at each other's throats? What probability was there that she would ever be able to place her hand in the outreaching hand of him who had won her heart? Her father and brothers, kind as they meant to be to her, were so many causes of anxiety and terror, such was their readiness to expose life and to take it. From her sister, more unfortunate than a widow, a wife whose husband was in peril of the gallows, she had no right to demand consolation. If she looked to the past, it was a series of troubles, billow raging after billow. Its successive shocks had already weakened her, so that she was the less able to withstand the present.

The human being, bodily and spiritual, is a unity. The mind cannot chafe long without causing the strength of the body to fail. Sorrowful brooding by day, and nights of broken, unrefreshing sleep, soon made the girl an invalid, and gave her the air of one. Her rich color faded, her limpid hazel eyes became dull and despondent, and her fine figure lost somewhat of its rounded outlines.

But sadly as the physical languished, the spiritual suffered even more. Before long Kate fell into a melancholy which took an unwholesome theological cast, akin to superstition. In her diseased imagination God became a Moloch, demanding the death of the innocents of her heart. She was possessed by an impression that some great sacrifice was demanded of her. What could it be, except the man whom she now loved, as she was compelled to admit, above all other living beings?

Heavy laden with this terrible idea, and striving in vain to shake it off by efforts of reason, the girl wandered in deserts of gloom. Restless with an emotion which claimed to be remorse, she went from room to room with such a haggard face and abstracted gaze as to draw wondering stares from her relatives. One whole day she passed alone in her chamber, praying that the intolerable cup might pass from her. But the heavens were of brass; it

seemed to her as if the sun refused to shine upon her, as if all nature reproved her for her selfish rebellion.

At last, overcome by the reproaches of her mock conscience, she bowed her will to this supposed duty. Kneeling before her Bible, sobbing forth supplications for resignation, she promised to expel Frank McAlister from her heart, and to think no more of marrying him, no more of loving him.

She had expected that this vow, could she ever utter it, would give her peace. But it did not; something else was now demanded of her; the cruel Moloch of broken health and shattered nerves was insatiable; she must still sacrifice, choosing whatever was pleasantest and dearest. She must give up her home, go forth from her own flesh and blood, and labor somehow, suffer somehow, alone.

This new requisition of the mocking spirits of invalidism drove her almost frantic. Unfortunately there was no one in the family to whom she would naturally turn for counsel in such difficulties. Her aunt and brothers were not in any sense spiritually-minded; even her sister, notwithstanding her puissance of sympathy, could not comprehend her. Once, when she ventured to hint some of her dolorous impressions to Nellie, that healthy woman broke out in sound-minded indignation, telling the girl that her scruples were whimsical, and calling her a silly.

Under such circumstances it is no wonder that Kate began to receive with pleasure the consolatory visits of the Rev. Arthur Gilyard.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As the Rev. Arthur Gilyard will be of some importance in our story, we must say a word or two concerning his character.

He was a model gentleman, and, making allowance for the narrowness of his moral education, a model Christian. In all those duties of his profes-

sion which he clearly saw to be duties, he was faithful in the extreme.

If he had neither public nor private reproof for some of the characteristics of Southern society which other societies denounced as sins, it was because he had not yet been able to decide that they were unmixed evils.

He doubted, for instance, whether duelling were not an instrument for the development of civilization by elevating the sense of honor and polishing manners. As for slavery, if the Bible did not assail it, why should he? If in these views he was illogical, antiquated, and provincial, he was at least perfectly honest.

These things apart, he was admirable. By nature proud, ambitious, and combative, he had made himself humble, unselfish, and gentle by assiduous self-culture. The best of sons, a fervent friend, a tireless pastor, an earnest preacher, he was loved in private and respected in public.

Notwithstanding his peaceful profession, even bellicose Peyton Beaumont admired him heartily, and said of him, "He is a gentleman," sometimes adding, "Well, of course he is. Good blood, sir; Huguenot blood. Even a clergyman, sir, can't be a gentleman without descent."

Such was the man who now came often to console Kate Beaumont, and who very soon became infatuated with his mission. In spite of her thinness and pallor, the girl was still beautiful; and in spite of her despondency and her fits of silence, she was fascinating.

There are women who charm men because they take the pains to do it, and who take pains because they are themselves interested. They are of the nature of magnets; they attract potently for the reason that they are attracted; they are creatures of strong sympathies and therefore of indefatigable activity. They win triumphs, but they pay for them. For every pulsation that they cause, they have given a pulsation. They are admirable for what they do, and for the power which enables them to do it, and for the health of moral and

physical constitution which supplies this waste of power.

The life of such a woman is as stormy and as full of exhausting labor, one may almost say, as that of a Napoleon. She can hardly be encountered without subjection, and she cannot be intelligently considered without wonder. Let no one who is not born to do it, who is not furnished by nature with the force to do it, hope to rival her. This power of fascinating, of being fascinated, and still living, is not acquired, but given. It is unconscious. She who possesses it is not aware of the possession. She acts by it, and does not know why she so acts, and does not even see that she so acts. And it is surely one of the mightiest of the gifts that are conferred upon mortals.

But there is another enchanter, very different from this one, yet equally wonderful. She is not gifted for effort, and she puts forth none. She waits, like a deity, for the worship which is due her, not even perceiving that it is due. She is as calm in appearance as Greek art, and as sure of admiration. She may be called the Washington of women, as the other is the Napoleon. Her purity and nobility of soul, obvious to every worthy beholder, are what draw adorers. The more unconscious she is of worship and the more indifferent to it, the more she commands it.

In sorrow, in the sublime forgetfulness of self which grief brings, she is especially irresistible. Whoever sees her wishes to comfort her, and brings offerings of pity and then of love. She inspires the respectful, the solemnly reverential affection which a true Catholic feels in gazing upon a *Mater Dolorosa*. A maiden, perhaps, yet already a mother of sorrows, she is at once fascinating and imposing. Men long to sound her sombre mystery, and are willing to use their lives to dispel it.

Such at this time was Kate Beaumont. Her face, of that sweet and dignified aquiline which we call Oriental, was both tender and grand with trouble. Her profound, imploring hazel

eyes demanded the pity which she never or rarely asked for in words. No man of refined feeling could look on her without querying, what is the matter with her, and what can I do for her?

How could a clergyman, whose profession it is to utter the mercy of Heaven, fail to be urgent in proffering consolation? Arthur Gilyard performed his duty with emotion, and he suffered the penalty of so performing it. We have not space to show how sympathy grew in his heart from one form into another; we must compress the whole of this passionate evolution into one phrase,—he fell in love.

Now imagine Kate Beaumont in daily intercourse with this pitying, worshipping young man, and receiving from him the only ideas that could give her any semblance of peace or joy. What wonder if an impression should come upon her, like a message delivered by some invisible archangel, commanding her to revere her comforter, to imitate his beautiful life, to renounce like him a dying world, and like him devote herself to the good of others? She had thoughts of entering a hospital as a nurse, or of going abroad as a teacher of the heathen. But, woman-like with all her self-abnegation, she felt that she needed in these labors a fellow-apostle, who should be her support and guide. So also felt and thought the Rev. Arthur Gilyard, remembering meanwhile that his people had been urgent with him to take a wife, and trusting that Heaven had shown him one who was worthy to share his mission.

But this strange courtship, this courtship which strove to be unconscious of its own real nature and purpose, must have the go-by for the present. We are called upon to turn to an unpleasant figure in our drama. Mrs. Chester is about to make trouble, and must be watched.

Notwithstanding a certain constant jealousy of Kate, notwithstanding that it always annoyed her to see another woman admired, Aunt Marian's first

feeling with regard to the Gilyard courtship was mainly gratification. The harebrained, spiteful old flirt had not yet forgiven Frank McAlister for preferring a niece to an aunt; frivolous as she seemed, she had sincerity and earnestness enough to hate him heartily and to want him to be miserable. "If Kate takes this stick of a minister," she said to her unamiable self, "it will plague that tall brute properly."

But we must be more serious than usual with Mrs. Chester. A singular change, capable of germinating ugly consequences, had come over this always sufficiently singular woman. Whether it was that the late startling events in the family life had shaken her nervous system, or whether it was that some constitutional transition or some occult decay of health had suddenly diminished her power of self-control, at all events she was in an uncommonly excitable state. She was as restless, dissatisfied, and fretful as a teething baby. Always troubled with plans and wants, she had them now by scores, and had them dreadfully. Every day some new project for being happy was proposed, advocated with pettish eagerness, and dropped for another. She was as agitated in body as in spirit. She could not sit still; into a room, and out of it; changing from sofa to settee; always in movement. At last people began to notice how she buzzed about, how incessantly and eagerly she talked, how oddly her black eyes sparkled.

"What the doose is the matter with Aunt Marian?" grumbled Tom, annoyed by her humming-bird activity. "I'd as lieve have a basket of hornbugs in the house. If she should bang against the ceiling and come down kicking on the floor, I should n't be astonished."

"She is only a good deal more like herself than usual," observed the philosophic Poinsett. "We are all of us annoying when we are excessively in character."

"She is behaving queerly, even for

her," judged Vincent, the semiphysician.

Well, among her numerous projects, Mrs. Chester conceived that of going to Washington with Representative Beaumont, keeping house for him during session time, giving grand receptions, having members of the Cabinet to dinner, coquetting with mustached secretaries of legation, and becoming nationally famous as a queen of society. A judicious portion of this enchanting prospect, that is to say, such part of it as included having one's own nice bed and excellent cookery in a capital not famous for such things, she had set before the mind's eye of her brother just previous to his leaving Hartland.

"I would take a house there, if I could have my daughters with me," replied Beaumont, always a father.

Mrs. Chester frowned: she did not want the daughters along; they would be rivals with the secretaries.

"Do you think I could n't take care of you, Peyton?" she asked, reproachfully; "an old housekeeper like me!"

"That is n't it," answered Peyton, who nevertheless had his doubts. "I don't want the expense of a Washington house, and Washington hospitalities, of course, unless my children, my girls at least, can share the pleasure with me. You are very kind, Marian," he added, with judgment. "But, you see, I am an old fool of a father."

"I know you are," retorted Mrs. Chester, snappishly. But in another instant this versatile gadfly changed her direction and decided to accept her nieces.

"Let the girls come, if they wish it," she said. "We shall be all the gayer."

"Gayer!" almost growled Beaumont. "How can they be gay? How can they go into society at all? You know what a row Armitage has made, and that he has disappeared."

"O, certainly, Nellie can't go," admitted Mrs. Chester, thinking, so much the better.

"Nor will Kate, I am sure," added Beaumont.

"Why not? He was only her grandfather."

Peyton gave his sister rather a black look, and replied, "That is a good deal, especially when he was the man he was. My God, we let the dead slip out of mind soon enough. Would you have us hurry up our forgetting?"

"You are always snapping at me," said the lady, with a violent gesture which showed how slight was her self-command. "You are very hard-hearted."

Beaumont stared in amazement and indignation. Then, for the first time perhaps, he noticed the unusual brilliancy and unsteadiness of his sister's eye, and wondered whether she were as well as usual. Deciding that she was not fit for controversy, and that he as a man ought to show forbearance, he made no answer to her attack. She will discover on reflection, he said to himself, who it is that has been hard-hearted.

He ought to have known his sister better; she was not a person to see herself as others saw her; she was as incapable of introspection as a cat. It is worthy of note, by the way, as an instance of her versatility, that she had promptly dismissed her interest in the Gilyard courtship, on discovering that it might interfere with her Washington whimwham.

"I think you don't sufficiently consider Kate's interests," she resumed. "Her health, poor child, is suffering. She ought to be taken away from a place where she has met with such affliction. She needs amusement. You ought to have her with you, whether she wants to go or not. She need n't be very gay, you know," explained Mrs. Chester, thinking that she would receive the mustached secretaries while Kate should sit up stairs and read her Bible. "I could take the heaviest part of the entertaining off her hands. She could just drive about and see the sights and recover her cheerfulness."

Beaumont grinned, almost audibly.

His sister had already set up a carriage at his expense in Washington. He said to himself, How like her!

"You are right about Kate," he observed, aloud. "She does need change of scene and air. Well, when session opens, if she feels disposed to go with me, I will set up a house."

The next morning he departed for the capital on the mysterious business of which we have already spoken.

Mrs. Chester now turned her mind to bringing Kate into the Washington project. Taking advantage of a moment when the girl seemed more cheerful than usual, she went at her with the smile of an angel, that is, of a fallen one.

"Your father is very anxious to keep house this coming session," she began. "He is sick of those wretched hotels, and wants his own bed and his own table. His plan is to take you and me with him, and have a comfortable home, you know, and give a few dinners and receptions, and be somebody in society there. It will be so much for his interest, and so much for his comfort too! I am so glad he has settled upon it."

Now this was stating the matter pretty strongly, was it not? Did Mrs. Chester mean to lie or to exaggerate? Well, not exactly; she did not see that she was lying or exaggerating much; perhaps she did not see that she was doing so at all. She was one of those persons who desire so impulsively and passionately, that they easily impute their desires to other people. She stretched the truth and annexed what was not the truth almost unconsciously. No doubt, also, her present abnormal nervousness may account for somewhat of her audacity of invention.

"Receptions in Washington!" murmured Kate. The sorrowing soul shrank from gayeties as an invalid might shrink from a voyage among the chilly glitter of icebergs.

"O, I will see to them mainly," offered Mrs. Chester, that child of forty-five. "You could be in or out, as you wished."

"I don't see how I could well avoid them, if I were in the house."

"Well, why should you avoid them?" demanded Mrs. Chester, with shocking cheerfulness.

"But, dear aunt, I cannot think of it," replied the girl, piteously. "How can I think of it?"

"O, don't be so weak-minded," exhorted the dear aunt. "Do try to think of somebody besides yourself," she added, finding one of the most sympathetic beings in the world guilty of egotism. "You ought to get at your sewing at once," she continued, remembering perhaps what a fascinating business dressmaking is to women, and how quickly it can give them a fresh zest for life.

"If my father really wishes me to go to Washington, I must go," said Kate, sadly.

But during the day she wrote to her father; and before long she received a reply, leaving the matter entirely to her choice; and, armed with this letter, she once more faced her aunt.

"There, you have spoiled all," snapped Mrs. Chester. "You went and cried to him, and melted him as usual. You are the most selfish, the slyest, the —"

"Aunt Marian, you do me injustice," interrupted Kate, her eyes opening wide with the astonishment of maligned innocence.

"O, do I? I should think I did. Ha, ha. Well, I suppose so," replied Aunt Marian with incoherent irony. "Perhaps I do the young man injustice, too," she added more intelligibly.

Kate, however, did not understand. A blush slightly tinted her cheek, but it did not refer to the Reverend Gilyard. She simply saw that she was attacked, and she flushed under the outrage.

"But I understand, miss," proceeded Mrs. Chester, in a truly irrational passion. "A young minister, a sweet-voiced young minister, with solemn, saintly blue eyes, is a great consolation. O, I have seen many young girls comforted that way before now! I am not a fool, miss. I know my own sex."

The coarse insult pierced even through Kate's incredulity that an insult could be meant. Without a word she put her hands to her ears and escaped from her denaturalized tormentor.

"She will tell her father of me," thought Mrs. Chester, with a transitory terror. But after a minute of reflection, or rather of certain emotions which served her in place of it, she burst out violently, "I'll stop this courting."

Her next notable dialogue on this subject was with Mrs. Devine, the mother of our little coquette, Jenny. Mrs. Devine was one of those mild, soft-spoken women who have no mind nor will of their own, but who, in carrying out the desires of some adored being, can show the unexpected persistence and pluck of a setting hen. Unlike Mrs. Chester in character and much disapproving her worldly ways, she nevertheless consorted with her a good deal, because of old fellowship in the langsyne of boarding-school, and because of the intimacy between Jenny and Kate.

Now Mrs. Devine's heart was bent on getting her darling minister married, and she had settled upon Kate Beaumont as the best match attainable for him. Such a dear, good, lovely girl was surely a very proper prize for such a dear, good, lovely man. There was money there, too, and Mr. Gilyard undoubtedly ought to have money, he was so indifferent to it and knew so little how to keep it. There had been a time when Mrs. Devine had pinched and saved on his account, thinking that perchance he might become the steward of Jenny's moderate fortune. But he had not been so guided; and the mother had finally had the grace to see that her daughter was unfit to be a minister's wife,—had acknowledged with humility that she was much too thoughtless and gay. And surely Providence was in it; for, if her idol had married Jenny, he could not have married Kate; and Kate was just the girl to be able to appreciate the idol and make him comfortable on his altar.

Well, Mrs. Devine had prayed for

this match, had intrigued for it, had prophesied it. Accordingly Mrs. Chester, who did not desire the match lest it should prevent her from going to Washington, had a bone to pick with Mrs. Devine.

"I hear that you want your minister to marry my niece," was the opening attack of this energetic, though desultory woman.

The setting hen struck out promptly and gallantly in defence of the eggs which she was hatching.

"I am sure she could not find a better husband," she replied. "I am sure it is better to marry a man like Mr. Gilyard than to plunge into the dissipations of Washington."

Mrs. Chester was very excitable in these days, remember; and this attack upon her favorite project touched her where she was most sensitive.

"It seems to me, Mrs. Devine, that you trouble yourself too much about other people's girls," she replied with flashing eyes. "I should say that you had quite enough to do with keeping your own duckling out of puddles."

"What have you got now to say against Jenny?" demanded Mrs. Devine, forgetting even her minister in defending her daughter.

Mrs. Chester had nothing special to say against Jenny; so she changed her front once more.

"And what have you got to say against Kate's going to Washington?" she asked.

"I have much to say against it," replied Mrs. Devine, with the bland but annoying firmness of people who know that they are doing their duty. "I think it would be very wrong to take her into the gay world just when her heart has been softened by the death of dear, good old Colonel Kershaw. I think that I am bound, as her friend and as one who wishes her highest good, to bear my testimony against any such step."

Mrs. Chester would hear no more. She was quite unable to restrain the nervous irritability which of late perpetually gnawed her, and set her flying

not only at her fellow "humans," but also at cats and dogs, and even at things inanimate. She broke out in such a fit of passion as one seldom sees in a lady outside of a lunatic asylum.

"I know what you mean by your pious talk, Sally Devine," she chattered. "You want to keep Kate here so that your stick of a minister can court her. You are stark crazy about that pale-faced, white-eyed, white-livered creature. You know that Kate Beaumont is the best match in the district, and you want her money and niggers to support him. O, you need n't make eyes at me as if I were breaking all the Ten Commandments at once. I don't care if he is a clergyman. I don't like him. I don't like his looks. He has a white liver. He's just that kind of a man that the niggers call a white-livered man. And he's a poor stick of a minister. When he looks at the daughter of Peyton Beaumont, he looks altogether too high for him. Kate Beaumont is for his betters. She is fit for any planter or any politician in the State. When you put up your little man to jumping for her, you put him up to making himself ridiculous."

Mrs. Devine was dumbfounded with horror and amazement. Mrs. Chester was talking with a violence which even in her was extraordinary. Not only was her language violent, but her manner also. Her gestures, her flashing eyes, and her loudness of tone all showed an unwomanly and abnormal excitement. Mrs. Devine even thought, just for one moment, "Is she crazy?"

"I want you to let our Beaumont affairs entirely alone," resumed Mrs. Chester, who had merely paused to catch her breath. "We are able to take care of our own young lady. Do you take care of yours." At this point, remembering how much Jenny had made of Frank McAlister some time previous, her anger received a fresh accession, and she added, "She needs it enough,—the little flirt!"

Even sense of duty and of martyrdom in a just cause could not enable Mrs. Devine to hear more. Insulted

through her daughter, and with a sense of degradation in being made the butt of such glarings and such language, she rose and hurried out of the room, crying with vexation.

We beg that the reader will not be equally shocked, and shut his eyes upon the very name of Mrs. Chester hereafter. Sooner or later he will learn the true cause of her unwomanly outbreak, and will probably in a measure pardon her for it.

It so happened that while hastening across the yard, Mrs. Devine met Kate Beaumont. In the weakness of abused femininity, suffering from instant outrage, and remembering also how Mrs. Chester had formerly abused Jenny to her face, the injured woman did not wisely conceal the cause of her weeping.

"I have been insulted by your aunt," she sobbed. "Insulted because I thought it my duty to protest against your being dragged into the vanities and follies of Washington. I have done my duty in this house for the last time. I am sorry, but I can't help it."

With these words she tore away, rushed into her carriage, and was driven off. It will be observed that she said nothing about the Rev. Mr. Gilyard, either because she thought it was right so to do, or because she thought it was wise. Even conscientious people, when of the illogical turn of Mrs. Devine, are apt to indulge in such concealments, regarded by stronger heads as prevarications.

Kate, although a hater of duelling, rencontres, and the like, had what may be called gentlemanly ideas of hospitality and of honor. The fact that a Beaumont had insulted a guest under the Beaumont roof-tree, roused in her such indignation that she forgot her sorrows, forgot her melancholies, and lost somewhat of her singular gentleness. As she entered the house and advanced upon Mrs. Chester, with a marble face and the step of a Juno, she looked much more like her spirited sister than like herself. For the first time in this whole story she was angry.

We regret to use the word in connection with her, it has such ugly associations; and yet her anger was just, honorable, and becoming.

"Aunt Marian," she said, "I hear that you have been attacking Mrs. Devine, and because of my affairs."

"I did not," asserted Aunt Marian.

"I do not know what to make of this," replied Kate, steadily gazing into Mrs. Chester's wandering eyes. "Mrs. Devine tells me that you had words with her about my going to Washington."

Mrs. Chester had at first been strangely afraid of her niece. But as she stood there calling her to account, she became suddenly very angry with her, so angry as to lose all her self-control and to forget her cunning.

"Yes, I did have words with her," she broke out. "I let her know her place here. She wants to prevent our going to Washington, and to marry you to that white-livered minister. I let her know that she was an interfering gossip. I did, and I will again."

"Aunt Marian, this cannot be," said Kate, speaking with the steadiness of a Fate. "This is my father's house, and guests cannot be insulted in it. If you do not write an apology to Mrs. Devine, I shall lay the whole matter before him."

"Will you go to Washington?" was Mrs. Chester's only answer.

"I am not going to Washington," decreed Kate.

"Then I won't stay here another day," declared Mrs. Chester in loud anger. "I won't stay here to be ground down and insulted. I'll go and keep house for Bent Armitage."

Kate did not believe her. She was mainly occupied in wondering at the woman's unusual excitement. She decided that time would be the best medicine for it, and that for the present she would say nothing more to irritate her. When Mrs. Chester should come to herself, and should get over her disappointment about the collapse of the Washington project, she would probably have a mild turn and send an

apology to Mrs. Devine. So trusting, Kate left her.

But the next morning Mrs. Chester slyly set off for Saxonburg with bag and baggage, alighting upon the hospitality of the astonished Bentley Armitage, who was keeping bachelor's hall in his brother's house. And there, inspired perhaps by a bee in her bonnet, she commenced making fresh trouble for Beaumonts and McAlisters.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"WHAT is up now?" were Bent Armitage's first words to Mrs. Chester when she rustled suddenly into his lonely lodgings.

Puzzled by her unexpected advent, he supposed that she could only have come to bring him some startling news of Randolph, still a fugitive from such justice as homicidal high-flung gentlemen had in those days to fear in South Carolina.

"I am driven from my brother's house by my brother's children," answered Mrs. Chester in an excited, tragical way which struck him as both singular and ludicrous. "Have you a place where I can hide my head?"

"Lots of places to hide heads in," answered the reassured Bentley, his queer smile, a smile indescribably and perhaps unintentionally quizzical, curling up into one cheek. "This old rookery is just the spot for hiding heads, or bodies either, for that matter. Any number of handy closets for skeletons."

Mrs. Chester dropped various bundles on the floor, and then dropped herself with equal helplessness into an arm-chair, gasping as if she had run all the way from Hartland.

"So the boys have been turning up rusty?" inquired Bent, after picking up the fallen packages and seeing otherwise to his visitor's baggage.

"It's the girls," said Mrs. Chester. "I can get along with men."

Bentley smiled again; she was about right there.

"I had hoped, or rather I was afraid, that you brought news of Randolph," he added, turning grave.

Starting off suddenly, like a turbine-wheel when the water is let on, Mrs. Chester told the whole story of the killing of Colonel Kershaw. Her distinctness of memory was wonderful; she related every incident of the tragedy with amazing minuteness, picturesqueness, and fluency; she was extremely interesting and even amusing. Another noteworthy circumstance was that she talked with such rapidity as to throw off a slight spattering of foam from her lips.

"I knew all that," said Bentley, when he found a chance to speak. "But where is he now? That's the point."

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Chester with curious dryness and indifference. "Give me some writing-materials. I want to write a letter."

Pen and paper being furnished, she commenced writing with singular slowness and hesitation, using first her right hand and then her left.

"I am disguising my hand," she presently explained. "It is an anonymous letter."

Before Bentley could fairly say, "The dickens it is!" she added, her eyes flashing spitefully, "It is to Frank McAlister."

Bentley was astonished, but amused. He had heard somewhat of the woman's fancy for the young giant. Was she going, at her respectable age, to send him a valentine?

"I want to make him miserable," she continued.

"I've no objection," observed Bentley, lighting a cigar, and watching her through the smoke. "Sock it to him."

"I am going to tell him," went on Mrs. Chester, with a sullen, absent-minded air, — "I am going to tell him that Kate is engaged to Arthur Gilyard."

Bentley turned pale and dropped his cigar.

"He'll believe, it and he'll be miserable, — he'll believe it, and he'll

be miserable," repeated Mrs. Chester, with an air of savage pleasure in the iteration.

"But it is n't true?" asked, or rather implored, Bentley.

"It is," answered Mrs. Chester. "And O, ain't I glad of it? I hate those McAlisters!"

The unhappy youngster rose and left the room. When he returned, a few minutes later, he had the look of a man who has risen from an illness. Mrs. Chester, who had by this time finished and directed her letter, went on talking about the McAlisters precisely as if she had been talking about them all the while, unconscious of his absence.

"The feud has lasted seventy years now," she said. "There have been three generations in it. There have been fourteen Beaumonts killed in it and thirteen McAlisters. We still owe them one. Just think of it: Peyton is the only one left of seven brothers; all the rest died in their boots, as the saying is. Until three years ago, our family has never been out of mourning since I can remember. And now Kate is in mourning for her grandfather."

Bentley softly whistled a plaintive Methodist tune which recalled a chorus commencing, "O, there will be mourning, — mourning, mourning, mourning."

"Yes, there has been mourning," said Mrs. Chester, recognizing the air; "and there will be more. It can't stop here. We owe them one, and we must pay the debt. I don't know who will do it, but somebody will. Your brother missed his mark. He fired at a McAlister, and hit Colonel Kershaw. Perhaps you'll be the next one to take up the old quarrel. Ain't you Beaumont enough?"

"Scarcely," was Bentley's dry answer.

"O well. You are not married into the family; but you may be. I thought at one time you were going to take Kate. Why did n't you?"

"Did n't hear any loud call to do so," said Bentley. His words were jocose, but his manner was tragic.

"O, I know," went on Mrs. Chester.

"That Frank McAlister got in your way. He stopped it."

"Did he?" asked Bentley.

"You could have got her, if it had n't been for him."

False as this undoubtedly was, Bentley had himself supposed it to be true, unwilling to believe that his love had been declined simply on account of his own demerits.

"Of course he slandered you," said Mrs. Chester.

"O no," protested Bentley, who, notwithstanding the credulity of anxiety, found this hard to credit.

"He began it with his eyes," continued Mrs. Chester. "He used to look at you and then look at her in a way that was the same thing as a warning. She understood him. I could see that she did. After one of those looks, she used to avoid you. O, you don't know how quick women are at taking hints! I know them. A hint goes further with them than a long argument. They think it over by themselves and make ever so much out of it. It is the best way to lead them, to give them little hints and winks. I have found out a thousand things that way. But Frank McAlister did n't stop there. After a while he went on to talk to her about you. He said you were a drunkard and would make her miserable."

Mrs. Chester's disordered imagination invented so rapidly, that her tongue could hardly keep up with it. She talked so volubly and by moments so indistinctly, that Bentley found some difficulty in following her. It may seem singular that he should have credited her babble; but it must be remembered that she had him upon a subject where his wits were at a disadvantage; that in talking to him of Kate Beaumont she used a spell which paralyzed his judgment.

"Look here, this is too much," he exclaimed at last, starting up and striding about, his partially disabled foot slapping the floor more paralytically than usual.

"Of course it is too much," replied Mrs. Chester, eagerly. "I don't see how you can endure it."

"I can't," said Bentley, rushing out of the room.

It was evening when this conversation took place. Before bedtime Bent was under the influence of the hereditary devil of his family. In trouble as well as in joy, in seasons of wrath as well as in seasons of conviviality, in all times of excitement and too often in times of dulness, it was the custom of the Armitages to betake themselves to whiskey. As certain peoples in a state of revolution elevate a tyrant to power, so this breed, when distracted by emotions, enthroned alcohol.

In the morning, rising from the irritation of evil slumbers, Bentley resumed his drinking before breakfast, keeping it up all day and for days following. There were some strange scenes of carousal in the lonely mansion. Mrs. Chester, we remember, was an ardent admirer of men, and especially of young men; and even in her present excitement she did not forget her old predilection. She took to flattering and petting Bent Armitage, as she had once flattered and petted Frank McAlister. She was so thankful for what little attention she got from him, that she did not mind his semi-intoxication, and indeed ministered unto it. She mixed his liquor and set it before him in a coquettish, hoydenish, juvenile way, sincerely gratified to serve him. She was a cracked old Cleopatra waiting on a young rough of an Antony. It was a spectacle which could be painted as ludicrous, but which I can only paint as woful and horrible.

The more Bent drank, and the more irrational and savage he became with his long debauch, the more completely he credited Mrs. Chester's tales concerning Frank McAlister's slanders of himself. For the feud he cared nothing; even in his present wild state, he knew that he had nothing to do with it; his native clearness of head asserted itself thus far. But he did believe that Frank had injured him, and he did want to shoot the fellow. He used to go to sleep muttering, "Hang Frank

McAlister ! Hang all the McAlisters ! Hang Frank McAlister particularly ! Hang him particularly ! " Only, in place of the word " hang," he used a stronger oburgation.

Alcohol is a magician. It tears down a man's natural character in an hour, and builds him a new one. It accomplishes miracles which remind one of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Under its enchantment your body is forsaken by the spirit which belongs to it, and entered upon by a spirit which you knew not of, any more than if it came from another world. Bentley Armitage, a far better fellow than Randolph, and also furnished with more common sense, was presently on his way to Hartland to fight Frank McAlister, following precisely in the steps of his addle-pated brother, under the same frenzying influence. It was the stupid iteration of that stupidest of possessing demons, "rum-madness."

But, though playing Randolph's part after him, he did it with another port and mask. Even in his inebriety he kept his knowing look and quizzical smile, rather exaggerating them than otherwise. Moreover, instead of improvidently depending for drink on station bar-rooms and on the bottles of wayfarers, he carried with him a full demijohn. In his slangy way he called this his "wine-press," and when he treated his fellow-travellers, which he did often and liberally, he always said with tiresome repetition, "Won't you have some of the wine of astonishment?" It must be understood that he was not in a helpless state; that he did not reel and stammer and hic-cough and talk incoherencies. He was simply in an exasperated nervous state because of a long spree.

Arrived in Hartland, he had sense enough not to go to the Beaumont house, knowing to a certain extent what his condition was, and not wishing to present himself thus before Kate. He took the one hack of the little town and drove to the one hotel with his valise and demijohn. After

tea he thought himself sober enough to face his relatives, the Devines, and repaired to their house with the hope of learning that the Gilyard engagement was a fiction. The moment that Jenny laid eyes on him, she detected his status; for being a student of men, she knew him thoroughly, habits, expression, and all.

"What are you here for, Bent?" she asked at once, with not a little tartness.

"O, I am around," he replied, trying to smile naturally. "I am going to and fro in the earth, like Satan, you know."

"Exactly," said Jenny. "What are you going on in this way for? You'll be doing something to worry us. Where is your baggage? Why didn't you come here at once? You had better go up stairs and take a nap."

"Come, don't jump on a man the minute you see him," protested Bentley, with a momentary sense of humiliation at being so quickly guessed out and so sharply lectured. "I am a two-legged creature without feathers, I believe. I don't need a coop."

"I wish you would come here and let us take care of you," insisted Jenny. "You are not fit to be about alone. Shame on you, you great baby! There, you sha'n't go," she added, running to the door, shutting it upon him and placing her plump shoulders against it. "Now I want to know what you are in Hartland for."

"How you do jockey me!" he said, with the magnanimous smile of a man who feels that he could resist if he would. "See here, Jenny," he added, after a scowl of trouble. "Is—is Kate Beaumont—is she engaged? Mrs. Chester tells me that she is engaged to the minister, Gilyard. Is it true?"

Jenny hesitated; a flash passed through her hazel eyes; it was a gleam of mingled reflection and decision.

"He has been very attentive to her," she replied. "And, if Mrs. Chester told you so, why, of course, Mrs. Chester knows."

Bentley, his face sobered and ennobled at once by intense grief, advanced to the door and seized the knob firmly.

"Where are you going?" demanded Jenny, without giving way.

"I am going back to Saxonburg," he whispered.

"Right," she said, letting him out. "I am sorry for you, Bentley; I am indeed. But you had better go."

Unfortunately there was no train up country till the next day. During the evening a number of Bentley's boon companions found him at the hotel, and beguiled him into a carouse which lasted till near morning. When he awoke from a brief and feverish sleep, he had lost the gentle sentiments which Jenny's feminine magnetism had instilled into him, and was ready in his semi-delirium to fight the first creature which approached him, whether it were a man, or a royal Bengal tiger, or a turtle-dove. He resolved to stay in Hartland and do battle with Frank McAlister. Part of the day passed in wandering about the streets, heavy laden with bowie-knife, pistols, and ammunition, including whiskey, waiting for the appearance of his slanderer. But after dinner, meeting with that martial young lawyer, Jobson, he communicated his griefs to him, and under his dictation drew up a challenge in the approved style of old General Johnson, the document being as rhetorical and almost as voluminous as Cicero's Orations against Verres. This "flight of eloquence" was despatched to its destination by the hands of that most bloodthirsty paradox, invented by the code of honor, and ironically denominated "a friend."

We must see now how the cartel was received at the McAlister residence.

Perhaps, however, we ought first to note what was the general state of mind of the challenged party, and what had been his moral history, since we left him retiring from the *mêlée* in which Colonel Kershaw had fallen.

His moral history referred solely to Kate Beaumont; he thought of noth-

ing else, and as it were knew nothing else. But while he thus lived solely for her, he believed that she could never live for him. It was not her heirship to a large estate which put her beyond his reach. He was not ashamed to sue for her because she had become rich; he respected himself too much to entertain that kind of shame, loved her too much to suffer it to trammel him. Besides, he would one day be rich himself, at least sufficiently so to live like a gentleman. In his magnanimous and manly opinion, the match would be an equal one, only for this, that Kate was individually far his superior, as she was far the superior of any man.

But the perpetual conflicts and tragedies, — that last degrading *mêlée* and that last horrible tragedy, — how could he bridge them over so as to reach her? It seemed impossible; a sea of blood blown upon by winds of hate lay between them, — a sea which grew wider and stormier at every attempt to span it. Fate had been so long and violently against him, that it had almost wearied him out and stripped him of hope. But not of desire: he still longed passionately for her; all the more passionately because of disappointments and barriers.

While he was thus fighting weakly with despair (as a man fights who only receives blows and cannot return them) he received Mrs. Chester's anonymous gossip as to the Gilyard engagement. At first he declared to himself with angry contempt that he would not believe it; and then, comparing it with what he knew of the young clergyman's visits to the Beaumont place, he did believe it. It may be supposed that life had very little value in his eyes when, a few days later, he opened Bent Armitage's challenge.

He read the challenge with amazement, and it was surely an amazing paper. It was as full of specifications as an old-time indictment; it charged him with calumniating Bentley and Randolph Armitage at divers times and in sundry places; in short, it contained

the whole substance of Mrs. Chester's malicious or crazy inventions.

"I wonder he did n't add, and for kicking up a blamed fuss generally," remarked Wallace, to whom Frank handed the three or four sheets of foolscap. "But I say, old fellow, for a man who pretends to be peaceable, you get into an awful number of squabbles."

"I know nothing about these things," said Frank. "He must be insane."

"I'll fight him myself," offered Wallace, who had lately been rejected by Jenny Devine, and did not feel that life was worth keeping.

"It is not your business," replied Frank, remembering the story about Gilyard, and feeling also that life was a burden.

"Well, what do you mean to do,

with your notions about duelling?" asked Wallace.

"I shall deny these ridiculous charges. Then, if he persists in picking a quarrel with me, — and I suppose that is his object, — I shall defend myself."

"You mean a rencontre?"

"I hate the word," said Frank. "But poor as life is, I have a right to defend it, and I shall do so."

"Of course, you might put him under bonds to keep the peace," suggested Wallace, doubtfully.

"O, is it worth while?" groaned Frank, almost wishing for a bullet in his brains.

"No," said Wallace. "We gentlemen don't do it. We gentlemen are like necessity; we know no law. Law is for our inferiors."

"Or for our betters," said Frank.

J. W. DeForest.

THE SPHINX.

SHE fronts the traveller as he goes,
A power to threaten and beguile;
And fear and love awake before
Her lion strength, her woman smile.

She bids him seek her mystery,
And solve her riddle strange and dim;
With art and wisdom matched against
The doom that waits to conquer him.

But vain the contest and the toil,
The weary heart, the wasted breath;
The mystic meaning still is veiled,
And all endeavor ends in death.

For, should her master-spirit rise
And lay her secret bare and free,
She from her eminence must fall,
And cease from strife, and cease to be.

O life! whose subtle charm allures,
O life! whose will inviolate
Forever challenges the soul
To solve the mystery of fate;

And strive where it shall not attain,
And grasp at shadows that elude;
Till, faltering, it quits the chase,
And leaves the tempter unsubdued.

M. E. N. Hatheway.

WAYSIDE PIKES.

OUR return from Mount Tyndall to such civilization as flourishes around the Kaweah outposts was signalized by us chiefly as to our *cuisine*, which offered now such bounties as the potato, and once a salad, in which some middle-aged lettuce became the vehicle for a hollow mockery of dressing. Two or three days, during which we dined at brief intervals, served completely to rest us, and put in excellent trim for further campaigning all except Professor Brewer, upon whom a constant toothache wore painfully, — my bullet-mould failing even upon the third trial to extract the unruly member.

It was determined we should ride together to Visalia, seventy miles away, and the more we went the more impatient became my friend, till we agreed to push ahead through day and night, and reached the village at about sunrise in a state of reeling sleepiness quite indescribably funny.

At evening, when it became time to start back for our mountain camp, my friend at last yielded consent to my project of climbing the Kern Sierras to attempt Mount Whitney; so I parted from him, and, remaining at Visalia, outfitted myself with a pack-horse, two mounted men, and provisions enough for a two weeks' trip.

I purposely avoid telling by what route I entered the Sierras, because there lingers in my breast a desire to see once more that lovely region, and failing, as I do, to confide in the people, I fear lest, if the camp I am going to describe should be recognized, I might, upon revisiting the scene, suffer harm, or even come to an untimely end. I refrain, then, from telling by what road I found myself entering the region of the pines one lovely twilight evening, two days after leaving Visalia. Pines, growing closer and closer, from sentinels gathered to groups, then

stately groves, and at last, as the evening wore on, assembled in regular forest, through whose open tops the stars shone cheerfully.

I came upon an open meadow, hearing in front the rush of a large brook, and directly reached two camp-fires, where were a number of persons. My two hirelings caught and unloaded the pack-horse, and set about their duties, looking to supper and the animals, while I prospected the two camps. That just below me, on the same side of the brook, I found to be the bivouac of a company of hunters, who, in the ten minutes of my call, made free with me, hospitably offering a jug of whiskey, and then went on in their old eternal way of making bear-stories out of whole cloth.

I left them with a belief that my protoplasm and theirs must be different, in spite of Mr. Huxley, and passed across the brook to the other camp. Under noble groups of pines smouldered a generous heap of coals, the ruins of a mighty log. A little way from this lay a confused pile of bedclothes, partly old and half-bald buffalo-ropes, but, in the main, thick strata of what is known to irony as comforters, upon which, outstretched in wretched awkwardness of position, was a family, all with their feet to the fire, looking as if they had been blown over in one direction, or knocked down by a single bombshell. On the extremities of this common bed, with the air of having got as far from each other as possible, the mother and father of the Pike family reclined; between them were two small children — a girl and boy — and a huge girl, who, next the old man, lay flat upon her back, her mind absorbed in the simple amusement of waving one foot (a cowhide eleven) slowly across the fire, squinting, with half-shut eye, first at the vast shoe and thence at the fire, alternately hiding

bright places and darting the foot quickly in the direction of any new display of heightening flame. The mother was a bony sister, in the yellow, shrunk, of sharp visage, in which were prominent two cold eyes and a positively poisonous mouth; her hair, the color of faded hay, was tangled about her head. She rocked jerkily to and fro, removing at intervals a clay pipe from her mouth in order to pucker her thin lips up to one side, and spit with precision upon a certain spot in the fire.

I have rarely felt more difficulty in opening a conversation, and was long before venturing to propose, "You seem to have a pleasant camp-spot here." The old woman sharply, and in almost a tone of affront, answered, "They's wus, and then again they's better."

"Doos well for our hogs," inserted the old man. "We've a band of pork that make out to find feed."

"Oh! how many have you?" I asked.

"Nigh three thousand."

"Won't you set?" asked madam; then, turning, "You, Susan, can't you try for to set up, and not spread so? Hain't you no manners, say?"

At this the massive girl got herself somewhat together, and made room for me, which I declined, however.

"Prospecting?" inquired madam.

"I say huntin'," suggested the man.

"Maybe he's a cattle-feller," interrupted the little girl.

"Goin' somewhere, ain't yer?" was Susan's guess.

I gave brief account of myself, evidently satisfying the social requirements of all but the old woman, who at once classified me as not up to her standard. Susan saw this, so did her father, and it became evident to me in ten minutes' conversation that they two were always at one, and made it their business to be in antagonism to the mother. They were then allies of mine from nature, and I felt at once at home. I saw, too, that Susan, hav-

ing slid back to her horizontal position when I declined to share her rightful ground, was watching with subtle solicitude that fated spot in the fire, opposing sympathy and squints accurately aligned by her shoe to the dull spot in the embers, which slowly went out into blackness before the well-directed fire of her mother's saliva.

The shouts which I heard proceeding from the direction of my camp were easily translatable into summons for supper. Mr. Newty invited me to return later and be sociable, which I promised to do, and, going to my camp, supped quickly and left the men with orders about picketing the animals for the night, then, strolling slowly down to the camp of my friends, seated myself upon a log by the side of the old gentleman. Feeling that this somewhat formal attitude unfitted me for partaking to the fullest degree the social ease around me, and knowing that my buckskin trousers were impervious to dirt, I slid down in a reclining posture with my feet to the fire, in absolute parallelism with the rest of the family.

The old woman was in the exciting *dénouement* of a coon-story, directed to her little boy, who sat clinging to her skirt and looking in her face with absorbed curiosity. "And when Johnnie fired," she said, "the coon fell and busted open." The little boy had misplaced his sympathies with the raccoon, and having inquired plaintively, "Did it hurt him?" was promptly snubbed with the reply, "Of course it hurt him. What do you suppose coons is made for?" Then turning to me she put what was plainly enough with her a test-question: "I allow you have killed your coon in your day?" I saw at once that I must forever sink beneath her standard, but, failing in real experience or accurate knowledge concerning the coon, I knew no subtleties would work with her. Instinct had taught her that I had never killed a coon, and she had asked me thus ostentatiously to place me at once and forever before the family in my true light. "No,

ma'am," I said; "now you speak of it, I realize that I never have killed a coon." This was something of a staggerer to Susan and her father, yet as the mother's pleasurable dissatisfaction with me displayed itself by more and more accurate salivary shots at the fire, they rose to the occasion, and began to palliate my past. "Maybe," ventured Mr. Newty, "that they don't have coon round the city of York"; and I felt that I needed no self-defence when Susan firmly and defiantly suggested to her mother that perhaps I was in better business.

Driven in upon herself for some time, the old woman smoked in silence. until Susan, seeing that her mother gradually quenched a larger and larger circle upon the fire, got up and stretched herself, and giving the coals a vigorous poke swept out of sight the quenched spot, thus readily obliterating the result of her mother's precise and prolonged expectoration; then flinging a few dry boughs upon the fire, illumined the family with the ruddy blaze, and sat down again, leaning upon her father's knee with a faint light of triumph in her eye.

I ventured a few platitudes concerning pigs, not penetrating the depths of that branch of rural science enough to betray my ignorance. Such sentiments as "A little piece of bacon well broiled for breakfast is very good," and "Nothing better than cold ham for lunch," were received by Susan and her father in the spirit I meant, — of entire goodwill toward pork generically. I now look back in amusement at having fallen into this weakness, for the Mosaic view of pork has been mine from infancy, and campaigning upon government rations has, in truth, no tendency to dim this ancient faith.

By half past nine the gates of conversation were fairly open, and our part of the circle enjoyed itself socially, — taciturnity and clouds of Virginia plug reigning supreme upon the other. The two little children crept under comforters somewhere near the middle of the bed, and subsided pleasantly

to sleep. The old man at last stretched sleepily, finally yawning out, "Susan, I do believe I am too tired out to go and see if them corral bars are down. I guess you 'll have to go. I reckon there ain't no bears round to-night." Susan rose to her feet, stretched herself with her back to the fire, and I realized for the first time her amusing proportions. In the region of six feet, tall, square-shouldered, of firm iron back and heavy mould of limb, she yet possessed that suppleness which enabled her as she rose to throw herself into nearly all the attitudes of the Niobe children. As her yawn deepened, she waved nearly down to the ground, and then, rising upon tiptoe, stretched up her clinched fists to heaven with a groan of pleasure. Turning to me she asked, "How would you like to see the hogs?" The old man added, as an extra encouragement, "Pootiest band of hogs in Tulare County! There's littler of the real sissor-bill nor Mexican racer stock than any band I have ever seen in the State. I driv the original outfit from Pike County to Oregon in '51 and '52." By this time I was actually interested in them, and joining Susan we passed out into the forest.

We walked silently on four or five minutes through the woods, coming at last upon a fence which margined a wide circular opening in the wood. The bars, as her father had feared, were down. We stepped over them, quietly entered the enclosure, put them up behind us, and proceeded to the middle, threading our way among sleeping swine to where a lonely tree rose to the height of about two hundred feet. Against this we placed our backs, and Susan waved her hand in pride over the two acres of tranquil pork. The eye, after accustoming itself to the darkness, took cognizance of a certain ridginess of surface which came to be recognized as the objects of Susan's pride.

Quite a pretty effect was caused by the shadow of the forest, which, cast obliquely downward by the moon, di-

vided the corral into halves of light and shade.

The air was filled with heavy breathing, interrupted by here and there a snore, and at times by crescendos of tumult, caused by forty or fifty pigs doing battle for some favorite bed-place.

I was informed that Susan did not wish me to judge of them by dark, but to see them again in full light of day. She knew each individual pig by its physiognomy, having, as she said, "growed with 'em."

As we strolled back toward the bars a dusky form disputed our way, — two small, sharp eyes and a wild crest of bristles were visible in the obscure light. "That's Old Arkansas," said Susan; "he's eight year old come June, and I never could get him to like me." I felt for my pistol, but Susan struck a vigorous attitude, ejaculating, "S-S-oway, Arkansas!" She made a dash in his direction; a wild scuffle ensued, in which I heard the dull thud of Susan's shoe, accompanied by, "Take that, dog-on-you!" a cloud of dust, one shrill squeal, and Arkansas retreated into the darkness at a business-like trot.

When quite near the bars the mighty girl launched herself in the air, alighting with her stomach across the topmost rail, where she hung a brief moment, made a violent muscular contraction, and alighted upon the ground outside, communicating to it a tremor quite perceptible from where I stood. I climbed over after her, and we sauntered under the trees back to camp.

The family had disappeared, a few dry boughs, however, thrown upon the coals, blazed up, and revealed their forms in the corrugated topography of the bed.

I bade Susan good night, and before I could turn my back she kicked her number-eleven shoes into the air, and with masterly rapidity turned in, as Minerva is said to have done, in full panoply.

Seated upon my blankets next morning, I beheld Susan's mother drag forth the two children one after another, by

the napes of their necks, and, shaking the sleep out of them, propel them spitefully toward the brook; then taking her pipe from her mouth she bent low over the sleeping form of her huge daughter, and in a high, shrill, nasal key screeched in her ear, "Yew Suse! Get up and let the *hogs* out!"

The idea thrilled into Susan's brain, and with a violent suddenness she sat bolt upright, brushing her green-colored hair out of her eyes, and rubbing those valuable but bleared organs with the ponderous knuckles of her forefingers.

By this time I started for the brook for my morning toilet, and the girl and I met upon opposite banks, stooping to wash our faces in the same pool. As I opened my dressing-case her lower jaw fell, revealing a row of ivory teeth rounded out by two well-developed "wisdoms," which had all that dazzling grin one sees in the show-windows of certain dental practitioners. It required but a moment to gather up a quart or so of water in her broad palms, and rub it vigorously into a small circle upon the middle of her face, the moisture working outward to a certain high-water mark, which, along her chin and cheeks, defined the limits of former ablution; then, baring her large red arms to the elbow, she washed her hands, and stood resting them upon her hips, dripping freely, and watching me with intense curiosity.

When I reached the towel process, she herself twisted her body after the manner of the Belvedere torso, bent low her head, gathered up the back breadths of her petticoat, and wiped her face vigorously upon it, which had the effect of tracing concentric streaks irregularly over her countenance.

I parted my hair by the aid of a small dressing-glass, which so fired Susan that she crossed the stream with a mighty jump, and stood in ecstasy by my side. She borrowed the glass, and then my comb, rewashed her face, and fell to work diligently upon her hair.

All this did not so limit my percep-

tion as to prevent my watching the general demeanor of the family. The old man lay back at his ease, puffing a cloud of smoke; his wife, also emitting volumes of the vapor of "navy plug," squatted by the camp-fire, frying certain lumps of pork, and communicating an occasional spiral jerk to the coffee-pot, with the purpose, apparently, of stirring the grounds. The two children had gotten upon the back of a contemplative ass, who stood by the upper side of the bed quietly munching the corner of a comforter.

My friend was in no haste. She squandered much time upon the arrangement of her towy hair, and there was something like a blush of conscious satisfaction when she handed me back my looking-glass and remarked ironically, "O no, I guess not, — no, sir."

I begged her to accept the comb and glass, which she did with maidenly joy.

This unusual toilet had stimulated with self-respect Susan's every fibre, and as she sprung back across the brook and approached her mother's camp-fire, I could not fail to admire the magnificent turn of her shoulders and the powerful, queenly poise of her head. Her full, grand form and heavy strength reminded me of the statues of Ceres, yet there was withal a very unpleasant suggestion of fighting trim, a sort of prize-ring manner of swinging the arms and hitching of the shoulders.

It required my Pike County friends but ten minutes to swallow their pork and begin the labors of the day.

Susan, after a second appeal from her mother, ran over to the corral and let out the family capital, who streamed with exultant grunt through the forest, darkening the fair green meadow gardens, and happily passing out of sight.

When I had breakfasted I joined Mr. Newty in his trip to the corral, where we stood together for hours, during which I had mastered the story of his years since, in 1850, he left his old home in Pike of Missouri.

It was one of those histories common

enough through this wide West, yet never failing to startle me with its horrible lesson of social disintegration, of human retrogression.

That brave spirit of Westward Ho! which has been the pillar of fire and cloud leading on the weary march of progress over stretches of desert, lining the way with graves of strong men; of new-born lives; of sad, patient mothers, whose pathetic longing for the new home died with them; of the thousand old and young whose last agony came to them as they marched with eyes straining after the sunken sun, and whose shallow barrows scarcely lift over the drifting dust of the desert; that restless spirit which has dared to uproot the old and plant the new, kindling the grand energy of California, laying foundations for a State to be, is admirable, is poetic, is to fill an immortal page in the story of America; but when, instead of wresting from new lands something better than the old can give, it degenerates into mere weak-minded restlessness, killing the power of growth, the ideal of home, the faculty of repose, it results in that race of perpetual emigrants who roam as dreary waifs over the West, losing possessions, love of life, love of God, slowly dragging from valley to valley till they fall by the wayside, happy if some chance stranger performs for them the last rites, — often less fortunate, as blanched bones and fluttering rags upon too many hillsides plainly tell.

The Newtys were of this dreary brotherhood. In 1850, with a small family of that authentic strain of high-bred swine for which Pike County is widely known, as Mr. Newty avers, they bade Missouri and their snug farm good by, and, having packed their household goods into a wagon drawn by two spotted oxen, set out with the baby Susan for Oregon, where they came after a year's march, tired, and cursed with a permanent discontent. There they had taken up a rancho, a quarter-section of public domain, which at the end of two years was "improved" to the extent of the "neatest

little worm-fence this side of Pike," a barn, and a smoke-house. "In another year," said my friend, "I'd have dug for a house, but we tuck ager and the second baby died." One day there came a man who "let on that he knowed" land in California much fairer and more worthy tillage than Oregon's best, so the poor Newtys harnessed up the wagon and turned their backs upon a home nearly ready for comfortable life, and swept south with pigs and plunder. Through all the years this story had repeated itself, new homes got to the verge of completion, more babies born, more graves made, more pigs, which replenished as only the Pike County variety may, till it seemed to me the mere multiplication of them must reach a sufficient dead weight to anchor the family; but this was dispelled when Newty remarked: "These yer hogs is awkward about moving, and I've pretty much made my mind to put 'em all into bacon this fall, and sell out and start for Montana."

Poor fellow! at Montana he will probably find a man from Texas, who in half an hour will persuade him that happiness lies there.

As we walked back to their camp, and when Dame Newty hove in sight, my friend ventured to say, "Don't you mind the old woman and her coons. She's from Arkansas. She used to say no man could have Susan who could n't show coon-skins enough of his own killing to make a bedquilt, but she's over that mostly." In spite of this assurance my heart fell a trifle when, the first moment of our return, she turned to her husband and asked, "Do you mind what a dead-open-and-shut on coons our little Johnny was when he was ten years old?" I secretly wondered if the dead-open-and-shut had anything to do with his untimely demise at eleven, but kept silence.

Regarding her as a sad product of the disease of chronic emigration, her hard thin nature, all angles and stings, became to me one of the most depressing and pathetic spectacles, and the more when her fever-and-ague boy, a

mass of bilious lymph, came and sat by her, looking up with great haggard eyes as if pleading for something, he knew not what, but which I plainly saw only death could bestow.

Noon brought the hour of my departure. Susan and her father talked apart a moment, then the old man said the two would ride along with me for a few miles, as he had to go in that direction to look for new hog-feed.

I despatched my two men with the pack-horse, directing them to follow the trail, then saddled my Kaweah and waited for the Newtys. The old man saddled a shaggy little mountain pony for himself, and for Susan strapped a sheepskin upon the back of a young and fiery mustang colt.

While they were getting ready, I made my horse fast to a stake and stepped over to bid good by to Mrs. Newty. I said to her in tones of deference, "I have come to bid you good by, madam, and when I get back this way I hope you will be kind enough to tell me one or two really first-rate coon-stories. I am quite ignorant of that animal, having been raised in countries where they are extremely rare, and I would like to know more of what seems to be to you a creature of such interest." The wet, gray eyes relaxed, as I fancied, a trifle of their asperity; a faint kindle seemed to light them for an instant as she asked, "You never see coons catch frogs in a spring branch?"

"No, madam," I answered.

"Well, I wonder! Well, take care of yourself, and when you come back this way stop along with us, and we'll kill a yearlin', and I'll tell you about a coon that used to live under grandfather's barn." She actually offered me her hand, which I grasped and shook in a friendly manner, chilled to the very bone with its damp coldness.

Mr. Newty mounted, and asked me if I was ready. Susan stood holding her prancing mustang. To put that girl on her horse after the ordinary plan would have required the strength of Samson, or the use of a step-ladder,

neither of which I possessed ; so I waited for events to develop themselves. The girl stepped to the left side of her horse, twisted one hand in the mane, laying the other upon his haunches, and, crouching for a jump, sailed through the air, alighting upon the sheepskin. The horse reared, and Susan, twisting herself around, came right side up with her knee upon the sheepskin, shouting, as she did so, "I guess you don't get me off, sir!" I jumped upon Kaweah, and our two horses sprang forward together, Susan waving her hand to her father, and crying, "Come along after, old man!" and to her mother, "Take care of yourself!" which is the Pike County for *Au revoir!* Her mustang tugged at the bit, and bounded wildly into the air. We reached a stream bank at full gallop, the horses clearing it at a bound, sweeping on over the green floor and under the magnificent shadow of the forest. Newty, following at an humble trot, slopped through the creek, and when I last looked he had nearly reached the edge of the wood.

I could but admire the unconscious excellence of Susan's riding, her firm, immovable seat, and the perfect coolness with which she held the fiery horse. This quite absorbed me for five minutes, when she at last broke the silence by the laconic inquiry, "Does yourn buck?" To which I added the reply that he had only occasionally been guilty of that indiscretion. She then informed me that the first time she had mounted the colt he had "nearly bucked her to pieces ; he had jumped and jounced till she was plum tucked out" before he had given up. Gradually reining the horses down and inducing them to walk, we rode side by side through the most magnificent forest of the Sierras, and I determined to probe Susan to see whether there were not, even in the most latent condition, some germs of the appreciation of nature. I looked from base to summit of the magnificent shafts, at the green plumes which traced themselves against the sky, the exquisite

fall of purple shadows and golden light upon trunks, at the labyrinth of glowing flowers, at the sparkling whiteness of the mountain brook, and up to the clear matchless blue that vaulted over us, then turned to Susan's plain, honest face, and gradually introduced the subject of trees. Ideas of lumber and utilitarian notions of fence-rails were uppermost in her mind ; but I briefly penetrated what proved to be only a superficial stratum of the materialistic, and asked her point-blank if she did not admire their stately symmetry. A strange, new light gleamed in her eye as I described to her the growth and distribution of forests, and the marvellous change in their character and aspects as they approached the tropics. The palm and the pine, as I worked them up to her, really filled her with delight, and prompted numerous interested and intelligent queries, showing that she thoroughly comprehended my drift.

In the pleasant hour of our chat I learned a new lesson of the presence of undeveloped seed in the human mind.

Mr. Newty at last came alongside and remarked that he must stop about here. "But," he added, "Susan will go on with you about half a mile, and come back and join me here after I have taken a look at the feed." As he rode out into the forest a little way he called me to him, and I was a little puzzled at what seemed to be the first traces of embarrassment I had seen in his manner.

"You'll take care of yourself, now, won't you?" he asked. I tried to convince him that I would.

A slight pause.

"You'll take care of yourself, won't you?"

He might rely on it, I was going to say.

He added, "Thet — thet — thet man what gets Susan *has half the hogs!*"

Then turning promptly away, he spurred the pony, and his words as he rode into the forest were, "Take good care of yourself!"

Susan and I rode on for half a mile, until we reached the brow of a long

descent, which she gave me to understand was her limit.

We shook hands and I bade her good by, and as I trotted off these words fell sweetly upon my ear, "Say, you'll take good care of yourself, won't you, say?"

I took pains not to overtake my camp-men, wishing to be alone; and as I rode for hour after hour the picture of this family stood before me in all its deformity of outline, all its poverty of detail, all its darkness of future, and I believe I thought of it too gravely to enjoy as I might the subtle light of comedy which plays about these hard, repulsive figures.

In conversation I had caught the clew of a better past. Newty's father was a New-Englander, and he spoke of him as a man of intelligence and, as I should judge, of some education. Mrs. Newty's father had been an Arkansas judge, not perhaps the most enlightened of men, but still very far in advance of herself. The conspicuous retrogression seemed to me an example of the most hopeless phase of human life. If, as I suppose, we may all sooner or later give in our adhesion to the Darwinian view of development, does not the same law which permits such splendid scope for the better open up to us also possible gulfs of degradation, and are not these chronic emigrants whose broken-down wagons and weary faces greet you along the dusty highways of the far West melancholy examples of beings who have forever lost the conservatism of home and the power of improvement?

One October day, as Kaweah and I travelled by ourselves over a lonely foothill trail, I fell to wondering if ever an artist should arise to paint our Sierras as they are, with all their color-glory, innumerable pine and countless pinnacle, gloom of tempest, or splendor, where rushing light shatters itself upon granite crag, or burns in dying rose upon far fields of snow.

Had I rubbed Aladdin's lamp? A

turn in the trail brought suddenly in view a man who sat under shadow of oaks, painting upon a large canvas.

As I approached, the artist turned half round upon his stool, rested palette and brushes upon one knee, and in a familiar tone said, "Dern'd if you ain't just naturally ketched me at it! Get off and set down. You ain't going for no doctor, I know."

My artist was of short, good-natured, butcher-boy make-up, dressed in what had formerly been black broadcloth, with an enlivening show of red flannel shirt about the throat, wrists, and a considerable display of the same where his waistcoat might once have overlapped a strained but as yet coherent waistband. The cut of these garments, by length of coat-tail and voluminous leg, proudly asserted a "Bay" origin. His small feet were squeezed into tight, short boots, with high, raking heels.

A round face, with small full mouth, non-committal nose, and black protruding eyes, showed no more sign of the ideal temperament than did the broad daub upon his square yard of canvas.

"Going to Copples's?" inquired my friend.

That was my destination, and I answered, "Yes."

"That's me," he ejaculated. "Right over there, down below those two oaks! Ever there?"

"No."

"My *studio's* there now"; giving impressive accent to the word.

All the while these few words were passing he scrutinized me with unconcealed curiosity, puzzled, as well he might be, by my dress and equipment. Finally, after I had tied Kaweah to a tree and seated myself by the easel, and after he had absently rubbed some raw sienna into his little store of white, he softly ventured: "Was you looking out a ditch?"

"No," I replied.

"He neatly rubbed up the white and sienna with his "blender," unconsciously adding a dash of Veronese green;

gazed at my leggings, then at the barometer, and again meeting my eye with a look as if he feared I might be a disguised duke, said in slow tone, with hyphens of silence between each two syllables, giving to his language all the dignity of an unabridged Webster, "I would take pleasure in stating that my name is Hank G. Smith, artist"; and, seeing me smile, he relaxed a little, and giving the blender another vigorous twist, added, "I would request yours."

Mr. Smith having learned my name, occupation, and that my home was on the Hudson, near New York, quickly assumed a familiar me-and-you-old-fel' tone, and rattled on merrily about his winter in New York spent in "going through the Academy,"—a period of deep moment to one who before that only painted wagons for his livelihood.

Storing away canvas, stool, and easel, in a deserted cabin close by, he rejoined me, and, leading Kaweah by his lariat, I walked beside Smith down the trail toward Copples's.

He talked freely, and as if composing his own biography, beginning: "California-born and mountain-raised, his nature soon drove him into a painter's career." Then he reverted fondly to New York and his experience there.

"O no!" he mused in pleasant irony, "he never spread his napkin over his legs and partook French victuals up to old Delmonico's."

Mr. Smith found relief in meeting one so near himself, as he conceived me to be, in habit and experience. The long-pent-up emotions and ambitions of his life found ready utterance, and a willing listener.

I learned that his aim was to become a characteristically California painter, with special designs for making himself famous as the delineator of mule-trains and ox-wagons; to be as he expressed it, "the Pacific Slope Bonheur."

"There," he said, "is old Eastman Johnson; he's made the raffle on barns, and that everlasting girl with the ears

of corn; but it ain't *life*, it ain't got the real git-up. If you want to see *the* thing, just look at Gerome; his Arab folks and Egyptian dancing-girls, they ain't assuming a pleasant expression and looking at spots while their likenesses is took. H. G. will discount Eastman yet."

He avowed his great admiration of Church, who, though he had a little leaning toward Mr. Gifford, alone met his hearty approval.

"It's all Bierstadt and Bierstadt and Bierstadt nowadays! What has he done but twist and skew and distort and discolor and belittle and be-pretty this whole doggonned country? Why, his mountains are too high and too slim; they'd blow over in one of our fall winds. I've herded colts two summers in Yosemite, and, honest now, when I stood right up in front of his picture, I did n't know it. He has n't what old Ruskin calls for."

By this time the station buildings were in sight, and far down the cañon, winding in even grade around spur after spur, outlined by a low, clinging cloud of red dust, we could see the great Sierra mule-train,—that industrial gulf-stream flowing from California plains over into arid Nevada, carrying thither materials for life and luxury. In a vast perpetual caravan of heavy wagons, drawn by teams of from eight to fourteen mules, all the supplies of many cities and villages were hauled across the Sierra at an immense cost, and with such skill of driving and generalship of mules as the world has never seen before.

Our trail descended toward the grade, quickly bringing us to a high bank immediately overlooking the trains a few rods below the group of station buildings.

I had by this time learned that Copples, the former station-proprietor, had suffered amputation of the leg three times, receiving from the road-men, in consequence, the name of "Cut-off," and that, while his doctors disagreed as to whether they had better try a fourth, the kindly hand of death had spared

him that pain, and Mrs. Copples an added extortion in the bill.

The dying "Cut-off" had made his wife promise she would stay by and carry on the station until all his debts, which were many and heavy, should be paid, and then do as she chose.

The poor woman, a New-Englander of some refinement, lingered, sadly fulfilling her task, though longing for liberty.

When Smith came to speak of Sarah Jane, her niece, a new light kindled in his eye.

"You never saw Sarah Jane?" he inquired.

I shook my head.

He went on to tell me that he was living in hope of making her Mrs. H. G., but that the bar-keeper also indulged a hope, and as this important functionary was a man of ready cash, and of derringers and few words, it became a delicate matter to avow open rivalry; but it was evident my friend's star was in the ascendant, and, learning that he considered himself to possess the "dead-wood," and to have "gaited" the bar-keeper, I was more than amused, even comforted.

It was a pleasure to sit there leaning against a vigorous old oak while Smith opened his heart to me, in easy confidence, and, with quick eye watching the passing mules, pencilled in a little sketch-book a leg, a head, or such portions of body and harness as seemed to him useful for future works.

"These are notes," he said, "and I've pretty much made up my mind to paint my great picture on a *gee-pull*. I'll scumble in a sunset effect, lighting up the dust, and striking across the backs of team and driver, and I'll paint a come-up-there-damn-you look on the old teamster's face, and the mules will be just a humping their little selves and laying down to work like they'd expire. And the wagon! Don't you see what fine color-material there is in the heavy load and canvas-top with sunlight and shadow in the folds? And that's what's the matter with H. G. Smith. Orders, sir, orders;

that's what I'll get then, and I'll take my little old Sarah Jane and light out for New York, and you'll see *Smith* on a studio doorplate, and folks'll say, Fine feeling for nature, has Smith!"

I let this singular man speak for himself in his own vernacular, pruning nothing of its idiom or slang, as you shall choose to call it.

The breath of most Californians is as unconsciously charged with slang as an Italian's with garlic, and the two, after all, have much the same function; you touch the bowl or your language, but should never let either be fairly recognized in salad or conversation. Yet Smith's English was the well undefiled when compared with what I every moment heard from the current of teamsters which set constantly by us in the direction of Copples's.

Smith and I followed, and as we neared the house he punched me familiarly and said, as a brown petticoat disappeared in the station door, "There's Sarah Jane! When I see that girl I feel like I'd reach out and gather her in"; then clasping her imaginary form as if she was about to dance with him, he executed a couple of waltz turns, softly intimating, "That's what's the matter with H. G."

As a hotel, Copples's is on the Mongolian plan, which means that dining-room and kitchen are given over to the mercies—never very tender—of Chinamen; not such Chinamen as learned the art of pig-roasting that they might be served up by Elia, but the average John, and a sadly low average that John is. I grant him a certain general air of thrift, admitting, too, that his lack of sobriety never makes itself apparent in loud Celtic brawl. But he is, when all is said, and in spite of timid and fawning obedience, a very poor servant.

Now and then at a friend's house it has happened to me that I dined upon artistic Chinese cookery, and all they who come home from living in China smack their lips over the relishing *cuisine*. I wish they had sat down

that day at Copples's. No; on second thought I would spare them.

John may go peacefully to North Adams and make shoes for us, but I shall not solve the awful domestic problem by bringing him into my kitchen.

After the warning bell, fifty or sixty teamsters inserted their dusty heads in buckets of water, turned their once white neck-handkerchiefs inside out, producing a sudden effect of clean linen, and made use of the two mournful wrecks of combs which hung on strings at either side of the Copples mirror. Many went to the bar and partook of a "dust-cutter." There was then such clearing of throats, and such loud and prolonged blowing of noses as may not often be heard upon this globe.

In the calm which ensued, conversation sprung up on "lead harness," the "Stockton wagon that had went off the grade," with here and there a sentiment called out by two framed lithographic belles, who in great richness of color and scantiness of raiment flanked the bar-mirror;—a dazzling reflector chiefly destined to portray the bar-keeper's back hair, which work of art involved much affectionate labor.

A second bell and rolling away of doors revealed a long dining-room, with three parallel tables, cleanly set and watched over by Chinamen, whose fresh white clothes and bright olive-buff skin made a contrast of color which was always chief among my yearnings for the Nile.

While I loitered in the background every seat was taken, and I found myself with a few dilatory teamsters destined to await a second table.

The dining-room communicated with a kitchen beyond by means of two square apertures cut in the partition wall. Through these portholes a glare of red light poured, except when the square framed a Chinese cook's head, or discharged hundreds of little dishes.

The teamsters sat down in patience, a few of the more elegant sort cleaned their nails with the three-tine forks,

others picked their teeth with them, and nearly all speared with this implement small specimens from the dishes before them, securing a pickle or a square inch of pie or even that luxury a dried apple; a few, on tilted-back chairs, drummed upon the bottom of their plates the latest tune of the road.

When fairly under way the scene became active and animated beyond belief. Waiters, balancing upon their arms twenty or thirty plates, hurried along and shot them dexterously over the teamsters' heads with crash and spatter. Beans swimming in fat, meats slimed with pale ropy gravy, and over everything a faint Mongol odor,—the flavor of moral degeneracy and of a disintegrating race. Sharks and wolves may no longer be figured as types of prandial haste. My friends, the teamsters, stuffed and swallowed with a rapidity which was alarming but for the dexterity they showed, and which could only have come of long practice. In fifteen minutes the room was empty, and those fellows who were not feeding grain to their mules lighted cigars and lingered around the bar.

Just then my artist rushed in, seized me by the arm, and said in my ear, "We'll have *our* supper over to Mrs. Copples's. O no, I guess not—Sarah Jane—arms peeled—cooking up stuff—old woman gone into the milk-room with a skimmer." He then added that if I wanted to see what I had been spared, I might follow him. We went round an angle of the building and came upon a high bank, where, through wide-open windows, I could look into the Chinese kitchen. By this time the second table of teamsters were under way, and the waiters yelled their orders through to the three cooks. This large unpainted kitchen was lighted up by kerosene lamps. Through clouds of smoke and steam dodged and sprang the cooks, dripping with perspiration and grease, grabbing a steak in the hand and slapping it down on the grid-iron, slipping and sliding around on the floor, dropping a card of biscuits

and picking them up again in their fists, which were garnished by the whole bill of fare. The red papers with Chinese inscriptions, and little joss-sticks here and there pasted upon each wall, the spry devils themselves, and that faint sickening odor of China which pervaded the room, combined to produce a sense of deep sober gratitude that I had not risked their fare.

"Now," demanded Smith, "you see that there little white building yonder?"

I did.

He struck a contemplative position, leaned against the house, extending one hand after the manner of the minstrel sentimentalist, and softly chanted, —

" 'T is, O 't is the cottage of me love ';

and there 's where they 're getting up as nice a little supper as can be found on this road or any other. Let 's go over! "

So we strolled across an open space where were two giant pines towering sombre against the twilight, a little mountain brooklet, and a few quiet cows.

"Stop," said Smith, leaning his back against a pine, and encircling my neck affectionately with an arm; "I told you, as regards Sarah Jane, how my feelings stand. Well now you just bet she 's on the reciprocate! When I told old woman Copples I 'd like to invite you over, Sarah Jane she past me in the doorway, and said she, 'Glad to see *your* friends.' " Then *sotto voce*, for we were very near, he sang again, —

" 'T is, O 't is the cottage of me love ' ;

"and C. K.," he continued familiarly, "you 're a judge of wimmen," chucking his knuckles into my ribs, whereat I jumped; when he added, "There, I knew you was. Well, Sarah Jane is a derved magnificent female; number three boot, just the height for me. *Venus de Copples*, I call her, and would make the most touching artist's wife in this planet. If I design to paint a head, or a foot, or an arm, get my little old Sarah Jane to peel the particular

charm, and just whack her in on the canvas."

We passed in through low doors, turned from a small dark entry into the family sitting-room, and were alone there in presence of a cheery log-fire which good-naturedly bade us welcome, crackling freely and tossing its sparks out upon floor of pine and coyote-skin rug. A few old framed prints hung upon dark walls, their faces looking serenely down upon the scanty old-fashioned furniture, and windows full of flowering plants. A low-cushioned chair, not long since vacated, was drawn close by the centre-table, whereon were a lamp, and a large open Bible with a pair of silver-bowed spectacles lying upon its lighted page.

Smith made a gesture of silence toward the door, touched the Bible, and whispered, "*Here's* where old woman Copples lives, and it is a good thing; I read it aloud to her evenings, and I can just feel the high local lights of it. It 'll fetch H. G. yet! "

At this juncture the door opened; a pale, thin, elderly woman entered, and with a tired smile greeted me. While her hard labor-stiffened, needle-roughened hand was in mine, I looked into her face and felt something (it may be, it must be but little, yet something) of the sorrow of her life; that of a woman large in sympathy, deep in faith, eternal in constancy, thrown away on a rough worthless fellow. All things she hoped for had failed her; the tenderness which never came, the hopes years ago in ashes, the whole world of her yearnings long buried, leaving only the duty of living and the hope of Heaven. As she sat down, took up her spectacles and knitting, and closed the Bible, she began pleasantly to talk to us of the warm bright autumn nights, of Smith's work, and then of my own profession, and of her niece, Sarah Jane. Her genuinely sweet spirit and natively gentle manner were very beautiful, and far overbalanced all traces of rustic birth and mountain life.

O that unquenchable Christian fire,

how pure the gold of its result ! It needs no practised elegance, no social greatness, for its success ; only the warm human heart, and out of it shall come a sacred calm and gentleness, such as no power, no wealth, no culture may ever hope to win. No words of mine would outline the beauty of that plain weary old woman, the sad sweet patience of those gray eyes, nor the spirit of overflowing goodness which cheered and enlivened the half-hour we spent there.

H. G. might perhaps be pardoned for showing an alacrity when the door again opened and Sarah Jane rolled, I might almost say trundled in, and was introduced to me. Sarah Jane was an essentially Californian product, as much so as one of those vast potatoes or massive pears ; she had a suggestion of State-Fair in the fulness of her physique, yet withal was pretty and modest. If I could have rid myself of a fear that her buttons might sooner or later burst off and go singing by my ear, I think I might have felt as H. G. did, that she was a "magnificent female" with her smooth brilliant skin and ropes of soft brown hair.

H. G., in presence of the ladies, lost something of his original flavor, and rose into studied elegance, greatly to the comfort of Sarah, whose glow of pride as his talk ran on came without show of restraint.

The supper was delicious.

But Sarah was quiet, quiet to H. G. and to me, until after tea, when the old lady said, "You young folks will have to excuse me this evening," and withdrew to her chamber.

More logs were then piled on the sitting-room hearth, and we three gathered in semicircle. Presently H. G. took the poker and twisted it about among coals and ashes, prying up the oak sticks, as he announced in a measured, studied way, "An artist's wife, that is," he explained, "an Academician's wife orter, well, she'd orter *sabe* the beautiful, and take her regular æsthetics ; and then again," he continued, in explanatory tone, "she'd

orter know how to keep a hotel, derned if she had n't, for it's rough like furst off, 'fore a feller gits his name up. But then when he does, though, she's got a salubrious old time of it. It's touch a little bell" (he pressed the andiron-top to show us how the thing was done), "and 'Brooks, the morning paper !' Open your regular Herald : —

"ART NOTES. — Another of H. G. Smith's tender works entitled 'Off the Grade,' so full of out-of-doors and subtle feeling of nature, is now on exhibition at Goupil's."

"Look down a little further.

"ITALIAN OPERA. — Between the acts all eyes turned to the *distinguée* Mrs. H. G. Smith, who looked," — then turning to me, and waving his hand at Sarah Jane, "I leave it to you if she don't."

Sarah Jane assumed the pleasing color of the sugar-beet without seeming inwardly unhappy.

"It's only a question of time with H. G.," continued my friend. "Art is long, you know, derned long, and it may be a year before I paint my great picture, but after that Smith works in lead harness."

He used the poker freely, and more and more his flow of hopes turned a shade of sentiment to Sarah Jane, who smiled broader and broader, showing teeth of healthy whiteness.

At last I withdrew and sought my room, which was H. G.'s also, and his studio. I had gone with a candle around the walls whereon were tacked studies and sketches, finding here and there a bit of real merit among the profusion of trash, when the door burst open and my friend entered, kicked off his boots and trousers, and walked up and down at a sort of quadrille step, singing : —

"Yes, it's the cottage of me love ;
You bet, it's the cottage of me love,"

and what's more, H. G. has just had his genteel good-night kiss ; and when and where is the good old bar-keep ?"

Slowly from this atmosphere of art I passed away into the tranquil land of dreams.

Clarence King.

WATCH AND WARD.

IN FIVE PARTS: PART FOURTH.

VII.

ON arriving at the landing-place of the European steamer Hubert found the passengers filing ashore from the tug-boat in which they had been transferred from the ship. He instructed himself, as he took his place near the gangway, to allow for change in Nora's appearance; but even with this allowance, none of the various advancing ladies seemed to be Nora. Suddenly he found himself confronted with a fair stranger, a smile, and an outstretched hand. The smile and the offered hand of course proclaimed the young lady's identity. Yet in spite of them, Hubert stood amazed. Verily, his allowance had been small. But the next moment, "Now you speak," he said, "I recognize you"; and the next he had greeted Mrs. Keith, who immediately followed her companion; after which he ushered the two ladies, with their servant and their various feminine *impedimenta*, into a carriage. Mrs. Keith was to return directly to her own house, where, hospitable even amid prospective chaos, she invited Hubert to join them at dinner. He had, of course, been obliged to inform Nora off-hand of the cause of Roger's absence, though as yet he made light of his illness. It was agreed, however, that Nora should remain with her companion until she had communicated with her guardian.

Entering Mrs. Keith's drawing-room a couple of hours later, Hubert found the young girl on her knees before the hearth. "I'm rejoicing," she said, "in the first honest fire I've seen since I left home." He sat down near by, and in the glow of the firelight he noted her altered aspect. A year, somehow, had made more than a year's difference. Hubert, in his intercourse with women, was accustomed to indulge in a sort of

still, cool contemplation which, as a habit, found favor according to the sensibility of the ladies touching whom it was practised. It had been intimated to him more than once, in spite of his cloth, that just a certain turn of the head made this a license. But on this occasion his gaze was all respectful. He was lost in admiration. Yes, Nora was beautiful! Her beauty struck him the more that, not having witnessed the stages quick and fine by which it had come to her, he beheld now as a sudden revelation the consummate result. She had left home a simple maiden of common gifts, with no greater burden of loveliness than the slender, angular, neutral grace of youth and freshness; yet here she stood, a woman turned, perfect, mature, superb! It was as if she had bloomed into golden ripeness in the potent sunshine of a great contentment; as if, fed by the sources of æsthetic delight, her nature had risen calmly to its uttermost level and filled its measured space with a deep and lucid flood. A singular harmony and serenity seemed to pervade her person. Her beauty lay in no inordinate perfection of individual features, but in the deep sweet fellowship which reigned between smile and step and glance and tone. The total effect was an impression of the simplest and yet most stately loveliness. "Pallas Athene," said Hubert to himself, "sprang full-armed, we are told, from the brain of Jove. What a pity! What an untruth! She was born in the West, a plain, fair child; she grew through years and pinafores and all the changes of slow-coming comeliness. Then one fine day she was eighteen and she wore a black silk dress of Paris!" Meanwhile Pallas Athene had been asking about Roger. "Shall I see him to-morrow, at least?" she demanded.

"I doubt it; he'll not get out for a number of days."

"But I can easily go to him. Dear-est Roger! How things never turn out as we arrange them! I had arranged this meeting of ours to perfection! He was to dine with us here, and we were to talk, talk, talk, till midnight, and then I was to go home with him; and there we were to stand leaning on the banisters at his room door, and talk, talk, talk till morning."

"And where was I to be?" asked Hubert.

"I had n't arranged for you. But I expected to see you to-morrow. To-morrow I shall go to Roger."

"If the doctor allows," said Hubert.

Nora rose to her feet. "You don't mean to say, Hubert, that it's as bad as *that*?" She frowned a little and bent her eyes eagerly on his face. Hubert heard Mrs. Keith's voice in the hall; in a moment their *lête-à-lête* would be at an end. Instead of answering her question — "Nora," he said, in his deepest, lowest voice, "you're beautiful!" He caught her startled, unsatisfied glance; then he turned and greeted Mrs. Keith. He had not pleased Nora, evidently; it was premature. So to efface the solemnity of his speech, he repeated it aloud; "I tell Nora she is beautiful!"

"Bah!" said Mrs. Keith; "you need n't tell her; she knows it."

Nora smiled unconfusedly. "O, say it all the same!"

"Was n't it the French ambassador, in Rome," Mrs. Keith demanded, "who attacked you in that fashion? He asked to be introduced. There's an honor! '*Mademoiselle, vous êtes parfaitement belle.*'"

"Frenchwomen, as a rule, are not *parfaitement belles*," said Nora.

Hubert was a lover of the luxuries and splendors of life. He had no immediate personal need of them; he could make his terms with narrow circumstances; but his imagination was a born aristocrat. He liked to be reminded that certain things were, — ambassadors, ambassadorial compli-

ments, old-world drawing-rooms, with duskily moulded ceilings. Nora's beauty, to his vision, took a deeper color from this homage of an old starred and gartered *diplomat*. It was sound, it had passed the ordeal. He had little need at table to play at discreet inattention. Mrs. Keith, preoccupied with her housekeeping and the "dreadful state" in which her freshly departed tenants had left her rooms, indulged in a tragic monologue and dispensed with responses. Nora, looking frankly at Hubert, consoled their hostess with gentle optimism; and Hubert returned her looks, wondering. He mused upon the mystery of beauty. What sudden gift had made her fair? She was the same tender slip of girlhood who had come trembling to hear him preach a year before; the same, yet how different! And how sufficient she had grown, withal, to her beauty! How with the added burden had come an added strength, — with the greater charm a greater force, — a force subtle, sensitive, just faintly self-suspecting. Then came the thought that all this was Roger's, — Roger's investment, Roger's property! He pitied the poor fellow, lying senseless and helpless, instead of sitting there delightedly, drawing her out and showing her off. After dinner Nora talked little, partly, as he felt, from anxiety about her friend, and partly because of that natural reserve of the altered mind when confronted with old associations. He would have been glad to believe that she was taking pensive note of his own appearance. He had made his mark in her mind a twelvemonth before. Innumerable scenes and figures had since passed over it; but his figure, Nora now discovered, had not been trampled out. Fixed there indelibly, it had grown with the growth of her imagination. She knew that she had vastly changed, and she had wondered ardently whether Hubert would have lost favor with difference. Would he suffer by contrast with people she had seen? Would he seem graceless, colorless, common? Little by little, as

his presence defined itself, it became plain to her that the Hubert of the past had a lease of the future. As he rose to take his leave, she begged him to let her write a line to Roger, which he might carry.

"He'll not be able to read it," said Hubert.

Nora mused. "I'll write it, nevertheless. You'll place it by his bedside, and the moment he is better he will find it at hand."

When she had left the room, Mrs. Keith demanded tribute. "Have n't I done well? Have n't I made a charming girl of her?"

"She does you vast credit," said Hubert, with a mental reservation.

"O, but wait awhile! You've not seen her yet. She's tired and anxious about your cousin. Wait till she comes out. My dear Mr. Lawrence, she's perfect. She lacks nothing, she has nothing too much. You must do me justice. I saw it all in the rough, and I knew just what it wanted. I wish she were my daughter: you should see great doings! And she's as good as gold! It's her nature. After all, unless your nature's right, what are you?" But before Hubert could reply to this little spasm of philosophy, Nora reappeared with her note.

The next morning Mrs. Keith went to call officially upon her mother-in-law; and Nora, left alone and thinking much of Roger's condition, conceived an intense desire to see him. He had never been so dear to her as now, and no one's right to be with him was equal to hers. She dressed hastily and repaired to the little dwelling they were to have so cosily occupied. She was admitted by her old friend Lucinda, who, between trouble and wonder, found a thousand things to say. Nora's beauty had never received warmer tribute than the affectionate marvellings of this old woman who had known her early plainness so well. She led her into the drawing-room, opened the windows and turned her about in the light, patted her braided tresses, and rejoiced with motherly unction in her

tallness and straightness and elegance. Of Roger she spoke with tearful eyes. "It would be for him to see you, my dear," she said; "he'd not be disappointed. You're better than his brightest dreams. O, I know all about it! He used to talk to me evenings, after you were in bed. 'Lucinda, do you think she's pretty? Lucinda, do you think she's plain? Lucinda, do you dress her warm? Lucinda, have you changed her shoes? And mind, Lucinda, take good care of her hair; it's the only thing we're sure of!' Yes, my dear, you've me to thank for these big braids. Would he feel sure of you now, poor man? You must keep yourself in cotton-wool till he recovers. You're like a picture; you ought to be enclosed in a gilt frame and stand against the wall." Lucinda begged, however, that Nora would not insist upon seeing him; and her great reluctance betraying his evil case, Nora consented to wait. Her own slight experience could avail nothing. "He's flighty," said Lucinda, "and I'm afraid he would n't recognize you. If he should n't, it would do you no good; and if he should, it would do him none; it would increase his fever. He's bad, my dear, he's bad; but leave him to me! I nursed him as a baby; I nursed him as a boy; I'll nurse him as a man grown. I've seen him worse than this, with the scarlet fever at college, when his poor mother was dying at home. Baby, boy, and man, he's always had the patience of a saint. I'll keep him for you, Miss Nora, now I've seen you! I should n't dare to meet him in heaven, if I were to let him miss you!"

When Lucinda had returned to her bedside duties, Nora wandered about the house with a soundless tread, taking melancholy note of the preparations Roger had made for her return. His choice, his taste, his ingenuity, were everywhere visible. The best beloved of her possessions from the old house in the country had been transferred hither and placed in such kindly half-lights as would temper justice with

mercy; others had been replaced at a great cost. Nora went into the drawing-room, where the blinds were closed and the chairs and sofas shrouded in brown linen, and sat sadly revolving possibilities. How, with Roger's death, loneliness again would close about her; how he was her world, her strength, her fate! He had made her life; she needed him still to watch his work. She seemed to apprehend, as by a sudden supernatural light, the strong essence of his affection, his wisdom, his alertness, his masterly zeal. In the perfect stillness of the house she could almost hear his tread on the stairs, hear his voice utter her name with that tender adjustment of tone which conveyed a benediction in a commonplace. Her heart rose to her throat; she felt a passionate desire to scream. She buried her head in a cushion to stifle the sound; her silent tears fell upon the silk. Suddenly she heard a step in the hall; she had only time to brush them away before Hubert Lawrence came in. He greeted her with surprise. "I came to bring your note," he said; "I didn't expect to find you."

"Where can I better be?" she asked, with intensity. "I can do nothing here, but I should look ill elsewhere. Give me back my note, please. It doesn't say half I feel." He returned it and stood watching her while she tore it in bits and threw it into the empty fireplace. "I have been wandering over the house," she added. "Everything tells me of poor Roger." She felt an indefinable need of protesting of her affection for him. "I never knew till now," she said, "how much I loved him. I'm sure you don't know him, Hubert; not as I do. I don't believe any one does. People always speak of him with a little air of amusement. Even Mrs. Keith is witty at his expense. But I know him; I grew to know him in thinking of him while I was away. There's more of him than the world knows or than the world would ever know, if it was left to his modesty and the world's stupidity!"

Hubert made her a little bow, for her eloquence. "But I mean to put an end to his modesty. I mean to say, 'Come, Roger, hold up your head and speak out your mind and do yourself common justice.' I've seen people without a quarter of his goodness who had twenty times his assurance and his success. I shall turn the tables! People shall have no favor from me, unless they recognize Roger. If they want me, they must take him too. They tell me I'm a beauty, and I can do what I please. We shall see. The first thing I shall do will be to tip off their hats to the best man in the world."

"I admire your spirit," said Hubert. "Dr. Johnson liked a good hater; I like a good lover. On the whole, it's more rarely found. But aren't you the least bit Quixotic, with your terrible good-faith? No one denies that Roger is the best of the best of the best! But do what you please, Nora, you can't make pure virtue entertaining. I, as a minister, you know, have often regretted this dreadful Siamese twinning that exists between goodness and dulness. I have my own little Quixotisms. I've tried to cut them in two; I've dressed them in the most opposite colors; I've called them by different names; I've boldly denied the connection. But it's no use; there's a fatal family likeness! Of course you're fond of Roger. So am I, so is every one in his heart of hearts. But what are we to do about it? The kindest thing is to leave him alone. His virtues are of the fireside. You describe him perfectly when you say that everything in the house here sings his praise—already, before he's been here ten days! The chairs are all straight, the pictures are admirably hung, the locks are oiled, the winter fuel is stocked, the bills are paid! Look at the tidies pinned on the chairs. I'll warrant you he pinned them with his own hands. Such is Roger! Such virtues, in a household, are priceless. He ought never to marry; his wife would die for want of occupation."

What society cares for in a man is not his household virtues, but his worldly ones. It wants to see things by the large end of the telescope, not by the small. 'Be as good as you please,' says society, 'but unless you're interesting, I'll none of you!'

"Interesting!" cried Nora, with a rosy flush. "I've seen some very interesting people who have bored me to death. But if people don't care for Roger, it's their own loss!" Pausing a moment she fixed Hubert with the searching candor of her gaze. "You're unjust," she said.

This charge was pleasant to the young man's soul; he would not, for the world, have summarily rebutted it. "Explain, dear cousin," he said, smiling kindly. "Wherein am I unjust?"

It was the first time he had called her cousin; the word made a sweet confusion in her thoughts. But looking at him still while she collected them, "You don't care to know!" she cried. "Not when you smile so! You're laughing at me, at Roger, at every one!" Clever men had ere this been called dreadfully satirical before by pretty women; but never, surely, with just that imperious *naïveté*. She spoke with a kind of joy in her frankness; the sense of intimacy with the young man had effaced the sense of difference.

"The scoffing fiend! That's a pretty character to give a clergyman!" said Hubert.

"Are you, at heart, a clergyman? I've been wondering."

"You've heard me preach."

"Yes, a year ago, when I was a silly little girl. I want to hear you again."

"Nay, I've gained my crown, I propose to keep it. I'd rather not be found out. Besides, I'm not preaching now; I'm resting. Some people think me a clergyman, Nora," he said, lowering his voice with a hint of mock humility. "But do you know you're formidable, with your fierce friendships and your divine suspicions? If you doubt of me, well and good. Let me walk like a Homeric god in a

cloud; without my cloud, I should be sadly ungodlike. Eh! for that matter, I doubt of myself, on all but one point, — my sincere regard for Roger. I love him, I admire him, I envy him. I'd give the world to be able to exchange my restless imagination for his silent, sturdy usefulness. I feel as if I were toiling in the sun, and he were sitting under green trees resting from an effort which he has never needed to make. Well, virtue I suppose is welcome to the shade. It's cool, but it's dreadfully obscure! People are free to find out the best and the worst of *me*! Here I stand, with all my imperfections on my head, tricked out with a white cravat, baptized with a *reverend*, (heaven save the mark!) equipped with platform and pulpit and text and audience, — erected into a mouthpiece of the spiritual aspirations of mankind. Well, I confess our sins; that's good humble-minded work. And I must say, in justice, that when once I don my white cravat (I insist on the cravat, I can do nothing without it) and mount into the pulpit, a certain gift comes to me. They call it eloquence; I suppose it is. I don't know what it's worth, but they seem to like it."

Nora sat speechless, with expanded eyes, hardly knowing whether his humility or his audacity became him best; flattered, above all, by what she deemed the recklessness of his confidence. She had removed her hat, which she held in her hand, gently curling its great black feather. Few things in a woman could be fairer than her free uncovered brow, illumined with her gentle wonder. The moment, for Hubert, was critical. He knew that a young girl's heart stood trembling on the verge of his influence; he felt, without fatuity, that a glance might beckon her forward, a word might fix her there. Should he speak his word? This mystic precinct was haunted with the rustling ghosts of women who had ventured within and found no rest. But as the innermost meaning of Nora's beauty grew vivid before him, it seemed

to him that she, at least, might purge it of its sinister memories and dedicate it to peace. He knew in his conscience that to such as Nora he was no dispenser of peace; but as he looked at her she seemed to him as an angel knocking at his gates. He could not turn her away. Let her come, at her risk! For angels there is a special providence. "Don't think me worse than I am," he said, "but don't think me better! I shall love Roger well until I begin to fancy that you love him too well. Then — it's absurd perhaps, but I feel it will be so — I shall be jealous."

The words were lightly uttered, but his eyes and voice gave them value. Nora colored and rose; she went to the mirror and put on her hat. Then turning round with a laugh which, to one in the secret, might have seemed to sound the coming-of-age of her maiden's fancy, "If you mean to be jealous," she said, "now's your time! I love Roger now with all my heart. I can't do more!" She remained but a moment longer.

Her friend's illness baffled the doctors; a sceptic would have said it obeyed them. For a fortnight it went from bad to worse. Nora remained constantly at home, and played but a passive part to the little social drama enacted in Mrs. Keith's drawing-room. This lady had already cleared her stage and rung up her curtain. To the temporary indisposition of her *jeune première* she resigned herself with that serene good grace which she had always at command and which was so subtle an intermixture of kindness and shrewdness that it would have taken a wiser head than Nora's to apportion them. She valued the young girl for her social uses; but she spared her at this trying hour just as an *impresario*, with an eye to the whole season, spares a *prima donna* who is threatened with bronchitis. Between these two there was little natural sympathy, but in place of it a wondrous adjustment of caresses and civilities; little confidence, but innumerable confidences. They had

quietly judged each other and each sat serenely encamped in her estimate as in a high strategical position. Nevertheless I would have trusted neither one's account of the other. Nora, for perfect fairness, had too much to learn and Mrs. Keith too much to unlearn. With her companion, however, she had unlearned much of that circumspect jealousy with which, in the interest of her remnant of youth and beauty, she taxed her commerce with most of the fashionable sisterhood. She strove to repair her one notable grievance against fate by treating Nora as a daughter. She mused with real maternal ardor upon the young girl's matrimonial possibilities, and among them upon that design of which Roger had dropped her a hint of old. He held to his purpose of course; if he had fancied Nora then, he could but fancy her now.

But were his purpose and his fancy to be viewed with undiminished complacency? What might have been great prospects for Nora as a plain, homeless child, were small prospects for a young lady gifted with beauty which, with time, would bring the world to her feet. Roger would be the best of husbands; but in Mrs. Keith's philosophy, a very good husband might stand for a very indifferent marriage. She herself had married a fool, but she had married well. Her easy, opulent widowhood was there to show it. To call things by their names, would Nora, in marrying Roger, marry money? Mrs. Keith was at loss to appraise the worldly goods of her rejected suitor. At the time of his suit she had the matter at her fingers' ends; but she suspected that since then he had been lining his pockets. He puzzled her; he had a way of seeming neither rich nor poor. When he spent largely, he had the air of one straining a point; yet when he abstained, it seemed rather from taste than necessity. She had been surprised more than once, while abroad, by his copious remittances to Nora. The point was worth looking up. The reader

will agree with me that her conclusion warranted her friend either a fool or a hero ; for she graciously assumed that if, financially, Roger should be found wanting, she could easily prevail upon him to give the *pas* to a possible trio of Messrs. So-and-So, millionnaires to a man. Never was better evidence that Roger passed for a good fellow. In any event, however, Mrs. Keith had no favor to spare for Hubert and his marked and increasing "attentions." She had determined to beware of a false alarm ; but meanwhile she was vigilant. Hubert presented himself daily with a report of his cousin's condition,—a report most minute and exhaustive, seemingly, as a couple of hours were needed to make it. Nora, moreover, went frequently to her friend's house, wandered about aimlessly, and talked with Lucinda ; and here Hubert was sure to be found, or to find her, engaged in a similar errand. Roger's malady had defined itself as virulent typhus fever ; strength and reason were at the lowest ebb. Of course on these occasions Hubert walked home with the young girl ; and as the autumn weather made walking delightful, they chose the longest way. They might have been seen at this period perambulating in deep discourse certain outlying regions, the connection of which with the main line of travel between Mrs. Keith's abode and Roger's was not immediately obvious. Apart from her prudent fears, Mrs. Keith had a scantier kindness for Hubert than for most comely men. She fancied of him that he meant nothing,—nothing at least but the pleasure of the hour ; and the want of a certain masterly intention was of all shortcomings the one she most deprecated in a clever man. "What is he, when you come to the point?" she impatiently demanded of a friend to whom she had imparted her fears. "He's neither fish nor flesh, neither a priest nor a layman. I like a clergyman to bring with him a little odor of sanctity,—something that rests you, after common talk. Nothing is so

pleasant, near the fire, at the sober end of one's drawing-room. If he does n't fill a certain place, he's in the way. The Reverend Hubert is sprawling everywhere at once. His manners are neither of this world nor, I hope, of the next. Last night he let me bring him a cup of tea and sat lounging in his chair while I put it in his hand. O, he knows what he's about. He's pretentious, with all his *nonchalance*. He finds Bible texts rather meagre fare for week-days ; so he consoles himself with his pretty parishioners. To be one, you need n't go to his church. Is Nora, after all I've done for her, going to rush into one of these random American engagements ? I'd rather she married Mr. Jenks the carpenter, outright."

But in spite of Mrs. Keith's sinister previsions, these young persons played their game in their own way, with larger moves, even, and heavier stakes, than their shrewd hostess suspected. As Nora, for the present, declined all invitations, Mrs. Keith in the evening frequently went out alone and left her perforce in the drawing-room to entertain Hubert at her ease. Roger's illness furnished a grave undercurrent to their talk and gave it a tone of hazardous melancholy. Nora's young life had known no such hours as these. She hardly knew, perhaps, just what made them what they were. She hardly wished to know ; she shrank from staying the even lapse of destiny with a question. The scenes of the past year had gathered into the background like a huge distant landscape, glowing with color and swarming with life ; she seemed to stand with her friend in the double shadow of a passing cloud and a rustling tree, looking off and away into the mighty picture, caressing its fine outlines and lingering where the haze of regret lay purple in its hollows,—while he whispered the romance of hill and dale and town and stream. Never, she fondly fancied, had a young couple conversed with less of narrow exclusion ; they took all history, all culture, into their

confidence ; the radiant light of an immense horizon seemed to shine between them. Nora had felt deliciously satisfied ; she seemed to live equally in every need of her being, in soul and sense, in heart and mind. As for Hubert, he knew nothing, for the time, save that the angel was within his gates and must be treated to angelic fare. He had for the time the conscience, or the no-conscience, of a man who is feasting on the slopes of Elysium. He thought no evil, he designed no harm ; the hard face of destiny was twisted into a smile. If only, for Hubert's sake, this had been an irresponsible world, without penalties to pay, without turnings to the longest lanes ! If the peaches and plums in the garden of pleasure had no cheeks but ripe ones, and if, when we have eaten the fruit, we had n't to dispose of the stones ! Nora's charm of charms was a cool maidenly reserve which Hubert both longed and feared to make an end of. While it soothed his conscience it irritated his ambition. He wished to know in what depth of water he stood ; but no telltale ripple in this tropic calm availed to register the tide. Was he drifting in mid-ocean, or was he cruising idly among the sandy shallows ? I regret to say, that as the days elapsed Hubert found his rest troubled by this folded rose-leaf of doubt ; for he was not used to being baffled by feminine riddles. He determined to pluck out the heart of the mystery.

One evening, at Mrs. Keith's urgent request, Nora had prepared to go to the opera, as the season was to last but a week. Mrs. Keith was to dine with some friends and go thither in their company ; one of the ladies was to call for Nora after dinner, and they were to join the party at the theatre. In the afternoon came a young German lady, a pianist of merit who had her way to make, a niece of Nora's regular professor, with whom Nora had an engagement to practise duets twice a week. It so happened that, owing to a violent rain, Miss Lilienthal had been

unable to depart after their playing ; whereupon Nora had kept her to dinner, and the two, over their sweetbread, had sworn an eternal friendship. After dinner Nora went up to dress for the opera, and, on descending, found Hubert sitting by the fire deep in German discourse with the musical stranger. "I was afraid you'd be going," said Hubert ; "I saw *Don Giovanni* on the placards. Well, lots of pleasure ! Let me stay here awhile and polish up my German with mademoiselle. It's great fun. And when the rain's over, Fräulein, perhaps you'll not mind my walking home with you."

But the Fräulein was gazing in mute envy at Nora, standing before her in festal array. "She can take the carriage," said Nora, "when we have used it." And then reading the burden of that wistful regard — "Have you never heard *Don Giovanni* ?"

"Often !" said the other, with a poignant smile.

Nora reflected a moment, then drew off her gloves. "You shall go, you shall take my place. I'll stay at home. Your dress will do ; you shall wear my shawl. Let me put this flower in your hair, and here are my gloves and my fan. So ! You're charming. My gloves are large, — never mind. The others will be delighted to have you ; come to-morrow and tell me all about it." Nora's friend, in her carriage, was already at the door. The gentle Fräulein, half shrinking, half eager, suffered herself to be hurried down to the carriage. On the doorstep she turned and kissed her hostess with a fervent "*Du allerliebste !*" Hubert wondered whether Nora's purpose had been to please her friend or to please herself. Was it that she preferred his society to Mozart's music ? He knew that she had a passion for Mozart. "You've lost the opera," he said, when she reappeared ; "but let us have an opera of our own. Play something ; play Mozart." So she played Mozart for more than an hour ; and I doubt whether, among the singers who filled the theatre with their

melody, the great master found that evening a truer interpreter than the young girl playing in the lamplit parlor to the man she loved. She played herself tired. "You ought to be extremely grateful," she said, as she struck the last chord; "I have never played so well."

Later they came to speak of a novel which lay on the table, and which Nora had been reading. "It's very silly," she said, "but I go on with it in spite of myself. I'm afraid I'm too easily pleased; no novel is so silly I can't read it. I recommend you this, by the way. The hero is a young clergyman endowed with every grace, who falls in love with a fair Papist. She is wedded to her faith, and though she loves the young man after a fashion, she loves her religion better. To win his suit he comes near going over to Rome; but he pulls up short and determines the mountain shall come to Mahomet. He sets bravely to work, converts the young lady, baptizes her with his own hands one week, and marries her the next."

"Heaven preserve us! what a hotch-potch!" cried Hubert. "Is that what they are doing nowadays? I very seldom read a novel, but when I glance into one, I'm sure to find some such stuff as that! Nothing irritates me so as the flatness of people's imagination. Common life—I don't say it's a vision of bliss, but it's better than that! Their stories are like the underside of a carpet,—nothing but the stringy grain of the tissue—a muddle of figures without shape and flowers without color. When I read a novel my imagination starts off at a gallop and leaves the narrator hidden in a cloud of dust; I have to come jogging twenty miles back to the *dénouement*. Your clergyman here with his Romish sweet-heart must be a very pretty fellow. Why didn't he marry her first and convert her afterwards? Isn't a clergyman after all, before all, a man? I mean to write a novel about a priest who falls in love with a pretty Mahometan and swears by Allah to win her."

"Ah Hubert!" cried Nora, "would you like a clergyman to love a pretty Mahometan better than the truth?"

"The truth? A pretty Mahometan may be the truth. If you can get it in the concrete, after shivering all your days in the cold abstract, it's worth a bit of a compromise. Nora, Nora!" he went on, stretching himself back on the sofa and flinging one arm over his head, "I stand up for passion! If a thing can take the shape of passion, that's a fact in its favor. The greater passion is the better cause. If my love wrestles with my faith, as the angel with Jacob, and if my love stands uppermost, I'll admit it's a fair game. Faith is faith, under a hundred forms! Upon my word, I should like to prove it, in my own person. What a fraction of my personality is this clerical title! How little it expresses; how little it covers! On Sundays, in the pulpit, I stand up and talk to five hundred people. Does each of them, think you, appropriate his five hundredth share of my discourse? I can imagine talking to one person and saying five hundred times as much, even though she were a pretty Mahometan or a prepossessing idolatress! I can imagine being five thousand miles away from this blessed Boston,—in Turkish trousers, if you please, with a turban on my head and a chibouque in my mouth, with a great blue ball of Eastern sky staring in through the round window, high up; all in divine *insouciance* of the fact that Boston was abusing, or, worse still, forgetting me! That Eastern sky is part of the *mise en scène* of the New Testament,—it has seen greater miracles! But, my dear Nora," he added, suddenly, "don't let me muddle your convictions." And he left his sofa and came and leaned against the mantel-shelf. "This is between ourselves; I talk to you as I would to no one else. Understand me and forgive me! There are times when I must speak out and make my bow to the possible, the ideal! I must protest against the vulgar assumption of people who don't see beyond their noses;

that people who do, you and I, for instance, are living up to the top of our capacity, that we are contented, satisfied, balanced. I promise you I'm not satisfied, not I! I've room for more. I only half live; I'm like a purse filled at one end with small coin and empty at the other. Perhaps the other will never know the golden rattle! The Lord's will be done! I can say that with the best of them. But I shall never pretend that I've known happiness, that I've known life. On the contrary, I shall maintain I'm a failure! I had the wit to see, but I lacked the courage to do — and yet I've been called reckless, irreverent, audacious. My dear Nora, I'm the veriest coward on earth; pity me if you don't despise me. There are men born to imagine things, others born to do them. Evidently, I'm one of the first. But I *do* imagine them, I assure you!"

Nora listened to this flow of sweet unreason without staying her hand in the work, which, as she perceived the drift of his talk, she had rapidly caught up, but with a beating heart and a sense of rising tears. It was a ravishing medley of mystery and pathos and frankness. It was the agony of a restless soul, leaping in passionate rupture from the sickening circle of routine. Of old, she had thought of Hubert's mind as immutably placid and fixed; it gave her the notion of lucid depth and soundless volume. But of late, with greater nearness, she had seen the ripples on its surface and heard it beating its banks. This was not the first time; but the waves had never yet broken so high; she had never felt their salt spray on her cheeks. He had rent for her sake the seamless veil of the temple and shown her its gorgeous gloom. Before her, she discerned the image of the *genius loci*, the tutelary deity, with a dying lamp smoking at its feet and a fissure in its golden side. The rich atmosphere confused and enchanted her. The pavement under her feet seemed to vibrate with the mournful music of a retreating choir. She went on with her work,

mechanically taking her stitches. She felt Hubert's intense blue eyes; the little blue flower in her tapestry grew under her quick needle. A great door had been opened between their hearts; she passed through it. "What is it you imagine," she asked, with intense curiosity; "what is it you dream of doing?"

"I dream," he said, "of breaking a law for your sake!"

The answer frightened her; it savored of the disorder of passion. What had she to do with broken laws? She trembled and rolled up her work. "I dream," she said, trying to smile, "of the romance of keeping laws. I expect to get a deal of pleasure out of it yet." And she left her chair. For an instant Hubert was confused. Was this the last struggle which precedes submission or the mere prudence of indifference? Nora's eyes were on the clock. It rang out eleven. "To begin with," she said, "let me keep the law of 'early to bed.' Good night!"

Hubert wondered; he hardly knew whether he was rebuked or challenged. "You'll at least shake hands," he said, reproachfully.

A deeper consciousness had somehow been opened in her common consciousness, and she had meant in self-defence to omit this ceremony. "Good night," she repeated, letting him take her hand. Hubert gazed at her a moment and raised it to his lips. She blushed and rapidly withdrew it. "There!" cried Hubert. "I've broken a law!"

"Much good may it do you!" she answered, and went her way. He stood for a moment, waiting, and fancying, rather fatuously, that she might come back. Then, as he took up his hat, he wondered whether she too was not a bit of a coquette.

Nora wondered on her own side whether this scene had not been the least bit a *pièce de circonstance*. For a day love and doubt fared in company. Lucinda's mournful discourse on the morrow was not of a nature to restore her calmness. "Last night," said Roger's nurse, "he was very bad.

He woke out of his lethargy, but oh, on the other side of sense ! He talked all night about you. If he murmurs a word, it's always your name. He asked a dozen times if you had arrived, and forgot as often as I told him—he, dear man, who used to remember to a collar what he'd put into the wash ! He kept wondering whether anything had happened to you. Late in the evening, when the carriages began to pass, he cried out over each that it was you, and what would you think of him for not coming to meet you ? 'Don't tell her how bad I am,' he says ; 'I must have been in bed two or three days, have n't I, Lucinda ? Say I'll be out to-morrow ; that I've only a little cold ; that she's not to mind it, Hubert will do everything for her.' And then when, at midnight, the wind began to blow, he declared it was a storm, that your ship was on the coast. God keep you safe ! Then he asked if you were changed and grown ; were you pretty, were you tall, would he know you ? And he took the hand-glass and looked at himself and wondered if you would know him. He cried out that he was ugly, he was horrible, you'd hate him. He bade me bring him his razors and let him shave ; and when I would n't, he began to rage and call me names, and then he broke down and cried like a child." Hearing these things, Nora prayed almost angrily for Roger's recovery, — that he might live to see her more cunningly and lovingly his debtor. She wished to do something, she hardly knew what, not only to prove, but forever to commemorate, her devotion. Her fancy moulded with dim prevision the monumental image of some pious sacrifice. You would have marvelled to see, meanwhile, the easy breathing of her conscience. To serve Roger, to please Roger, she would give up her dream of Hubert. But best of all, if the clement skies should suffer that Hubert and she, one in all things else, should be one in his affection, one in his service !

For a couple of days she saw noth-

ing of Hubert. On the third there came excellent news of Roger, who had taken a marked turn for the better, and was out of the woods. She had declined, for the evening, a certain most seductive invitation ; but on the receipt of these tidings she revoked her refusal. Coming down to the drawing-room with Mrs. Keith, dressed and shawled, she found Hubert in waiting, with a face which uttered bad news. Roger's improvement had been momentary, a relapse had followed, and he was worse than ever. She tossed off her shawl with an energy not unnoted by her duenna. "Of course I can't go," she said. "It's neither possible nor proper." Mrs. Keith would have given the camellia out of her *chignon* that this thing should not have happened in just this way ; but she submitted with a good grace—for a duenna. Hubert went down with her to her carriage. At the foot of the stairs she stopped, and while gathering up her skirts, "Mr. Lawrence," she demanded, "are you going to remain here ?"

"A little while," said Hubert, with his imperturbable smile.

"A very little while, I hope." She had been wondering whether admonition would serve as a check or a stimulus. "I need hardly to tell you that the young lady up stairs is not a person to be trifled with."

"I hardly know what you mean," said Hubert. "Am I a person to trifle ?"

"Is it serious, then ?"

Hubert hesitated a moment. She perceived a sudden watchful quiver in his eye, like a sword turned edge outward. She unsheathed one of her own steely beams, and for the tenth of a second there was a dainty crossing of blades. "I admire Miss Lambert," cried Hubert, "with all my heart."

"True admiration," said Mrs. Keith, "is one half respect and the other half self-denial."

Hubert laughed, ever so politely. "I'll put that in a sermon," he said.

"O, I have a sermon to preach you," she answered. "Take your hat and go."

He made her a little bow, "I'll go up and get my hat." Mrs. Keith, catching his eye as he closed the carriage door, wished to heaven that she had held her tongue. "I've done him injustice," she murmured as she went. "I've fancied him light, but I see he's vicious." Hubert, however, kept his promise in so far as that he did take up his hat. Having held it a moment, he put it down. He had reckoned without his hostess! Nora was seated by the fire, with her bare arms folded, with a downcast brow. Dressed in pale corn-color, her white throat confined by a band of blue velvet, sewn with a dozen pearls, she was not a subject for summary farewells. Meeting her eyes, he saw they were filled with tears. "You mustn't take this thing too hard," he said.

For a moment she said nothing; then she bent her face into her hands and her tears flowed. "O poor, poor Roger!" she cried.

Hubert watched her weeping in her ball-dress those primitive tears. "I've not given him up," he said at last. "But suppose I had—" She raised her head and looked at him. "O," he cried, "I should have a hundred things to say. Both as a minister and as a man, I should preach resignation. In this crisis, let me speak my mind. Roger is part of your childhood; your childhood's at an end. Possibly, with it, he too is to go! At all events you're not to feel that in losing him you lose everything. I protest! As you sit here, he belongs to your past. Ask yourself what part he may play in your future. Believe me, you'll have to settle it, you'll have to choose. Here, in any case, *your* life begins. Your tears are for the dead past; this is the future, with its living needs. Roger's fate is only one of them."

She rose, with her tears replaced by a passionate gravity. "Ah, you don't know what you say!" she cried. "Talk of my future if you like, but not of my past! No one can speak of it, no one knows it! Such as you see me here, bedecked and bedizened, I'm a pen-

niless, homeless, friendless creature! But for Roger, I might be in the streets! Do you think I've forgotten it, that I ever can? There are things that color one's life, memories that last forever. I've my share! What am I to settle, between whom am I to choose? My love for Roger's no choice, it's part and parcel of my being!"

She seemed to shine, as she spoke, with a virginal faithfulness which commanded his own sincerity. Hubert was inspired. He forgot everything but that she was lovely. "I wish to heaven," he cried, "that you had never ceased to be penniless and friendless! I wish Roger had left you alone and not smothered you beneath this monstrous burden of gratitude! Give him back his gifts! Take all I have! In the streets? In the streets I should have found you, as lovely in your poverty as you're now in your finery, and a thousand times more free!" He seized her hand and met her eyes with the frankness of passion. Pain and pleasure, at once, possessed Nora's heart. It was as if joy, bursting in, had trampled certain tender flowers which bloomed on the threshold. But Hubert had cried, "I love you! I love you!" and joy had taken up the words. She was unable to speak audibly; but in an instant she was spared the effort. The servant hastily came in with a note superscribed with her name. She motioned to Hubert to open it. He read it aloud. "Mr. Lawrence is sinking. You had better come. I send my carriage." Nora's voice came to her with a cry,—"He's dying, he's dying!"

In a minute's time she found herself wrapped in her shawl and seated with Hubert in the doctor's *coupé*. A few moments more and the doctor received them at the door of Roger's room. They passed in and Nora went straight to the bed. Hubert stood an instant and saw her drop on her knees at the pillow. She flung back her shawl with vehemence, as if to release her hands; he was unable to see where she placed

them. He went on into the adjoining chamber, of which the door stood open. The room was dark, the other lit by a night-lamp. He stood listening awhile, but heard nothing; then he began to walk slowly to and fro, past the doorway. He could see nothing but the shining train of Nora's dress lying on the carpet beyond the angle of the bed. He wanted terribly to see more, but he feared to see too much. At moments he fancied he heard whispers. This lasted some time; then the doctor came in, with what seemed to him an odd, unprofessional smile. "The young lady knows a few remedies not taught in the schools," he whispered. "He has recognized her. He's good for to-night, at least. Half an hour ago he had no pulse at all, but this has started it. I'll come back in an hour." After he had gone Lucinda came, self-commissioned, and shut the door in Hubert's face. He stood a moment, with an unreasoned sense of insult and defeat. Then he walked straight out of the house. But the next morning, after breakfast, a more generous sentiment moved him to return. The doctor was just coming away. "It was a Daniel come to judgment!" the doctor declared. "I verily believe she saved him. He'll be sitting up in a fortnight!" Hubert learned that, having achieved her miracle, Nora had returned to Mrs. Keith's. What arts she had used he was left to imagine. He had still a sore feeling of having just missed a crowning joy; but there might yet be time to grasp it. He felt, too, an urgent need of catching a glimpse of the after-glow of Nora's mystical effluence. He repaired to Mrs. Keith's, hoping to find the young girl alone. But the elder lady, as luck would have it, was established in the drawing-room, and she made haste to inform him that Nora, fatigued by her "watching," had not yet left her room. But if Hubert was sombre, Mrs. Keith was radiant. Now was her chance to preach her promised sermon; she had just come into possession of facts which furnished a capital text.

"I suppose you'll call me a meddling busybody," she said. "I confess I seem to myself a model of forbearance. Be so good as to tell me in three words whether you are in love with Nora."

Taken thus abruptly to task, Hubert, after a moment's trepidation, kept his balance. He measured the situation at a glance, and pronounced it bad. But if heroic urbanity would save it, he would be urbane. "It's hardly a question to answer in two words," he answered, with an ingenuous smile. "I wish you could tell me!"

"Really," said Mrs. Keith, "it seems to me that by this time you might know. Tell me at least whether you are prepared to marry her?"

Hubert hesitated just an instant. "Of course not — so long as I'm not sure I'm in love with her!"

"And pray when will you make up your mind? And what's to become of poor Nora meanwhile?"

"Why, Mrs. Keith, if Nora can wait, surely you can." The urbanity need not be all on his side.

"Nora can wait? That's easily said. Is a young girl a thing to be tried like a horse, to be taken up and dropped again? O Mr. Lawrence, if I had ever doubted of the selfishness of men! What this matter has been for you, you know best yourself; but I can tell you that for Nora it has been serious!" At these words Hubert passed his hand nervously through his hair and walked to the window. "The fop!" said Mrs. Keith, *sotto voce*. "His vanity is tickled, on the very verge of exposure. If you are not consciously, passionately in love, you have no business here," she proceeded. "Retire, quietly, expeditiously, humbly. Leave Nora to me. I'll heal her bruises. They shall have been wholesome ones."

Hubert felt that these peremptory accents implied a menace; and that the lady spoke by book. His vanity rankled, but discretion drew a long breath. For a fortnight it had been shut up in a closet. He thanked the

Lord they had no witnesses ; with Mrs. Keith, for once, he could afford to sing small. He remained silent for a moment, with his brow bent in meditation. Then turning suddenly, he took the bull by the horns. "Mrs. Keith," he said, "you've done me a service. I thank you sincerely. I have gone further than I meant ; I admit it. I'm selfish, I'm vain, I'm anything you please. My only excuse is Nora's loveliness. It had beguiled me ; I had forgotten that this is a life of hard logic." And he bravely took up his hat.

Mrs. Keith was primed for a "scene" ; she was annoyed at missing it, and her easy triumph led her on. She thought, too, of the young girl up stairs, combing out her golden hair, and dreaming less of the logic than the poetry of life. She had dragged a heavy gun to the front ; she determined to fire her shot. So much virtue had never inspired her with so little respect. She played a moment with the bow on her morning-dress. "Let me thank you for your great humility," she said. "Do you know I was going to be afraid of you, so that I had intrenched myself behind a great big preposterous fact? I met last evening Mrs. Chatterton of New York. You know she's a great talker, but she talks to the point. She mentioned your engagement to a certain young lady, a dark-eyed person — need I repeat the name?" Nay, it was as well she should n't! Hubert stood before her, flushing crimson, with his blue eyes flashing cold wrath. He remained silent a moment, shaking a scornful finger at her. "For shame, madam," he cried. "That's shocking taste! You might have been generous ; it seems to me I deserve it." And with a summary bow he departed.

Mrs. Keith repented of this extra touch of zeal ; the more so as she found that, practically, Nora was to be the victim of the young man's displeasure. For four days he gave no sign ; Nora was left to explain his absence as she might. Even Roger's amendment failed to console her. At

last, as the two ladies were sitting at lunch, his card was brought in, superscribed *P. P. C.* Nora read it in silence, and for a moment rested her eyes on her companion with a piteous look which seemed to cry, "It's *you* I've to thank for this!" A torrent of remonstrances rose to Nora's lips, but they were sealed by the reflection that, though her friend might have provoked Hubert's desertion, its desperate abruptness pointed to some deeper cause. She pretended to occupy herself with her plate ; but her self-control was rapidly ebbing. She silently rose and retreated to her own room, leaving Mrs. Keith moralizing over her mutton-chop, upon the miseries of young ladyhood and the immeasurable egotism of the man who had rather produce a cruel effect than none at all. The various emotions to which Nora had been recently exposed proved too much for her strength ; for a week after this she was seriously ill. On the day she left her room she received a short note from Hubert.

"NEW YORK.

"DEAR FRIEND : You have, I suppose, been expecting to hear from me ; but I have not written, because I am unable to write as I wish and unwilling to write as — other people would wish! I left Boston suddenly, but not unadvisedly. I shall for the present be occupied here. The last month I spent there will remain one of the best memories of my life. But it was time it should end! Remember me a little — what do I say? — forget me! Farewell. I received this morning from the doctor the best accounts of Roger."

Nora handled this letter somewhat as one may imagine a pious maiden of the antique world to have treated a messenger from the Delphic oracle. It was obscure, it was even sinister ; but deep in its sacred dimness there seemed to glow a fiery particle of truth. She locked it up in her dressing-case and wondered and waited. Shortly after came a missive of a different

cast. It was from her cousin, George Fenton, and also dated New York.

"DEAR NORA: You have left me to find out your return in the papers. I saw your name a month ago in the steamer's list. But I hope the fine people and things you have been seeing have n't driven me quite out of your heart, and that you have a corner left for your poor old cousin and his scrawls. I received your answer to my letter of last February; after which I immediately wrote again, but in vain! Perhaps you never got my letter; I could scarcely decipher your Italian address. Excuse my want of learning! Your photograph is a joy forever. Are you really as good looking as that? It taxes even the credulity of one who knows how pretty you used to be; how good you must be still. When I last wrote I told you of my having taken stock in an enterprise for working over refuse iron, — dreadful trade! What do you care for refuse iron? It's awfully dirty and not fit to be talked of to a fine lady like you. Still, if you have any odd bits, — old keys, old nails, — the smallest contributions thankfully received! We think there's money in it; if there is n't, I'm afloat again; but again I suppose I shall drift ashore. If this fails, I think of going to Texas. I wish hugely I might see you before the bloom of my youth is sicklied o'er by an atmosphere of iron-rust. Get Mr. Lawrence to bring you to New York for a week. I suppose it would n't do for me to call on you in the light of day; but I might take service as a waiter at your hotel, and express my sentiments in strong tea and soft muton-chops. Does he still loathe me, Mr. Lawrence? Poor man, tell him to take it easy; I sha'n't trouble him again. Are you ever lonely in the midst of your grandeur? Do you ever feel that, after all, these people are not of your blood and bone? I should like you to quarrel with them, to know a *day's* friendlessness or a *day's* freedom, so that you might remember that here

in New York, in a dusty iron-yard, there is a poor devil who is yours without question, without condition, and till death!"

VIII.

Roger's convalescence went bravely on. One morning as he lay coquetting deliciously with returning sense, he became aware that a woman was sitting at his window in the sun. She seemed to be reading. He fancied vaguely that she was Lucinda; but at last it occurred to him that Lucinda was not addicted to literature, and that Lucinda's tresses, catching the light, were not of a kind to take on the likeness of a queenly crown. She was no vision; his visions had been dark and troubled; and this image was radiant and fixed. He half closed his eyes and watched her lazily through the lids. There came to him, out of his boyish past, a vague, delightful echo of the "Arabian Nights." The room was gilded by the autumn sunshine into the semblance of an enamelled harem court; he himself seemed a languid Persian, lounging on musky cushions; the fair woman at the window a Scheherazade, a Badoura. He closed his eyes completely and gave a little groan, to see if she would move. When he opened them, she had moved; she stood near his bed, looking at him. For a moment his puzzled gaze still told him nothing but that she was fictitiously fair. She smiled and smiled, and, after a little, as he only stared confusedly, she blushed, not like Badoura or Scheherazade, but like Nora. Her frequent presence after this became the great fact in his convalescence. The thought of her beauty filled the long empty hours during which he was forbidden to do anything but grow strong. Sometimes he wondered whether his impression of it was only part of the universal optimism of a man with a raging appetite. Then he would question Lucinda, who would shake her head and chuckle with elderly archness. "Wait till you're on your feet, sir, and judge

for yourself," she would say. "Go and call on her at Mrs. Keith's, and then tell me what you think." He grew well with a beating heart; he would have stayed his recovery for the very dread of facing his happiness. He muffled his pulse in a kind of brooding gravity which puzzled the young girl, who began to wonder whether his illness had left a flaw in his temper. Toward the last, Roger began to blush for his lingering aroma of medicine, and to wish to make a better appearance. He made a point, for some days, of refusing to see her, — always with a loving message, of course, conveyed through Lucinda. Meanwhile, he was shaved, anointed, and costumed. Finally, on a Sunday, he discarded his dressing-gown and sat up clothed and in his right mind. The effort, of course, gave him a huge appetite, and he dealt vigorous justice upon his luncheon. He had just finished, and his little table was still in position near his arm-chair, when Nora made her appearance. She had been to church, and on leaving church had taken a long walk. She wore one of those dark rich toilets of early winter, so becoming to fair beauties; but her face lacked freshness; she was pale and tired. On Roger's remarking it, she said the service had given her a headache; as a remedy, she had marched off briskly at haphazard, missed her way and wandered hither and thither. But here she was, safe and sound and hungry. She petitioned for a share in certain eleemosynary dainties, — that heavy crop of forbidden fruit, which blooms in convalescence, — which she had perceived wasting their sweetness in the dining-room. Hereupon she took off her bonnet and was bountifully served at Roger's table. She ate largely and hungrily, jesting at her appetite and getting back her color. Roger leaned back in his chair, watching her, carving her partridge, offering her this and that; in a word, falling in love. It happened as naturally, as he had never allowed for it. The flower of her beauty had bloomed in a night, that of

his passion in a day. When at last she laid down her fork, and, sinking back in her chair, folded her hands on her arms and sat facing him with a friendly, pointless, satisfied smile, and then raising her goblet, threw back her head and showed her white throat and glanced at him over the brim, while he noted her plump ringless hand, with the little finger curled out, he felt that he was in health again. She strolled about the room, idly touching the instruments on his dressing-table and the odds and ends on his chimney-piece. Her dress, which she had released from the loops and festoons then in fashion, trailed rustling on the carpet, and lent her a sumptuous, ladyish air which seemed to give a price to this domiciliary visit. "Everywhere, everywhere, a little dust," she said. "I see it's more than time I should be back here. I have been waiting for you to invite me; but as you don't seem inclined, I invite myself."

Roger said nothing for a moment. Then with a blush: "I don't mean to invite you; I don't want you."

Nora stared. "Don't want me? *Par exemple!*"

"I want you as a visitor, but not as a —" And he fumbled for his word.

"As a 'regular boarder'?" she took it gayly. "You turn me out of doors?"

"No; I don't take you in — yet awhile. My dear child, I have a reason."

Nora wondered, still smiling. "I might consider this very unkind," she said, "if I had n't the patience of an angel. Could you favor me with a hint of your reason?"

"Not now," he answered. "Never fear," he cried, with a laugh. "When it comes, it will be all-sufficient!" But he imparted it, a couple of days after, to Mrs. Keith, who came late in the afternoon to present her compliments on his recovery. She displayed an almost sisterly graciousness, enhanced by a lingering spice of coquetry; but somehow, as she talked, he felt as if she were an old woman and he still a young man. It seemed a sort of hear-

say that they should ever have been mistress and lover. "Nora will have told you," he said, "of my wishing you to kindly keep her awhile. I can give you no better proof of my regard, for the fact is, my dear friend, I'm in love with her."

"Come!" she cried. "This is interesting."

"I wish her to accept me freely, as she would accept any other man. For that purpose I must cease to be, in all personal matters, her guardian."

"She must herself forget her wardship, if there is to be any sentimentalizing between you,—all but forget it, at least. Let me speak frankly," she went on. Whereupon Roger frowned a bit, for he had known her frankness to be somewhat incisive. "It's all very well that you should be in love with her. You're not the first. Don't be frightened; your chance is fair. The needful point is that she should be just the least bit in love with you."

He shook his head with melancholy modesty. "I don't expect that. She loves me a little, I hope; but I say nothing to her imagination. Circumstances are fatally against it. If she falls in love, it will be with a man as unlike me as possible. Nevertheless, I do hope she may, without pain, learn to think of me as a husband. I hope," he cried, with appealing eyes, "that she may see a certain rough propriety in it. After all, who can make her such a husband as I? I'm neither handsome, nor clever, nor accomplished, nor known. She might choose from a dozen men who are. Pretty lovers doubtless they'd make; but, my friend, it's the *husband*, the husband, that counts!" And he beat his clenched hand on his knee. "Do they know her, have they watched her, as I have done? What are their months to my years, their vows to my acts? Mrs. Keith!"—and he grasped her hand as if to call her to witness,—“I undertake to make her happy. I know what you can say,—that a woman's happiness is worth nothing unless imagination lends a hand. Well, even as

a lover, perhaps I'm not a hopeless case! And then, I confess, other things being equal, I'd rather Nora should n't marry a poor man."

Mrs. Keith spoke, on this hint. "You're a rich one then?"

Roger folded up his pocket-handkerchief and patted it out on his knee, with pregnant hesitation. "Yes, I'm rich,—I may call it so. I'm rich!" he repeated with unction. "I can say it at last." He paused a moment, and then, with admirable *bonhomie*: "I was not altogether a pauper when you refused me. Since then, for the last six years, I have been saving and sparing and counting. My purpose has sharpened my wits, and fortune, too, has favored me. I've speculated a little, I've handled stock and turned this and that about, and now I can offer my wife a very pretty fortune. It's been going on very quietly; people don't know it; but Nora, if she cares to, shall show 'em!" Mrs. Keith colored and mused; she was lost in a tardy afterthought. "It seems odd to be talking to you this way," Roger went on, exhilarated by this *résumé* of his career. "Do you remember that letter of mine from P——?"

"I did n't tear it up in a rage," she answered. "I came across it the other day."

"It was rather odd, my writing it, you know," Roger confessed. "But in my sudden desire to register a vow, I needed a friend. I turned to you as my best friend." Mrs. Keith acknowledged the honor with a little bow. Had she made a mistake of old? She very soon decided that Nora should not repeat it. Her hand-shake, as she left her friend, was generous; it seemed to assure him that he might count upon her.

When, soon after, he made his appearance in her drawing-room, she gave him many a hint as to how to play his cards. But he irritated her by his slowness; he was too circumspect by half. It was only in the evening that he took a hand in the game. During the day, he left Nora to her

own affairs, and was in general neither more nor less attentive than if he had been some susceptible stranger. To spectators his present relation with the young girl was somewhat puzzling; though Mrs. Keith, "by no ambiguous giving out," had diffused a sympathetic expectancy. Roger wondered again and again whether Nora had guessed his meaning. He observed in her at times, in talk, he fancied, a forced nervous levity which seemed born of a need to conjure away the phantom of sentiment. And of this hostile need, of course, he hereupon strove to trace the lineage. He talked with her little, as yet, and never interfered in her talk with others; but he watched her devotedly from corners, and caught her words through the hum of voices, at a distance, while she exchanged soft nothings with the rank and file of her admirers. He was lost in incredulity of his good fortune; he rubbed his eyes. O heavenly favor of fate! Sometimes, as she stood before him, he caught her looking at him with heavy eyes and uncertain lips, as if she were on the verge of some passionate confidence. Adding this to that, Roger found himself rudely confronted with the suspicion that she was in love. Search as he could, however, he was unable to find his man. It was no one there present; they were all alike wasting their shot; the enemy had stolen a march and was hidden in the very heart of the citadel. He appealed distractedly to Mrs. Keith. "Love-sick, — lovesick is the word," he groaned. "I've read of it all my days in the poets, but here it is in the flesh. Poor girl, poor girl! She plays her part well; she's wound up tight; but the spring will snap and the watch run down. D—n the man! I'd rather he had her than sit and see this." He saw that his friend had bad news. "Tell me everything," he said; "don't spare me."

"You've noticed it at last," she answered. "I was afraid you would. Well! he's not far to seek. Think it over; can't you guess? My dear Mr.

Lawrence, you're celestially simple. Your cousin Hubert is not."

"Hubert!" Roger echoed, staring. A spasm passed over his face; his eyes flashed. At last he hung his head. "Good heavens! Have I done it all for Hubert?"

"Not if I can help it!" cried Mrs. Keith, with force. "She may n't marry you; but at the worst, she sha' n't marry him!"

Roger laid his hand on her arm; first heavily, then gently. "Dear friend, she must be happy, at any cost. If she loves Hubert, she must marry him. I'll settle an income!"

Mrs. Keith gave his knuckles a great rap with her fan. "You'll settle a fiddlestick! You'll keep your money and you'll have Miss Nora. Leave it to me! If you have no regard for your rights, at least I have."

"Rights? what rights have I? I might have let her alone. I need n't have settled down on her in her helpless childhood. O, Hubert's a happy man! Does he know it? You must write to him. I can't!"

Mrs. Keith burst into a ringing laugh. "Know it? You're amazing! Had n't I better telegraph?"

Roger stared and frowned. "Does he suspect it then?"

Mrs. Keith rolled up her eyes. "Come," she said, "we must begin at the beginning. When you speak of your cousin, you open up a gulf. There's not much in it, it's true; but it's a gulf. Your cousin is a knave, — neither more nor less. Allow me; I know what I say. He knew, of course, of your plans for Nora?" Roger nodded. "Of course he did! He took his chance, therefore, while you were well out of the way. He lost no time, and if Nora is in love with him, he can tell you why. He knew that he could n't marry her, that he should n't, that he would n't. But he made love to her, to pass the time. Happily, it passed soon. I had of course to be cautious; but as soon as I saw how things were going, I spoke, and spoke to the point. Though he's a knave,

he's no fool ; that was all he needed. He made his excuses, such as they were ! I shall know in future what to think of him."

Roger shook his head mournfully. "I'm afraid it's not to be so easily settled. As you say, Hubert's a gulf. I never sounded it. The fact remains, they love each other. It's hard, but it's fatal."

Mrs. Keith lost patience. "Don't try the heroic ; you'll break down," she cried. "You're the best of men, but I'll warrant you no saint. To begin with, Hubert doesn't love her. He loves no one but himself ! Nora must find her happiness where women as good have found it before this, in a sound, sensible marriage. She can't marry Hubert ; he's engaged to another person. Yes, I have the facts ; a young girl in New York with whom he has been off and on for a couple of years, but who holds him to his bargain. I wish her joy of it ! He's not to be pitied ; she's not Nora, but she's a nice girl, and she's to have money. So good-by to Hubert ! As for you, cut the knot ! She's a bit sentimental just now ; but one sentiment, at that age, is as good as another ! And, my dear man, the girl has a conscience, it's to be hoped ; give her a chance to show it. A word to the wise !"

Thus exhorted, Roger determined to act. The next day was a Sunday. While the ladies were at church he took up his position in their drawing-room. Nora came in alone ; Mrs. Keith had made a pretext for ascending to her own room, where she waited, breathing stout prayers. "I'm glad to find you," Nora said. "I have been wanting particularly to speak to you. Isn't my probation over ? Can't I now come back ?"

"It's about that," he answered, "that I came to talk to you. The probation, Nora, has been mine. Has it lasted long enough ! Do you love me yet ? Come back to me, come back to me as my wife."

She looked at him, as he spoke, with

a clear, unfrightened gaze, and, with his last words, broke frankly into a laugh. But as his own face was intensely grave, a gradual blush arrested her laugh. "Your wife, Roger ?" she asked gently.

"My wife. I offer you my hand. Dear Nora, is it so incredible ?"

To his uttermost meaning, somehow, her ear was still closed, as if she fancied he was half joking. "Is that the only condition on which we can live together ?"

"The only one — for me !"

She looked at him, still sounding his eyes with her own. But his passion, merciful still, retreated before her frank doubt. "Ah," she said, smiling, "what a pity I have grown up !"

"Well," he said, "since you're grown we must make the best of it. Think of it, Nora, think of it. I'm not so old, you know. I was young when we began. You know me so well ; you'd be safe. It would simplify matters vastly ; it's at least to think of," he went on, pleading for very tenderness, in this pitiful minor key. "I know it must seem odd ; but I make you the offer !"

Nora was painfully startled. In this strange new character of a lover she seemed to see him eclipsed as a friend, now when, in the trouble of her love, she turned longingly to friendship. She was silent awhile, with her embarrassment. "Dear Roger," she answered, at last, "let me love you in the old, old way. Why need we change ? Nothing is so good, so safe as that. I thank you from my heart for your offer. You've given me too much already. Marry any woman you please, and I'll be her serving-maid."

He had no heart to meet her eyes ; he had wrought his own fate. Mechanically, he took up his hat and turned away, without speaking. She looked at him an instant, uncertain, and then, loath to part with him so abruptly, she laid her arm round his neck. "You don't think me unkind ?" she said. "I'll do anything for you on earth"—"but that," was unspoken, yet Roger heard it. The dream of years

was shattered; he felt sick; he was dumb. "You forgive me?" she went on. "O Roger, Roger!" and, with a strange inconsequence of lovingness, she dropped her head on his shoulder. He held her for a moment as close as he had held his hope, and then released her as suddenly as he had parted with it. Before she knew it, he was gone.

Nora drew a long breath. It had all come and gone so fast that she was bewildered. It had been what she had heard called a "chance." Suppose she had grasped at it? She felt a kind of relief in the thought that she had been wise. That she had been cruel, she never suspected. She watched Roger, from the window, cross the street and take his way up the sunny slope. Two ladies passed him, friends as Nora saw; but he made no bow. Suddenly Nora's reflections deepened and the scene became portentous. If she had been wrong, she had been horribly wrong. She hardly dared to think of it. She ascended to her own room, to counsel with familiar privacy. In the hall, as she passed, she found Mrs. Keith at her open door. This lady put her arm round her waist, led her into the chamber toward the light. "Something has happened," she said, looking at her curiously.

"Yes, I've had an offer. From Roger."

"Well, well?" Mrs. Keith was puzzled by her face.

"Is n't he good? To think he should have thought it necessary! It was soon settled."

"Settled, dearest? How?"

"Why—why—" And Nora began to smile the more resolutely, as her imagination had taken alarm. "I declined."

Mrs. Keith released her with a gesture almost of repulsion. "Declined? Unhappy girl!" The words were charged with a sort of righteous indignation so unusual to the speaker, that Nora's conscience took the hint.

She turned very pale. "What have I done?" she asked, appealingly.

"Done, my dear? You've done a blind, cruel act! Look here." And Mrs. Keith having hastily ransacked a drawer, turned about with an open letter. "Read that and repent."

Nora took the letter; it was old and crumpled, the ink faded. She glanced at the date, — that of her first school-year. In a moment she had read to the closing sentence. "It will be my own fault if I have n't a perfect wife." In a moment more its heavy meaning overwhelmed her; its vital spark flashed back over the interval of years. She seemed to see Roger's bent, stunned head in the street. Mrs. Keith was frightened at her work. Nora dropped the letter and stood staring, open-mouthed, pale as death, with her poor young face blank with horror.

H. James Jr.

CALIFORNIA SAVED.

CALIFORNIA saved the Republic once, and has been saved by it in return. How saved?

Did it ever occur to the reader how opportune was the discovery of the placers at Coloma, coming, as it did, right upon the heels of the conquest of Mexico? The heroes of Buena Vista and Chapultepec had, by that conquest, been enabled to spy out the land and

the mines, and straightway there was a current of adventure and speculation setting toward her fabulous silver. But the fame of California turned aside this current, let us hope forever. American men and American money would have grouped themselves about the richest mines, and, becoming compactly knit together in strong towns, would have revolted, as the Lone Star Republic

did, and brought Mexico knocking at our doors eventually. And Mexico is death. Rome girdled nearly all the known world with victories; but from the day when her legions went down to Egypt there was opened a fountain of corruption and contention which subverted the empire. The day when we add Mexico it becomes our Egypt. California saved us from Mexico, however, at least temporarily, and we need not revolve these Babylonian members further.

The reader may, however, regard this as a case only vaguely made out, and negative at least; but there is another and a very positive element of salvation which California brought to the Republic struggling for life, in the \$131,300,000 of her gold product during the four years of the war, to say nothing of the million or more contributed out of her prodigal generosity toward the Sanitary fund. There has never been any adequate official acknowledgment of the mighty succor given by California to the life of the nation in those evil days. But Congress understood it well when there came a rumor and a dread that some losel rebel might fall foul of the monthly argosy, heavy with *oro Americano*, off the coast of Mazatlan, and when, in all haste, though in the midst of a gigantic and immensely expensive civil war, it voted millions to set the overland railroad digging. General Grant understood it when, upon the completion of that railroad, he congratulated the country that it was able now to reach over, and finger its "strong box" quickly in the day of its necessity.

But it is the main business of this paper to show how the Republic has not been ungrateful, and how California has in turn been rescued. And, first, it will be in order to inquire, at considerable length, into that condition and prospect of affairs from which, by an agency hereinafter to be set forth, this noble State was delivered.

In the winter of 1869-70, following the completion of that railroad which

many a man had looked forward to as about to restore, in some inexplicable manner, the "flush times" of 1850, everybody was asking, "What ails California?" In many a mountain mining town, which once resounded with the blast of the powder, the clank of the quartz-mill, and the merry click of the pistol, the doors were shut in the streets, and the sound of the grinding was low. The silver-mills were dry, the gold ran thin in the sluices, in many places the harvest had been shortened, and the "blanket-men" were abroad in ominous numbers. The mortgages on real estate in San Francisco crept up to the alarming figure of \$30,000,000. The immigrants did not arrive in the multitudinous hosts expected. The interior real estate which the sharks had grabbed by leagues and townships did not appreciate, but tumbled far down, and the weight of their borrowed money, at a frightful interest, was sinking them daily deeper than ever luckless digger floundered in the wintry "adobe" bogs of Salsapentos. Three thousand hungry men marched in procession through the streets of San Francisco, demanding work or bread, — a worse earthquake than ever rumbled up from the regions of grim Pluto, but, happily, one which can more easily be managed.

Sü, the venerable and godlike, says: "Every good and bad action will in the end receive its merited recompense; fly high or run far, still will it be difficult to escape." Wherein had California sinned, that her misdeed found her out so swiftly and so certainly?

Capital. The Chinaman performs as tidy scrubbing and cooking for \$20 or \$25 a month as Irish girls do for \$30 or \$35. He is tractable, patient, and obedient.

Labour. He buys the least possible quantity of home produce and manufactures on which he can keep body and soul together, bringing even his wretched clothing and his rice from China; therefore, he starves the butchers, grocers, bakers, etc.

C. It is his deft and nimble industry that gives us washing at half price and woollen blankets cheaper. Without him we could sustain no manufactures at all on this coast, against your obstinate and senseless strikes and eight-hour rules, to say nothing of Eastern competition; therefore you are benefited in spite of yourself, through shoes reduced and clothing lower.

L. He carries away with him all his earnings to China; makes no improvements, except the vilest huts, which were better burned; and will not even enrich the soil with his miserable body, but gathers up two car-loads of bones all along the Central Pacific, and ships them home. He has carried away millions which ought to have gone to encourage our artisans and grocers.

C. Look at the improvements for which we are indebted to his cheap and supple utility! But for the Chinese, the Union Pacific, with its easier grades and swarms of Irishmen, would have outstripped the Central Pacific, forced the point of junction far westward, and so have thrown the vast trade of Utah, Idaho, and Montana into the hands of Chicago. The Chinese rescued the commercial future of San Francisco.

L. The Chinamen labor for such pitiful wages that they undermine Caucasians, degrade the standard of wages so that no white labor can live with any decency or self-respect, and so drive thousands of men with families into downright beggary or thievery.

C. Every man has the right to employ what color of labor he will. If you are not content to labor for such wages as we, in the present universal depression, can give, you can go hang.

L. We will burn before we will hang.

And so burn it was. From a church in San José, which dared teach Chinamen the Catechism, to a railroad owned by a company which dared employ Chinese conductors on Chinese trains, the smoke went up, and only ashes were left. For months the larger cities were in a fever of alarm, and the police hunted incendiaries like dogs.

Most of the above discussion is of

the very wretchedest and most superficial quality, and the cancer must be probed deeper.

Imprimis. The mineral wealth of California has had a very unfortunate effect on large masses of the population in a twofold manner, illustrating the remark of Humboldt, made long before this El Dorado was known, that the influence of mines on the progressive cultivation of the earth is more durable than the mines themselves. First, they infected men with that mobility fever which seems to cling to most Californians till they make their last little entry of real estate. Second, many miners were attracted by the admirable adaptation of the Sierra Nevada foot-hills to vine culture, and gradually beat their picks into mattocks and their long-handled shovels into ploughs. But, most unfortunately, they never could get titles to their little vineyards, because the government, until very recently, held the land as "mineral land." A writer who has lived in these equivocal regions says: "Twenty years of one's life thus spent, without an anchor for hope or a certain haven ahead, will do much to undermine and demoralize the most stable character. Thousands of our earlier pioneers have suffered from the first, and are suffering to this hour, from that insecurity in their landed possessions which robs life of all its noblest incentives. . . . In this uncertain condition of things almost a generation has gone by; families have been reared and children have grown up without any noble aims in life; the instability of their condition woven into the life-threads of their characters. . . . A dispirited band of idlers, robbed of a purpose or legitimate pursuit in life, comes pouring into the large cities. San Francisco is overrun with them at this very moment."

The government is setting about the survey and sale of these mineral lands, but already great and irreparable injury has resulted from the delay. The amount of "poor white trash" (I beg the reader's pardon for using this mean

phrase, but to Americans it is more expressive than any other) which this delay has created is melancholy to contemplate.

Another most fruitful source of this fatal class of population is the infamous fraud of the old Spanish grants, pseudo and genuine, together with the iniquitous avarice of speculators. To liken great things to small, there is here something like that old monopoly, the Roman Empire, as it was in the third and fourth centuries, when the hordes of the savage and homeless tribes began to surge against its borders, and strain their bloodshot eyes across its walls toward the riotous opulence within. A man in Tulon valley owns a million dollars' worth of land for his herds to roam upon; yet he comes up to Sacramento, stands up in his place in the legislature, and fights like a villain against a projected railroad, because, forsooth, it would cleave his principality and induce settlement! And for want of that railroad the farmers pay half the value of their wheat for transportation. Another in Kern valley owns 230,000 acres, but sixty families go home to Texas because they can find no useful land. Another, near Santa Barbara, claims 247,000 acres, and the people of that city hold an indignation meeting, because no farmers can colonize near them, and that one ranch is throttling them like an African boa. And even mutton is not cheap. Another in San Luis Obispo owns 63,000 acres, so selected with reference to springs, ranges, etc., that he has absolute control of 40,000 acres of government land around him. A dozen poor men could live on this land, each keeping a few hundred sheep, but this man can crush them all by "pasturing them out," and refusing them access to his springs.

What are the consequences? In crossing the continent, I passed on foot through the whole length of Southern California, and I was sickened and saddened beyond expression at the evidences of the rapidity with which this section is filling up with

"poor white trash." Anywhere among the hills, all softened with a film of tender, lilac, *chiaroscuro* haze, brightly green on the north side with the *chamiral*, but on the south side nibbled bare and dusty by the flocks of some great shepherd lord, you shall find these families in abandoned shepherd's huts or cottonwood cabins. They are each a lank and sallow couple, with the unmistakable Pike County twang, and seven white-headed girls. A spring of water is hard by; under the overshadowing live-oak hangs a half-eaten carcass of venison; in the cabin there is a kerosene-can full of wild honey. That is all. This class is created by Chinese competition, by the old Spanish and speculative infamies, and by that ingrained vagabondism which never will be stamped out of California until placer mining gives place to the steadfast industry of deep mining.

Come north and look again. On these vast plains of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, in the midst of a boundless contiguity of wheat, the equal of which does not wave on earth, stands a mean, unplanned, unshaded shanty. Starr King says, "The farmer is king"; but in California he abides in a hovel, though he may own thousands. For days and days together the whistle of the steam-thresher can be heard, to-day here, to-morrow there, but always on this one man's ranch. The gang of laborers, almost black with dust, follow the machine through the season; for these six weeks of threshing are their principal labor and "job" of the year. When the summer is past, and the wheat sacked in the field, they flock into the towns, and as soon as they and their coin have parted company they sally forth again, aimless, hopeless, incurable "blanket-men."

These iniquitous monopolies ought to have been broken up long ago, and a portion tossed out to every honest man who would work and save and pay. Californians have pointed over and over again to the land monopolies of Michigan and Illinois, and predicted that

theirs would be dissolved in the same manner. But they forgot that those States had no Chinese. The evil influence of the Chinese in perpetuating these monopolies has been, not that they bought land themselves, but that they scared men away. Mongolophobia has the same effect in California that negrophobia has in South Carolina. Hon. F. M. Pixley (Republican) declared in a lecture that the Chinese had scared away thirty thousand men from California.

The bane of California has always been that it had an excess of hirelings, bachelors, and a lack of families; and the Chinese have perpetuated this evil in a double manner. They sat up no household Lares and Penates themselves, and they frightened away men who would. They are the worst possible hireling element that could go on the farms, for they dislike to labor for small isolated farmers, but prefer to drive business in gangs; hence they have helped to ruin the hard-fisted yeomanry who are the sheet-anchor of any country, and assisted to build up the ranches already too great.

California was unfortunate in the first construction of its society and business. With the discovery of gold there drifted rapidly upon these shores wave after wave of splendid and adventurous humanity, mingled with the baser froth and spume; and thus a fortunate and energetic few, by the mere fact of their presence, waxed rich and mighty in the land, willy nilly. They could not help themselves; they had "greatness thrust upon them." The State has had but two Governors, and the metropolis but two Mayors, who did not "come here in '49 or the spring of '50," as the old pioneers are so fond of phrasing it. Thus, what with the Spanish land grants, and the immense grabs which were made in that famous year into this waste and unhandled wild, we have here something bordering hard upon English primogeniture, with all its train of evils. There are these energetic or fortunate few, *inter pares primi*, under whose magic

touch everything has turned into gold. They are strong and great and happy. They have the banks, the express and stage companies, the ranches, the steamboats, the railroads. "Opposition" in this country means "the second son," it means a losing game. These men are anxious to see California grow, partly because of a commendable public pride, partly because its growth is their wealth. It irks them to see "enterprises of great pith and moment" languish for want of laborers. Many of them are parvenus, and hardly brook the lordly uses and the arrogance of the sometime miners and speculators, who have drifted down from loss to loss, and lodged at last, as common laborers, with soured tempers and broken bodies, in this soft and sunny clime.

At this point step in the Chinese. I do the employers the justice to believe them when they affirm they prefer white laborers. Even the Central Pacific managers struggled on for years with white labor alone; and it was only when the Union Pacific was gaining fearfully on them, and was likely to push the junction point back nearly to California, that they reluctantly took Chinamen. For this they were so violently attacked that, in defending themselves, they naturally overshot the mark, pushed the defence into a matter of supererogation, and became, in some sort, the great Chinese champions. It is all the more lamentable that the white laborers, by their absurd and infamous arrogance, have wrought their own harm, and badgered employers into replacing them with Chinese. It seems as if, almost in proportion as white laborers in California are worthless, in that same proportion are they outrageously dictatorial. The Chinese are a tame and feeble folk, docile, exceedingly imitative, and, in certain small and nimble labors, remarkably industrious. In the hot and heavy work of railroads and farms, however, they are admitted and notable failures; yet, by grouping them in masses, the contractors could make them do some-

thing by main strength and awkwardness.

Thus it was the Mongolians were supplanting the vagabonds, "those unfortunates, the Helots of mankind," of whom the mines supplied so many, — which was well enough, — but were gaining such a foothold as to scare away a better class, — which was evil and only evil. California was sailing down a glittering track of prosperity toward hideous moral and social ruin. Of all desirable things, this State most needs, and will have the greatest trouble in securing, a hard-fisted middle class, to redeem her from the infamy of money-jugglers and of vagabonds. If the Chinese brought their wives and stayed for life, their remarkable imitateness would soon have turned them into the best of citizens; but, as it was, they were only making California hollow. There is no health for the State, so fond of city life, except in making what voting population can be induced to stay in the country as numerous as possible. And it was the Chinese who were rooting out this priceless yeomanry, as the slaves of Italy, in the time of the Roman Empire, rooted out the independent peasantry.

Now that the crisis has passed, and Chinese immigration is in rapid decline, it may be well to give a few figures, to show whither we were tending. In the decade ending with 1850 only 35 Chinese arrived; in that ending with 1860, 41,396; in that ending with 1870, 67,466. But the significant fact was that, while the rate of Caucasian immigration was decreasing, that of the Mongolian was increasing, and these two facts stood partly in the relation of cause and effect. Thus, in the first five months of 1870, when the Chinese immigration was about at high-water mark, the Caucasian gain of San Francisco was 6,637 and the Mongolian was 5,109. In the month of May, 1870, the Caucasian gain was 1,716, while the Mongolian was actually greater, being 2,854! That was not a happy circumstance. In 1860 the popula-

tion of San Francisco had only 4.07 per cent of Chinese, in 1870 it had 7.7 per cent. True, the actual number of Caucasian arrivals in the State was always much larger than that of the Mongolians; but the steady gain of the percentage of the latter over that of the former was not an auspicious portent.

As to the Chinese themselves, no man with any heart of human pity in his breast could harbor any malice toward these poor, cowering souls, braving the perils of a vast ocean and the accursed barbarism of the "superior race" after they arrived, in the hope of being able to carry back to their wretched homes some poor little remnant of gold for their families. If they had come in families, that they might have been built into the nation, no sensible man could have done other than welcome them; but coming only as slaves to their companies, and dwelling apart, with their hideous and unnatural customs intact, an *imperium in imperio*, they were rotting out the heart of the people.

And one of the most deplorable elements of the social and moral condition of California which this unhappy question of the Chinese introduced was the ignoble and belittling tyranny of party which it brought.

On one side the mean and pitiful necessity of defending that against which a man's secret best convictions revolt; and on the other, the brutal demagoguery and pretended assent to the infamous propositions of the mob. In all those years while California was slowly filling up with these wretched slaves, the best and most influential voices, those which alone could be heard in Washington, were smothered and silent as ever the press of the South was in the days of the oligarchy; or else, goaded by the wretched ravings of the anti-Coolie organs or the infernal atrocities of the mob, they sallied out and besmeared the Chinaman's wounds with the balm of protestations to an extent which was offensive. The press of California is more nobly independent in politics

than that of any other State, but it was as absolutely bound hand and foot in regard of the Chinese question as ever were the organs of Louisiana touching slavery.

"If society must have 'mudsills,' it is certainly better to take them from a race which would be benefited by even that position in a civilized community, than subject a portion of our own race to a position which they have outgrown."

The above is an authoritative and representative utterance, and how much it sounds like the old *ante-bellum* reasoning of Governor Hammond and *Debow's Review*, by which it was demonstrated that the presence of the negro was the elevation of the white man. And the "poor white trash" are the answer.

"The clear-headed capitalist rejects the present one per cent for the future five per cent per month for his capital, and adds thereto the gratification of having done his part in forwarding the interests of all mankind."

This is from the same authoritative source. It was not often that more ardent and arrogant foolery was uttered by the South in the palmy days of King Cotton. It was getting to be high time that a way should be found for introducing into California a pretty good supply — enough that every citizen might have a portion — of the notion that one per cent per month is a good deal better than the sulks and nothing per month.

And now, after this somewhat detailed examination into the condition of California, it remains to set forth the agency by which were exorcised these evil notions and these evil janglings. In May, 1869, the overland railroad was joined on Promontory Mountain, and the two locomotives moved up and rubbed their snouts together, in symbol of the friendly salute of their owners.

"Facing on the single track,
Half a world behind each back."

That was the signal for the dismiss-

sal, by the Central Pacific alone, of an army of sixteen thousand laborers, of whom one half were Chinese. This great multitude, surging back toward California, swamped the labor market in a twinkling. The hundreds of butchers, bakers, grocers, and millers who had supplied them were suddenly without customers. The golden stream of a million dollars per month, which had flowed from the coffers of the Central Pacific, ceased to pour. The fifty ships per month which had sailed up the Sacramento, laden with materials for the mighty work, now bumped their grass-grown hulks idly against the San Francisco wharfs. Real estate suffered a disastrous collapse, tumbling from the top of a ladder of extraordinary inflation down to the fourth or fifth round. The drummers and runners of Chicago swarmed in the land like the locusts of Egypt, while the merchants of San Francisco sat in their office chairs, cocked up their heels on the "great resources," serenely smoked the cigar of the "laws of trade," and saw the interior merchants walk off arm in arm with Chicago. Hundreds of merchants, wagon-makers, grocers, etc., barely escaped bankruptcy by dismissing their hands and cutting down expenses, while scores sold everything at a ruinous loss, and with the wrecks bought a piece of a ranch. The in-rushing of Eastern goods and Eastern competition was more than California could hold, and the whole bottom dropped out, temporarily. An extraordinary and ominous number of "blanket-men" were abroad, and that winter the streets of San Francisco shook to the tread of thousands of marching men clamoring for work or bread.

Never since the day when Babel heaved its ambitious walls in the face of heaven, have men more thoroughly accomplished the opposite of what they sought. It was expected that the railroad would bring the starving East and Europe to California for land; but the first and greatest thing it had to do, was to carry homesick California to the East on a visit. It was confi-

dently expected that it would restore the ever-lamented "flush times" of 1850; but, instead of that, it sunk California, temporarily, to the profoundest depths of depression. It was amusing to see the commercial grimaces and wincing with which it was at last reluctantly admitted that the railroad "was not an unmixed good," and to hear men proclaim themselves lustily against it (in fact it bore itself pretty haughtily) and take up the championship of the stage-coach. In fact, California had fallen into a deep and refreshing slumber, lulled by the pæans of her own invincible greatness. The minds of men in trade were provincial, colonial, narrow. The first through train, laden with the belated thunders of Gettysburg, and the big, hoarse music of the noisy and jostling East, was as if a six-cylinder press had suddenly been heard clanking in the Happy Valley of Rasselas and Imlac.

And now, for the first time, it went hard in good sooth with poor John Chinaman. Who killed Cock Robin? The Central Pacific, his best friend. It was a new thing under the sun to hear a Chinaman complain of "hard times." And not long after, it was "Californee alle same Chinees now"; and then again, a little later, "Chinee better Californes; vellee hard times now." And then there came, in the summer of 1870, the famous manifesto of the Six Companies, which was posted on all the dead-walls of the Celestial Empire, warning their countrymen to remain at home. In due process of time those superb steamers of the Pacific Mail no longer staggered wearily into the Golden Gate, after their long, long flight, with nine, ten, eleven hundred yellow faces staring out from their decks upon the fabled shores. They arrived with only a hundred, seventy-five, fifty, but went away reeling under hundreds upon hundreds. Thousands who had gambled away all their earnings in the prodigal years when the

Central Pacific was building, now circumscribed all their ambition to the one little purpose of saving enough gold to carry them home.

Those two car-loads of Chinese bones, dug up in the Nevada desert along the Central Pacific, were the vanguard of the final exodus.

"And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him: for he had straitly sworn the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you; and ye shall carry up my bones away hence with you."

And, after their hard labor and bondage in the desert, let them depart in peace. Let them spoil us, the Egyptian task-masters, if they will, and carry home their poor little remnant of gold, and their silver. They have earned it well.

With the departure of the Chinese will come the long - expected immigrants. With them will come the just partition of the soil. With that will come white competition in labor, to which the workmen need no longer scorn to yield. With that will come cheap capital, busy to seek out the development of the land, instead of hoarding itself in bank, or throwing itself away on those infamous money-juggles of lying speculators.

Thus, at the last ringing stroke of the sledge on the golden spike of the junction, all this provincial narrowness, and these false ideas and false systems, vanished like the gibbering ghosts at cockcrow; and a new and true foundation was laid whereon to build the future of this peerless California. Not less auspicious for America was the hour when those locomotive pilots touched together, on Promontory Mountain, than was for Europe that day when Charles Martel smote hip and thigh of the Saracenic hordes before the walls of Tours. Alexander Dumas says Africa begins at the Pyrenees. We did not want Asia to begin at the Sierra Nevada. Thanks to the overland railroad, it shall not.

Stephen Powers.

THE NEW LIGHT.

THE dark before the day,
The dawning silver-gray,
Is sweet with treasured fragrance overrun ;
So went my girlhood's hours,
And, folded like the flowers,
The heart of life was waiting for its sun.

In the pale east I saw
The gleaming stars withdraw,
The fairy lights of childhood, one by one ;
O gladder light of youth,
And sweeter tale of truth !
What star did ever whisper of the sun ?

Before the morning spring,
The birds awake and sing ;
What is it ? — but they twitter mystery, —
And all my thoughts, like birds,
Sing music without words,
And flutter, flutter, and I wonder why !

All in the dawning still
The woods begin to thrill,
Through silent aisles the eager whispers run ;
O peace, my foolish heart ?
What makes thee throb and start ? —
He's coming, coming, — lo, it is the sun !

O, while the skies were gray,
Where hast thou been, my Day ?
And where was I in dreams apart from thee ?
What land hath let thee go
To smile upon me so ?
What hand hath led thee all the way to me ?

No longer stay the streams,
Hushed in the moonlight gleams,
Now all the darkling oracles are dumb ;
No more inquire and wait,
At threshold of thy fate ;
Enter a queen, O heart ! the king is come !

Carl Spencer.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

VII.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THEY were to take the Canadian steamer at Charlotte, the port of Rochester, and they rattled uneventfully down from Niagara by rail. At the broad, low-banked river-mouth the steamer lay beside the railroad station; and while Isabel disposed of herself on board, Basil looked to the transfer of the baggage, novelly comforted in the business by the respectfulness of the young Canadian who took charge of the trunks for the boat. He was slow, and his system was not good; he did not give checks for the pieces, but marked them with the name of their destination, and there was that indefinable something in his manner which hinted his hope that you would remember the porter; but he was so civil that he did not snub the meekest and most vexatious of the passengers, and Basil mutely blessed his servile soul. Few white Americans, he said to himself, would behave so decently in his place; and he could not conceive of the American steamboat clerk who would use the politeness towards a waiting crowd that the Canadian purser showed when they all wedged themselves in about his window to receive their state-room keys. He was somewhat awkward, like the porter, but he was patient, and he did not lose his temper even when some of the crowd, finding he would not bully them, made bold to bully him. He was three times as long in serving them as an American would have been, but their time was of no value there, and he served them well. Basil made a point of speaking him fair, when his turn came, and the purser did not trample on him for a base truckler, as an American jack-in-office would have done.

Our tourists felt at home directly on this steamer, which was very comforta-

ble, and in every way sufficient for its purpose, with a visible captain, who answered two or three questions very pleasantly, and bore himself toward his passengers in some sort like a host.

In the saloon Isabel had found among the passengers her semi-acquaintances of the hotel parlor and the elevator, and had glanced tentatively toward them. Whereupon the matron of the party had made advances that ended in their all sitting down together, and wondering when the boat would start, and what time they would get to Montreal next evening, with other matters that strangers going upon the same journey may properly marvel over in company. The introduction having thus accomplished itself, they exchanged addresses, and it appeared that Richard was Colonel Ellison, of Milwaukee, and that Fanny was his wife. Miss Kitty Ellison was of western New York, not far from Erie. There was a diversion presently towards the different state-rooms; but the new acquaintances sat *vis-a-vis* at the table, and after supper the ladies drew their chairs together on the promenade deck, and enjoyed the fresh evening breeze. The sun set magnificent upon the low western shore which they had now left an hour away, and a broad stripe of color lay behind the steamer. A few thin, luminous clouds darkened momentarily along the horizon, and then mixed with the land. The stars came out in a clear sky, and a light wind softly buffeted the cheeks, and breathed life into nerves that the day's heat had wasted. It scarcely wrinkled the tranquil expanse of the lake, on which there loomed, far or near, a full-sailed schooner, and presently melted into the twilight, and left the steamer solitary upon the waters. The company was small, and not remarkable enough in any way to take the thoughts of any one off his own com-

fort. A deep sense of the coseyness of the situation possessed them all, which was if possible intensified by the spectacle of the captain, seated on the upper deck, and smoking a cigar that flashed and fainted like a stationary firefly in the gathering dusk. How very distant, in this mood, were the most recent events! Niagara seemed a fable of antiquity; the ride from Rochester a myth of the Middle Ages. In this cool, happy world of quiet lake, of starry skies, of air that the soul itself seemed to breathe, there was such consciousness of repose as if one were steeped in rest and soaked through and through with calm.

The points of likeness between Isabel and Mrs. Ellison shortly made them mutually uninteresting, and, leaving her husband to the others, Isabel frankly sought the companionship of Miss Kitty, in whom she found a charm of manner which puzzled at first, but which she presently fancied must be perfect trust of others mingling with a peculiar self-reliance.

"Can't you see, Basil, what a very flattering way it is?" she asked of her husband, when, after parting with their friends for the night, she tried to explain the character to him. "Of course no art could equal such a natural gift; for that kind of belief in your good-nature and sympathy makes you feel worthy of it, don't you know; and so you can't help being good-natured and sympathetic. This Miss Ellison, why, I can tell you, I should n't be ashamed of her anywhere." By anywhere Isabel meant Boston, and she went on to praise the young lady's intelligence and refinement, with those expressions of surprise at the existence of civilization in a westerner which westerners find it so hard to receive graciously. Happily, Miss Ellison had not to hear them. "The reason she happened to come with only two dresses is, she lives so near Niagara that she could come for one day, and go back the next. The colonel's her cousin, and he and his wife

go East every year, and they asked her this time to see Niagara with them. She told me all over again what we eavesdropped so shamefully in the hotel parlor; and I don't know whether she was better pleased with the prospect of what's before her, or with the notion of making the journey in this original way. She did n't force her confidence upon me, any more than she tried to withhold it. We got to talking in the most natural manner; and she seemed to tell these things about herself because they amused her and she liked me. I had been saying how my trunk got left behind once on the French side of Mont Cenis, and I had to wear aunt's things at Turin till it could be sent for."

"Well, I don't see but Miss Ellison could describe you to her friends very much as you've described her to me," said Basil. "How did these mutual confidences begin? Whose trustfulness first flattered the other's? What else did you tell about yourself?"

"I said we were on our wedding journey," guiltily admitted Isabel.

"O, you did!"

"Why, dearest! I wanted to know, for once, you see, whether we seemed honeymoon-struck."

"And do we?"

"No," came the answer, somewhat ruefully. "Perhaps, Basil," she added, "we've been a little *too* successful in disguising our bridal character. Do you know," she continued, looking him anxiously in the face, "this Miss Ellison took me at first for — your sister!"

Basil broke forth in outrageous laughter. "One more such victory," he said, "and we are undone"; and he laughed again immoderately. "How sad is the fruition of human wishes! There's nothing, after all, like a good thorough failure for making people happy."

Isabel did not listen to him. Safe in a dim corner of the deserted saloon, she seized him in a vindictive embrace; then, as if it had been he who suggested the idea of such a loathsome relation, hissed out the hated words,

"*Your sister!*" and released him with a disdainful repulse.

A little after daybreak the steamer stopped at the Canadian city of Kingston, a handsome place, substantial to the water's edge, and giving a sense of English solidity by the stone of which it is largely built. There was an accession of many passengers here, and they and all the people on the wharf were as little like Americans as possible. They were English or Irish or Scotch, with the healthful bloom of the Old World still upon their faces, or if Canadians they looked not less hearty; so that one must wonder if the line between the Dominion and the United States did not also sharply separate good digestion and dyspepsia. These provincials had not our regularity of features, nor the best of them our careworn sensibility of expression; but neither had they our complexions of *adobe*; and even Isabel was forced to allow that the men were, on the whole, better dressed than the same number of average Americans would have been in a city of that size and remoteness. The stevedores who were putting the freight aboard were men of leisure; they joked in a kindly way with the orange-women and the old women picking up chips on the pier; and our land of hurry seemed beyond the ocean rather than beyond the lake.

Kingston has romantic memories of being Fort Frontenac two hundred years ago; of Count Frontenac's splendid advent among the Indians; of the brave La Salle, who turned its wooden walls to stone; of wars with the savages and then with the New York colonists, whom the French and their allies harried from this point; of the destruction of La Salle's fort in the old French War; and of final surrender a few years later to the English. All about the city the shores are beautifully wooded, and there are many lovely islands, — the first indeed of those Thousand Islands with which the head of the St. Lawrence is filled, and among which the steamer was presently threading her way. They are still as charming and

still almost as wild as when, in 1673, Frontenac's flotilla of canoes passed through their labyrinth and issued upon the lake. Save for a lighthouse upon one of them, there is almost nothing to show that the foot of man has ever pressed the thin grass clinging to their rocky surfaces, and keeping its green in the eternal shadow of their pines and cedars. In the warm morning light they gathered or dispersed before the advancing vessel, which some of them almost touched with the plumage of their evergreens; and where none of them were large, some were so small that it would not have been too bold to figure them as a vaster race of water-birds assembling and separating in her course. It is curiously affecting to find them so unclaimed yet from the solitude of the vanished wilderness, and scarcely touched even by tradition. But for the interest left them by the French, these tiny islands have scarcely any associations, and must be enjoyed for their beauty alone. There is indeed about them a faint light of legend concerning the Canadian rebellion of 1837, for several patriots are said to have taken refuge amidst their lovely multitude; but this episode of modern history is difficult for the imagination to manage, and somehow one does not take sentimentally even to that daughter of a lurking patriot, who long baffled her father's pursuers by rowing him from one island to another, and supplying him with food by night.

Either this reluctance is from the natural desire that so recent a heroine should be founded on fact, or it is mere perverseness. Perhaps I ought to say, in justice to her, that it was one of her own sex who refused to be interested in her, and forbade Basil to care for her. When he had read of her exploit from the guide-book, Isabel asked him if he had noticed that handsome girl in the blue and white striped Garibaldi and Swiss hat, who had come aboard at Kingston. She pointed her out, and courageously made him admire her beauty, which was of the most bewitching Canadian type. The young girl was redeemed

by her New World birth from the English heaviness ; a more delicate bloom lighted her full cheeks ; a softer grace dwelt in her movement ; yet she was round and full, and she was in the perfect flower of youth. She was not so ethereal in her loveliness as an American girl, but she was not so nervous and had none of the painful fragility of the latter. Her expression was just a little vacant, it must be owned ; but so far as she went she was faultless. She looked like the most tractable of daughters, and as if she would be the most obedient of wives. She had a blameless taste in dress, Isabel declared, her costume of blue and white striped Garibaldi and Swiss hat (set upon heavy masses of dark brown hair) being completed by a black silk skirt. "And you can see," she added, "that it's an old skirt made over, and that she's dressed as cheaply as she is prettily." This surprised Basil, who had imputed the young lady's personal sumptuousness to her dress, and had thought it enormously rich. When she got off with her *chaperone* at one of the poorest-looking country landings, she left them in hopeless conjecture about her. Was she visiting there, or was the interior of Canada full of such stylish and exquisite creatures ? Where did she get her taste, her fashions, her manners ? As she passed from sight toward the shadow of the woods, they felt the poorer for her going ; yet they were glad to have seen her, and on second thoughts they felt that they could not justly ask more of her than to have merely existed for a few hours in their presence. They perceived that beauty was not only its own excuse for being, but that it flattered and favored and profited the world by consenting to be.

At Prescott, the boat on which they had come from Charlotte, and on which they had been promised a passage without change to Montreal, stopped, and they were transferred to a smaller steamer with the uncomfortable name of *Banshee*. She was very old, and very infirm and dirty, and in every way bore

out the character of a squalid Irish goblin. Besides, she was already heavily laden with passengers, and, with the addition of the other steamer's people, had now double her complement ; and our friends doubted if they were not to pass the Rapids in as much danger as discomfort. Their fellow-passengers were in great variety, however, and thus partly atoned for their numbers. Among them of course there was a full force of brides from Niagara and elsewhere, and some curious forms of the prevailing infatuation appeared. It is well enough, if she likes, and it may even be very noble for a passably good-looking young lady to marry a gentleman of venerable age ; but to intensify the idea of self-devotion by furtively caressing his wrinkled front is perhaps too reproachful of the general public ; while, on the other hand, if the bride is very young and pretty, it enlists in behalf of the white-haired husband the unwilling sympathies of the spectator to see her the centre of a group of young people, and him only acknowledged from time to time by a Parthian snub. Nothing, however, could have been more satisfactory than the sisterly surrounding of this latter bride. They were of a better class of Irish people ; and if it had been any sacrifice for her to marry so old a man, they were doing their best to give the affair at least the liveliness of a wake. There were five or six of those great handsome girls, with their generous curves and wholesome colors, and they were every one attended by a good-looking colonial lover, with whom they joked in slightly brogued voices, and laughed with careless Celtic laughter. One of the young fellows presently lost his hat overboard, and had to wear the handkerchief of his lady about his head ; and this appeared to be really one of the best things in the world, and led to endless banter. They were well dressed, and it could be imagined that the ancient bridegroom had come in for the support of the whole good-looking, healthy, light-hearted family. In some degree he looked it, and wore

but a rueful countenance for a bridegroom; so that a very young newly married couple, who sat next the jolly sister-and-loverhood could not keep their pitying eyes off his downcast face. "What if he, too, were young at heart!" the kind little wife's regard seemed to say.

For the sake of the slight air that was stirring, and to have the best view of the Rapids, the Banshee's whole company was gathered upon the forward promenade, and the throng was almost as dense as in a six-o'clock horse-car out from Boston. The standing and sitting groups were closely packed together, and the expanded parasols and umbrellas formed a nearly unbroken roof. Under this Isabel chatted at intervals with the Ellisons, who sat near; but it was not an atmosphere that provoked social feeling, and she was secretly glad when after a while they shifted their position.

It was deadly hot, and most of the people saddened and silenced in the heat. From time to time the clouds idling about overhead met and sprinkled down a cruel little shower of rain that seemed to make the air less breathable than before. The lonely shores were yellow with drought; the islands grew wilder and barren; the course of the river was for miles at a stretch through country which gave no signs of human life. The St. Lawrence has none of the bold picturesqueness of the Hudson, and is far more like its far-off cousin the Mississippi. Its banks are low like the Mississippi's, its current swift, its way is through solitary lands. The same sentiment of early adventure hangs about each: both are haunted by visions of the Jesuit in his priestly robe, and the soldier in his mediæval steel; the same gay, devout, and dauntless race has touched them both with immortal romance. If the water were of a dusky golden color, instead of translucent green, and the shores and islands were covered with cottonwoods and willows instead of ark cedars, one could with no great effort believe one's self on the Missis-

issippi between Cairo and St. Louis, so much do the great rivers strike one as kindred in the chief features of their landscape. Only, in tracing this resemblance you do not know just what to do with the purple mountains of Vermont seen vague against the horizon from the St. Lawrence, or with the quaint little French villages that begin to show themselves as you penetrate farther down into Lower Canada. These look so peaceful, with their dormer-windowed cottages clustering about their church-spires, that it seems impossible they could once have been the homes of the savages and the cruel peasants, who with firebrand and scalping-knife and tomahawk harassed the borders of New England for a hundred years. But just after you descend the Long Sault you pass the hamlet of St. Regis, in which was kindled the torch that wrapt Deerfield in flames, waking her people from their sleep to meet instant death or taste the bitterness of a captivity. The bell which was sent out from France for the Indian converts of the Jesuits, and was captured by an English ship and carried into Salem, and thence sold to Deerfield, where it called the Puritans to prayer, till at last it also summoned the priest-led savages and *habitans* across hundreds of miles of winter and of wilderness to reclaim it from that desecration,—this fateful bell still hangs in the church-tower of St. Regis, and has called to matins and vespers for nearly two centuries the children of those who fought so pitilessly and dared and endured so much for it. Our friends would fain have heard it as they passed, hoping for some mournful note of history in its sound; but it hung silent over the silent hamlet, which, as it lay in the hot afternoon sun by the river's side, seemed as lifeless as the Deerfield burnt long ago.

They turned from it to look at a gentleman who had just appeared in a mustard-colored linen duster, and Basil asked, "Should n't you like to know the origin, personal history, and secretest feelings of a gentleman who goes

about in a duster of that particular tint? Or, that gentleman yonder with his eye tied up in a wet handkerchief, do you suppose he's travelling for pleasure? Look at those young people from Omaha: they have n't ceased flirting or cackling since we left Kingston. Do you think everybody has such spirits out at Omaha? But behold a yet more surprising and puzzling figure than any we have yet seen among this boat-load of non-descripts!"

This was a tall, handsome young man, with a face of somewhat foreign cast, and well dressed, with a certain impressive difference from the rest in the cut of his clothes. But what most drew the eye to him was a large cross, set with diamonds or brilliants, and surmounted by a heavy double-headed eagle in gold. This ornament dazzled from a conspicuous place on the left lappel of his coat; on his hand shone a magnificent diamond ring, and he bore a stately opera-glass, with which, from time to time, he imperiously, as one may say, surveyed the landscape. As the imposing apparition grew upon Isabel, "O here," she thought, "is something truly distinguished. Of course, dear," she added aloud to Basil, "he's some foreign nobleman travelling here"; and she ran over in her mind the newspaper announcements of patrician visitors from abroad, and tried to identify him with some one of them. The cross must be the decoration of some foreign order, and Basil suggested that he was perhaps a member of some legation at Washington, who had run up there for his summer vacation. The cross puzzled him, but the double-headed eagle, he said, meant either Austria or Russia; probably Austria, for the wearer looked a trifle too civilized for a Russian.

"Yes, indeed! What an air he *has*. Never tell *me*, Basil, that there's nothing in *blood*!" cried Isabel, who was a bitter aristocrat at heart, like all her sex, though in principle she was democratic enough. As she spoke, the object of her regard looked about him

on the different groups, not with pride, not with hauteur, but with a glance of unconscious, unmistakable superiority. "O, that stare!" she added; "nothing but high birth and long descent can give it! Dearest, he's becoming a great affliction to me. I want to know who he is. Could n't you invent some pretext for speaking to him?"

"No, I could n't do it decently; and no doubt he'd snub me as I deserved if I intruded upon him. Let's wait for fortune to reveal him."

"Well, I suppose I must, but it's dreadful; it's really dreadful. You can easily see *that's* distinction," she continued, as her hero moved about the promenade and gently but loftily made a way for himself among the other passengers and favored the scenery through his opera-glass from one point and another. He spoke to no one, and she reasonably supposed that he did not know English.

In the mean time it was drawing near the hour of dinner, but no dinner appeared. Twelve, one, two came and went, and then at last came the dinner, which had been delayed, it seemed, till the cook could recruit his energies sufficiently to meet the wants of double the number he had expected to provide for. It was observable of the officers and crew of the Banshee, that while they did not hold themselves aloof from the passengers in the disdainful American manner, they were of feeble mind, and not only did everything very slowly (in the usual Canadian fashion), but with an inefficiency that among us would have justified them in being insolent. The people sat down at several successive tables to the worst dinner that ever was cooked; the ladies first, and the gentlemen afterwards, as they made conquest of places. At the second table, to Basil's great satisfaction, he found a seat, and on his right hand the distinguished foreigner.

"Naturally, I was somewhat abashed," he said in the account he was presently called to give Isabel of the interview "but I remembered that I was an American citizen, and tried to maintain a d

cent composure. For several minutes we sat silent behind a dish of flabby cucumbers, expecting the dinner, and I was wondering whether I should address him in French or German,—for I knew you'd never forgive me if I let slip such a chance,—when he turned and spoke himself."

"O *what* did he say, dearest?"

"He said, 'Pretty tejious waitin', ain't it?' in the best New York State accent."

"You don't mean it!" gasped Isabel.

"But I do. After that I took courage to ask what his cross and double-headed eagle meant. He showed the condescension of a true nobleman. 'O,' says he, 'I'm glad you like it, and it's not the least offence to ask,' and he told me. Can you imagine what it is? It's the emblem of the fifty-fourth degree in the secret society he belongs to!"

"I don't believe it!"

"Well, ask him yourself, then," returned Basil; "he's a very good fellow. 'O, that stare! nothing but high birth and long descent could give it!'" he repeated, abominably implying that he had himself had no share in their common error.

What cutting retort Isabel might have made cannot now be known, for she was arrested at this moment by a rumor amongst the passengers that they were coming to the Long Sault Rapids. Looking forward she saw the tossing and flashing of surges that, to the eye, are certainly as threatening as the rapids above Niagara. The steamer had already passed the Deplau and the Galopes, and they had thus had a foretaste of whatever pleasure or terror there is in the descent of these nine miles of stormy sea. It is purely a matter of taste, about shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence. The passengers like it better than the captain and the pilot, to guess by their looks, and the women and children like it better than the men. It is no doubt very thrilling and picturesque and wildly beautiful: the children crow and laugh, the women shout forth their delight, as the

boat enters the seething current; great foaming waves strike her bows, and brawl away to the stern, while she dips, and rolls, and shoots onward, light as a bird blown by the wind; the wild shores and islands whirl out of sight; you feel in every fibre the mad career of the vessel. But the captain sits in front of the pilot-house smoking with a grave face, the pilots tug hard at the wheel; the hoarse roar of the waters fills the air; beneath the smoother sweeps of the current you can see the brown rocks; as you sink from ledge to ledge in the writhing and twisting steamer, you have a vague sense that all this is perhaps an achievement rather than an enjoyment. When, descending the Long Sault, you look back up hill, and behold those billows leaping down the steep slope after you, "No doubt," you confide to your soul, "it is magnificent; but it is not pleasure." You greet with silent satisfaction the level river, stretching between the Long Sault and the Coteau, and you admire the delightful tranquillity of that beautiful Lake St. Francis into which it expands. Then the boat shudders into the Coteau Rapids, and down through the Cedars and Cascades. On the rocks of the last lies the skeleton of a steamer wrecked upon them, and gnawed at still by the white-tusked wolfish rapids. No one, they say, was lost from her. "But how," Basil thought, "would it fare with all these people packed here upon her bow, if the Banshee should swing round upon a ledge?" As to Isabel, she looked upon the wrecked steamer with indifference, as did all the women; but then they could not swim, and would not have to save themselves. "The La Chine's to come yet," they exulted, "and that's the awfulest of all!"

They passed the Lake St. Louis; the La Chine Rapids flashed into sight. The captain rose up from his seat, took his pipe from his mouth, and waved a silence with it. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "it's very important in passing these rapids to keep the boat

perfectly trim. Please to remain just as you are."

It was twilight, for the boat was late. From the Indian village on the shore they signalled to know if he wanted the local pilot; the captain refused; and then the steamer plunged into the leaping waves. From rock to rock she swerved and sank; on the last ledge she scraped with a deadly touch that went to the heart.

Then the danger was passed, and the noble city of Montreal was in full sight, lying at the foot of her dark green mountain, and lifting her many spires into the rosy twilight air: massive and grand showed the sister towers of the French cathedral.

Basil had hoped to approach this famous city with just associations. He had meant to conjure up for Isabel's sake some reflex, however faint, of that beautiful picture Mr. Parkman has painted of *Maisonneuve* founding and consecrating Montreal. He flushed with the recollection of the historian's phrase; but in that moment there came forth from the cabin a pretty young person who gave every token of being a pretty young actress, even to the duenna-like, elderly female companion, to be detected in the remote background of every young actress. She had flirted audaciously during the day with some young Englishmen and Canadians of her acquaintance, and after passing the *La Chine Rapids* she had taken the hearts of all the men by springing suddenly to her feet, apostrophizing the tumult with a charming attitude, and warbling a delicious bit of song. Now as they drew near the city the *Victoria Bridge* stretched its long tube athwart the river, and looked so low because of its great length that it seemed to bar the steamer's passage.

"I wonder," said one of the actress's adorers, — a Canadian, whose face was exactly that of the beaver on the escutcheon of his native province, and whose heavy gallantries she had constantly received with a gay, impertinent nonchalance, — "I wonder if we can be going right under that bridge?"

"No, sir!" answered the pretty young actress with shocking promptness, "we're going right over it:

"Three groans and a guggle,
And an awful struggle,
And over we go!"

At this witless, sweet impudence the Canadian looked very sheepish — for a beaver; and all the other people laughed; but the noble historical shades of Basil's thought vanished in wounded dignity beyond recall, and left him feeling rather ashamed, — for he had laughed too.

VIII.

THE SENTIMENT OF MONTREAL.

The feeling of foreign travel for which our tourists had striven throughout their journey, and which they had known in some degree at Kingston and all the way down the river, was intensified from the first moment in Montreal; and it was so welcome that they were almost glad to lose money on their greenbacks, which the conductor of the omnibus would take only at a discount of twenty cents. At breakfast next morning they could hardly tell on what country they had fallen. The waiters had but a thin varnish of English speech upon their native French, and they spoke their own tongue with each other; but most of the meats were cooked to the English taste, and the whole was a poor imitation of an American hotel. During their stay the same commingling of usages and races bewildered them; the shops were English and the clerks were commonly French; carriage-drivers were often Irish, and up and down the streets with their pious old-fashioned names, tinkled the American horse-cars. Everywhere were churches and convents that reminded of the ecclesiastical and feudal origin of the city; the great tubular bridge, the superb water-front with its long array of docks only surpassed by those of Liverpool, the solid blocks of business houses, and the substantial mansions on the quieter streets,

proclaimed the succession of Protestant thrift and energy.

Our friends cared far less for the modern splendor of Montreal than for the remnants of its past, and for the features that identified it with another faith and another people than their own. Isabel would almost have confessed to any of the black-robed priests upon the street; Basil could easily have gone down upon his knees to the white-hooded, pale-faced nuns gliding among the crowd. It was rapture to take a carriage, and drive, not to the cemetery, not to the public library, not to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, or the grain elevators, or the new park just tricked out with rockwork and sprigs of evergreen,—not to any of the charming resorts of our own cities, but as in Europe to the churches, the churches of a pitiless superstition, the churches with their atrocious pictures and statues, their lingering smell of the morning's incense, their confessionals, their feetaking sacristans, their worshippers dropped here and there upon their knees about the aisles, and saying their prayers with shut or wandering eyes according as they were old women or young! I do not defend the feeble sentimentality,—call it wickedness if you like,—but I understand it, and I forgive it from my soul.

They went first, of course, to the French cathedral, pausing on their way to alight and walk through the Bonsecours Market, where the *habitans* have all come to market in their carts, with their various stores of poultry, fruit, and vegetables, and where every cart is a study. Here is a simple-faced young peasant-couple with butter and eggs and chickens ravishingly displayed; here is a smooth-cheeked, black-eyed, black-haired young girl, looking as if an infusion of Indian blood had darkened the red of her cheeks, presiding over a stock of onions, potatoes, beets, and turnips; there an old woman with a face carven like a walnut behind a flattering array of cherries and pears; yonder a whole family trafficking in

loaves of brown-bread and maple-sugar in many shapes of pious and grotesque device. There are gay shows of bright scarfs and kerchiefs and vari-colored yarns, and sad shows of old clothes and second-hand merchandise of other sorts; but above all prevails the abundance of orchard and garden, while within the fine edifice are the stalls of the butchers, and below a world of household utensils, glass-ware, hardware, and wooden-ware. As in all Latin countries, each peasant had given a personal interest to his wares, but the bargains were not clamored over as in Latin lands abroad. Whatever protest and concession and invocation of the saints attended the transaction of business at Bonsecours Market was in a subdued tone. The fat huckster-women drowsing beside their wares, scarce sent their voices beyond the borders of their broad-brimmed straw hats, as they softly haggled with purchasers, or tranquilly gossiped together.

At the cathedral there are, perhaps, the worst paintings in the world, and the massive pine-board pillars are unscrupulously smoked to look like marble; but our tourists enjoyed it as if it had been St. Peter's; in fact it has something of the barn-like immensity and impressiveness of St. Peter's. They did not ask it to be beautiful or grand; they desired it only to recall the beloved ugliness, the fondly cherished hideousness and incongruity of the average Catholic churches of their remembrance, and it did this and more: it added an effect of its own; it offered the spectacle of a swarthy old Indian kneeling before the high altar, telling his beads, and saying with many sighs and tears the prayers which it cost so much martyrdom and heroism to teach his race. "O, it is only a savage man," said the little French boy who was showing them the place, impatient of their interest in a thing so unworthy as this groaning barbarian. He ran swiftly about from object to object, rapidly lecturing their inattention upon all "It is now time to go up into the tower," said he, and they gladly made

that toilsome ascent, though it is doubtful if the ascent of towers is not too much like the ascent of mountains ever to be compensatory. From the top of Notre Dame is certainly to be had a prospect upon which, but for his fluttered nerves and trembling muscles and troubled respiration, the traveller might well look with delight, and as it is must behold with wonder. So far as the eye reaches it dwells only upon what is magnificent. All the features of that landscape are grand. Below you spreads the city, which has less that is merely mean in it than any other city of our continent, and which is everywhere ennobled by stately civic edifices, adorned by tasteful churches, and skirted by full-foliaged avenues of mansions and villas. Behind it rises the beautiful mountain, green with woods and gardens to its crest, and flanked on the east by an endless fertile plain, and on the west by another expanse, through which the Ottawa rushes, turbid and dark, to its confluence with the St. Lawrence. Then these two mighty streams commingled flow past the city, lighting up the vast champagne country to the south, while upon the utmost southern verge, as on the northern, rise the cloudy summits of far-off mountains.

As our travellers gazed upon all this grandeur, their hearts were humbled to the tacit admission that the colonial metropolis was not only worthy of its seat, but had traits of a solid prosperity not excelled by any of the abounding and boastful cities of the Republic. Long before they quitted Montreal they had rallied from this weakness, but they delighted still to honor her superb beauty.

The tower is naturally describbed to its top with the names of those who have climbed it, and most of these are Americans, who flock in great numbers to Canada in summer. They modify its hotel life, and the objects of interest thrive upon their bounty. Our friends met them at every turn, and knew them at a glance from the native populations, who are also easily distinguish-

able from each other. The French Canadians are nearly all of a peasant-like commonness, or where they rise above this, have a bourgeois commonness of face and manner; and the English Canadians are to be known from the many English sojourners by the effort to look much more English than the latter. The social heart of the colony clings fast to the mother-country, that is plain, whatever the political tendency may be; and all public monuments and inscriptions celebrate this affectionate union.

At the English cathedral the effect is deepened by the epitaphs of those whose lives were passed in the joint service of England and her loyal child; and our travellers, for all their want of sympathy with the sentiment, had to own to a certain beauty in that attitude of proud reverence. Here, at least, was a people not cut off from its past, but holding, unbroken in life and death, the ties which exist for us only in history. It gave a glamour of olden time to the new land; it touched the prosaic democratic present with the waning poetic light of the aristocratic and monarchical tradition. There was here and there a title on the tablets, and there was everywhere the formal language of loyalty and of veneration for things we have tumbled into the dust. It is a beautiful church, of admirable English Gothic; if you are so happy, you are rather curtly told you may enter by a burly English figure in some kind of sombre ecclesiastical drapery, and within its quiet precincts you may feel yourself in England if you like, — which, for my part, I do not. Neither did our friends enjoy it so much as the Church of the Jesuits, with its more than tolerable paintings, its coldly frescoed ceiling, its architectural taste of subdued Renaissance, and its black-eyed peasant-girl telling her beads before a side altar, just as in the enviably deplorable countries we all love; nor so much even as the Irish cathedral which they next visited. That is a very, gorgeous cathedral indeed, painted and gilded

à merveille, and everywhere stuck about with big and little saints and crucifixes, and incredibly bad pictures. There is, of course, a series representing Christ's progress to Calvary; and there was a very tattered old man, — an old man whose voice had been long ago drowned in whiskey, and who now spoke in a ghostly whisper, — who, when he saw Basil's eye fall upon the series, made him go the round of them, and tediously explained them.

"Why did you let that old wretch bore you, and then pay him for it?" Isabel asked.

"O, it reminded me so sweetly of the swindles of other lands and days, that I could n't help it," he answered; and straightway in the eyes of both that poor, whiskeyfied, Irish tatterdemalion stood transfigured to the glorious likeness of an Italian beggar.

They were always doing something of this kind, those absurdly sentimental people, whom yet I cannot find it in my heart to blame for their folly, though I could name ever so many reasons for rebuking it. Why, in fact, should we wish to find America like Europe? Are the ruins and impostures and miseries and superstitions which beset the traveller abroad so precious, that he should desire to imagine them at every step in his own hemisphere? Or have we then of our own no effective shapes of ignorance and want and incredibility, that we must forever seek an alien contrast to our native intelligence and comfort? Some such questions this guilty couple put to each other, and then drove off to visit the convent of the Gray Nuns with a joyful expectation which I suppose the prospect of the finest public-school exhibition in Boston could never have inspired. But, indeed, since there must be Gray Nuns, is it not well that there are sentimentalists to take a mournful pleasure in their sad, pallid existence?

The convent is at a good distance from the Irish cathedral, and in going to it the tourists made their driver carry them through one of the few old

French streets which still remain in Montreal. Fires and improvements had made havoc among the quaint houses since Basil's first visit; but at last they came upon a narrow, ancient Rue Saint Antoine, — or whatever other saint it was called after, — in which there was no English face or house to be seen. The doors of the little one-story dwellings opened from the pavement, and within you saw fat madame the mother moving about her domestic affairs, and spare monsieur the elderly husband smoking beside the open window; French babies crawled about the tidy floors; French martyrs (let us believe Lalement or Brébeuf, who gave up their heroic lives for the conversion of Canada) lifted their eyes in high-colored lithographs on the wall; among the flower-pots in the dormer-window looking from every tin roof sat and sewed a smooth-haired young girl, I hope, — the romance of each little mansion. The antique and foreign character of the place was accented by the inscription upon a wall of "*Sirop adoucissant de Madame Winslow.*"

Ever since 1692 the Gray Nuns have made a refuge within the ample borders of their convent for infirm old people and for foundling children, and it is now in the regular course of sight-seeing for the traveller to visit their hospital at noonday, when he beholds the Sisters at their devotions in the chapel. It is a bare, white-walled, cold-looking chapel, with the usual paraphernalia of pictures and crucifixes. Seated upon low benches on either side of the aisle were the curious or the devout; the former in greater number and chiefly Americans, who were now and then whispered silent by an old pauper zealous for the sanctity of the place. At the stroke of twelve the Sisters entered two by two, followed by the lady-superior with a prayer-book in her hand. She clapped the leaves of this together in signal for them to kneel, to rise, to kneel again and rise, while they repeated in rather harsh voices their prayers, and then

clattered out of the chapel as they had clattered in, with resounding shoes. The two young girls at the head were very pretty, and all the pale faces had a corpse-like peace. As Basil looked at their pensive sameness, it seemed to him that those prettiest girls might very well be the twain that he had seen there so many years ago, stricken forever young in their joyless beauty. The ungraceful gowns of coarse gray, the blue checked aprons, the black crape caps, were the same; they came and went with the same quick tread, touching their brows with holy water and kneeling and rising now as then with the same constrained and ordered movements. Would it be too cruel if they were really the same persons? or would it be yet more cruel if every year two girls so young and fair were self-doomed to renew the likeness of that youthful death?

The visitors went about the hospital, and saw the old men and the little children to whom these good pure lives were given, and they could only blame the system, not the instruments or their work. Perhaps they did not judge wisely of the amount of self-sacrifice involved, for they judged from hearts to which love was the whole of earth and heaven; but nevertheless they pitied the Gray Nuns amidst the unhomelike comfort of their convent, the unnatural care of those alien little ones. Poor Sœurs Grises! in their narrow cells; at the bedside of sickness and age and sorrow; kneeling with clasped hands and yearning eyes before the bloody spectacle of the cross!—the power of your church is shown far more subtly and mightily in such as you, than in her grandest fanes or the sight of her most august ceremonies, with praying priests, swinging censers, tapers and pictures and images, under a gloomy heaven of cathedral arches. There, indeed, the faithful have given their substance; but here the nun has given up the most precious part of her woman's nature, and all the tenderness that clings about the thought of wife and mother.

"There are some things that always greatly afflict me in the idea of a new country," said Basil, as they loitered slowly through the grounds of the convent toward the gate. "Of course, it's absurd to think of men as other than men, as having changed their natures with their skies; but a new land always does seem at first thoughts like a new chance afforded the race for goodness and happiness, for health and life. So I grieve for the earliest dead at Plymouth more than for the multitude that the plague swept away in London; I shudder over the crime of the first guilty man, the sin of the first wicked woman in a new country; the trouble of the first youth or maiden crossed in love there is intolerable. All should be hope and freedom and prosperous life upon that virgin soil. It never was so since Eden; but none the less I feel it ought to be; and I am oppressed by the thought that among the earliest walls which rose upon this broad meadow of Montreal were those built to immure the innocence of such young girls as these, and shut them from all the life we find so fair. Would n't you like to know who was the first that took the veil in this wild new country? Who was she, poor soul, and what was her deep sorrow or lofty rapture? You can fancy her some Indian maiden lured to the renunciation by the splendor of symbols and promises seen vaguely through the lingering mists of her native superstitions; or some weary soul, sick from the vanities and vices, the bloodshed and the tears of the Old World, and eager for a silence profounder than that of the wilderness into which she had fled. Well, the Church knows and God. She was dust long ago."

From time to time there had fallen little fitful showers during the morning. Now as the wedding-journeymen passed out of the convent gate the rain dropped soft and thin, and the gray clouds that floated through the sky so swiftly were as far-seen Gray Sisters in flight for heaven.

"We shall have time for the drive round the mountain before dinner," said Basil, as they got into their carriage again; and he was giving the order to the driver, when Isabel asked how far it was.

"Nine miles."

"O, then we can't think of going with one horse. You know," she added, "that we always intended to have two horses for going round the mountain."

"No," said Basil, not yet used to having his decisions reached without his knowledge. "And I don't see why we should. Everybody goes with one. You don't suppose we're too heavy, do you?"

"I had a party from the States, ma'am, yesterday," interposed the driver; "two ladies, real heavy ones, two gentlemen, weighin' two hundred apiece, and a stout young man on the box with me. You'd 'a' thought the horse was drawin' an empty carriage, the way she darted along."

"Then his horse must be perfectly worn out to-day," said Isabel, refusing to admit the poor fellow directly even to the honors of a defeat. He had proved too much, and was put out of court with no hope of repairing his error.

"Why, it seems a pity," whispered Basil, dispassionately, "to turn this man adrift, when he had a reasonable hope of being with us all day, and has been so civil and obliging."

"O yes, Basil, sentimentalize him, do! Why don't you sentimentalize his helpless, overworked horse?—all in a reek of perspiration."

"Perspiration! Why, my dear, it's the rain!"

"Well, rain or shine, darling, I don't want to go round the mountain with one horse; and it's very unkind of you to insist now, when you've tacitly promised me all along to take two."

"Now, this is a little too much, Isabel. You know we never mentioned the matter till this moment."

"It's the same as a promise, your not saying you would n't. But I don't

ask you to keep your word. I don't want to go round the mountain. I'd *much* rather go to the hotel. I'm tired."

"Very well, then, Isabel, I'll leave you at the hotel."

In a moment it had come, the first serious dispute of their wedded life. It had come as all such calamities come, from nothing, and it was on them in full disaster ere they knew. Such a very little while ago, there in the convent garden, their lives had been drawn closer in sympathy than ever before; and now that blessed time seemed ages since, and they were further asunder than those who have never been friends. "I thought," bitterly mused Isabel, "that he would have done anything for me." "Who could have dreamed that a woman of her sense would be so unreasonable," he wondered. Both had tempers, as I know my dearest reader has (if a lady), and neither would yield; and so, presently, they could hardly tell how, for they were aghast at it all, Isabel was alone in her room amidst the ruins of her life, and Basil alone in the one-horse carriage, trying to drive away from the wreck of his happiness. All was over; the dream was past; the charm was broken. The sweetness of their love was turned to gall; whatever had pleased them in their loving moods was loathsome now, and the things they had praised a moment before were hateful. In that baleful light, which seemed to dwell upon all they ever said or did in mutual enjoyment, how poor and stupid and empty looked their wedding-journey! Basil spent five minutes in arraigning his wife and convicting her of every folly and fault. His soul was in a whirl,—

"For to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

In the midst of his bitter and furious upbraidings he found himself suddenly become her ardent advocate, and ready to denounce her judge as a heartless monster. "On our wedding journey, too! Good heavens, what an incredible brute I am!" Then he said, "What an ass I am!" And the pathos of the case

having yielded to its absurdity, he was helpless. In five minutes more he was at Isabel's side, the one-horse carriage driver dismissed with a handsome *pour-boire*, and a pair of lusty bays with a glittering barouche waiting at the door below. He swiftly accounted for his presence, which she seemed to find the most natural thing that could be, and she met his surrender with the openness of a heart that forgives but does not forget, if indeed the most gracious art is the only one unknown to the sex.

She rose with a smile from the ruins of her life, amidst which she had heart-brokenly sat down with all her things on. "I knew you'd come back," she said.

"So did I," he answered. "I'm much too good and noble to sacrifice my preference to my duty."

"I did n't care particularly for the two horses, Basil," she said, as they descended to the barouche. "It was your refusing them that hurt me."

"And I did n't want the one-horse carriage. It was your illogicality that provoked me."

"Do you think people *ever* quarrelled before on a wedding journey?" asked Isabel as they drove gayly out of the city.

"Never! I can't conceive of it. I suppose if this were written down, nobody would believe it."

"No, nobody could," said Isabel, musingly. "I wish you would tell me just what you thought of me, dearest. Did you feel as you did when our little affair was broken off, long ago? Did you hate me?"

"I did, most cordially; but not half so much as I despised myself the next moment. As to its being like a lover's quarrel, it was n't. It was more bitter: so much more love than lovers ever give had to be taken back. Besides, it had no dignity, and a lover's quarrel always has. A lover's quarrel always springs from a more serious cause, and has an air of romantic tragedy. This had no grace of the kind. It was a poor shabby little squabble."

"O, don't call it so, Basil! I should like you to respect even a quarrel of ours more than that. It was tragical enough with me, for I did n't see how it could ever be made up. I knew I could n't make the advances. I don't think it is quite feminine to be the first to forgive, is it?"

"I'm sure I can't say. Perhaps it *would* be rather unladylike."

"Well, you see, dearest, what I am trying to get at is this: whether we shall love each other the more or the less for it. I think we shall get on all the better for a while, on account of it. But I should have said it was totally out of character. It's something you might have expected of a very young bridal couple; but after all we've been through, it seems too improbable."

"Very well," said Basil, who, having made all the concessions, could not enjoy the quarrel as she did, simply because it was theirs; "let's behave as if it had never been."

"O no, we can't. To me, it's as if we had just won each other."

In fact it gave a wonderful zest and freshness to that ride round the mountain, and shed a beneficent glow upon the rest of their journey. The sun came out through the thin clouds, and lighted up the vast plain that swept away north and east, with the purple heights against the eastern sky. The royal mountain lifted its graceful mass beside them, and hid the city wholly from sight. Peasant-villages, in the shade of beautiful elms, dotted the plain in every direction, and at intervals crept up to the side of the road along which they drove. But these had been corrupted by a more ambitious architecture since Basil saw them last, and were no longer purely French in appearance. Then, nearly every house was a tannery in a modest way, and poetically published the fact by the display of a sheep's tail over the front door, like a bush at a wine-shop. Now, if the tanneries still existed, the poetry of the sheep's tails had vanished from the portals. But our friends were consoled by meeting numbers of the peas-

ants jolting home from market in the painted carts, which are doubtless of the pattern of the carts first built there two hundred years ago. They were grateful for the immortal old women, crooked and brown and bowed with the labor of the fields, who abounded in these vehicles; when a huge girl jumped from the tail of her cart, and showed the thick, clumsy ankles of a true peasant-maid, they could only sigh out their unspeakable satisfaction.

Gardens embowered and perfumed the low cottages, through the open doors of which they could see the exquisite neatness of the life within. One of the doors opened into a school-house, where they beheld with rapture the schoolmistress, book in hand, and with a quaint cap on her gray head, and encircled by her flock of little boys and girls.

By and by it began to rain again; and now while their driver stopped to put up the top of the barouche, they entered a country church which had taken their fancy, and walked up the aisle with the steps that blend with silence rather than break it, while they heard only the soft whisper of the shower without. There was no one there but themselves. The urn of holy water seemed not to have been troubled that day, and no penitent knelt at the shrine, before which twinkled so faintly one lighted lamp. The white roof swelled into dim arches over their heads; the pale day like a visible hush stole through the painted windows; they heard themselves breathe as they crept from picture to picture.

A narrow door opened at the side of the high altar, and a slender young priest appeared in a long black robe, and with shaven head. He, too, as he moved with noiseless feet, seemed a part of the silence; and when he approached with dreamy black eyes fixed upon them, and bowed courteously, it seemed impossible he should speak. But he spoke, the pale young priest, the dark-robed tradition, the tonsured vision of an age and a church that are passing.

"Do you understand French, monsieur?"

"A very little, monsieur."

"A very little is more than my English," he said, yet he politely went the round of the pictures with them, and gave them the names of the painters between his crossings at the different altars. At the high altar there was a very fair Crucifixion; before this the priest bent one knee. "Fine picture, fine altar, fine church," he said in English. At last they stopped near the poor-box. As their coins clinked against those within, he smiled serenely upon the good heretics. Then he bowed, and, as if he had relapsed into the past, he vanished through the narrow door by which he had entered.

Basil and Isabel stood speechless a moment on the church steps. Then she cried,—

"O, why *didn't* something happen?"

"Ah, my dear! what could have been half so good as the nothing that did happen? Suppose we knew him to have taken orders because of a disappointment in love: how common it would have made him; everybody has been crossed in love once or twice." He bade the driver take them back to the hotel. "This is the very *bouquet* of adventure: why should we care for the grosser body? I dare say if we knew all about yonder pale young priest, we should not think him half so interesting as we do now."

At dinner they spent the intervals of the courses in guessing the nationality of the different persons, and in wondering if the Canadians did not make it a matter of conscientious loyalty to out-English the English even in the matter of pale-ale and sherry, and in rotundity of person and freshness of face, just as they emulated them in the cut of their clothes and whiskers. Must they found even their health upon the health of the mother-country?

Our friends began to detect something servile in it all, and but that they were such amiable persons, the loyally perfect digestion of Montreal would have gone far to impair their own.

The loyalty, which had already appeared to them in the cathedral, suggested itself in many ways, upon the street, when they went out after dinner to do that little shopping which Isabel had planned to do in Montreal. The booksellers' windows were full of Canadian editions of our authors, and English copies of English works, instead of our pirated editions; the dry-goods stores were gay with fabrics in the London taste and garments of the London shape; here was the sign of a photographer to the Queen, there of a hatter to H. R. H., the Prince of Wales; a barber was "under the patronage of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, H. E., the Duke of Cambridge, and the gentry of Montreal." *Ich dien* was the motto of a restaurateur; a hosiery had gallantly labelled his stock in trade with *Hon! soit qui mal y pense*. Again they noted the English solidity of the civic edifices, and already they had observed in the foreign population a difference from that at home. They saw no German faces on the streets, and the Irish faces had not that truculence which they wear sometimes with us. They had not lost their native simplicity and kindness; the Irishmen who drove the public carriages were as civil as our own Boston hackmen, and behaved as respectfully under the shadow of England here, as they would have done under it at home. The problem which vexes us seems to have been solved pleasantly enough in Canada. Is it because the Celt cannot brook equality; and where he has not an established and recognized caste above him, longs to trample on those about him; and if he cannot be lowest, will at least be highest?

However, our friends did not suffer this or any other advantage of the colonial relation to divert them from the opinion to which their observation was gradually bringing them, that its overweening loyalty placed a great country like Canada in a very silly attitude, the attitude of an overgrown, unmanly boy, clinging to the maternal skirts, and though spoilt and wilful,

without any life of his own. The constant reference of local hopes to that remote centre beyond seas, the test of success by the criterions of a necessarily different civilization, the social and intellectual dependence implied by traits that meet the most hurried glance in the Dominion, give an effect of meanness to the whole fabric. Doubtless it is a life of comfort, of peace, of irresponsibility they live there, but it lacks the grandeur which no sum of material prosperity can give; it is ignoble, like all voluntarily subordinate things. Somehow, one feels that it has no basis in the New World, and that till it is shaken loose from England it cannot have.

It would be a pity, however, if it should be parted from the parent country merely to be joined to an unsympathetic half-brother like ourselves; and nothing, fortunately, seems to be further from the Canadian mind. There are some experiments no longer possible to us which could still be tried there to the advantage of civilization, and we were better two great nations side by side than a union of discordant traditions and ideas. But none the less does the American traveller, swelling with forgetfulness of the shabby despots who govern New York, and the swindling railroad kings whose word is law to the whole land, feel like saying to the hulking young giant beyond St. Lawrence and the Lakes, "Sever the apron-strings of allegiance, and try to be yourself, whatever you are."

Something of this sort Basil said, though of course not in apostrophic phrase, nor with Isabel's entire concurrence, when he explained to her that it was to the colonial dependence of Canada she owed the ability to buy things so cheaply there.

The fact is that the ladies' parlor at the hotel had been after dinner no better than a den of smugglers, in which the fair contrabandists had debated the best means of evading the laws of their country. At heart every man is a smuggler, and how much more every

woman! She would have no scruple in ruining the silk and woollen interest throughout the United States. She is a free-trader by intuitive perception of right, and is limited in practice by nothing but fear of the law. What could be taken into the States without detection, was the subject before that wicked conclave; and next, what it would pay to buy in Canada. It seemed that silk umbrellas were most eligible wares; and in the display of such purchases the parlor was given the appearance of a violent thunder-storm. Gloves it was not advisable to get; they were better at home, as were many kinds of fine woollen goods. But laces, which you could carry about you, were excellent; and so was any kind of silk. Could it be carried if simply cut, and not made up? There was a difference about this: the friend of one lady had taken home half a trunkful of cut silks; the friend of another had "run up the breadths" of one poor little silk skirt, and then lost it by the rapacity of the customs officers. It was pretty much luck, and whether the officers happened to be in good-humor or not. You must not try to take in anything out of season, however. One had heard of a Boston lady going home in July, who "had the furs taken off her back," in that inclement month. Best get everything seasonable, and put it on once. "And then, you know, if they ask you, you can say it's been worn." To this black wisdom came the combined knowledge of those miscreants. Basil could not repress a shudder at the innate depravity of the female heart. Here were virgins nurtured in the most spotless purity of life, here were virtuous mothers of families, here were venerable matrons, patterns in society and the church, — smugglers to a woman, and eager for any guilty subterfuge! He glanced at Isabel to see what effect the evil conversation had upon her. Her eyes sparkled; her cheeks glowed; all the woman was on fire for smuggling. He sighed heavily and went out with her to do the little shopping.

Shall I follow them upon their ex-

cursion? Shopping in Montreal is very much what it is in Boston or New York, I imagine, except that the clerks have a more honeyed sweetness of manners towards the ladies of our nation, and are surprisingly generous constructionists of our revenue laws. Isabel had profited by every word that she had heard in the ladies' parlor, and she would not venture upon unsafe ground; but her tender eyes looked her unutterable longing to believe in the charming possibilities that the clerks suggested. She bemoaned herself before the corded silks, which there was no time to have made up; the piece-velvets and the linens smote her to the heart. But they also stimulated her invention, and she bought and bought of the made-up wares in real or fancied needs, till Basil represented that neither their purses nor their trunks could stand any more. "O, don't be troubled about the trunks, dearest," she cried, with that gayety which nothing but shopping can kindle in a woman's heart; while he faltered on from counter to counter, wondering at which he should finally swoon from fatigue. At last, after she had declared repeatedly, "There, now, I *am* done," she briskly led the way back to the hotel to pack up her purchases.

Basil parted with her at the door. He was a man of high principle himself, and that scene in the smugglers' den, and his wife's preparation for transgression, were revelations for which nothing could have consoled him but of a paragon umbrella for five dollars and an excellent business suit of Scotch goods for twenty.

When some hours later he sat with Isabel on the forward promenade of the steamboat for Quebec, and summed up the profits of their shopping, they were both in the kindest mood towards the poor Canadians, who had built the admirable city before them.

For miles the water front of Montreal is superbly faced with quays and locks of solid stone masonry, and thus she is clean and beautiful to the very feet. Stately piles of architecture, in-

stead of the foul old tumble-down warehouses that dishonor the water-side in most cities, rise from the broad wharves; behind these spring the twin towers of Notre Dame, and the steeples of the other churches above the city roofs.

"It's noble, yes, it's noble, after the best that Europe can show," said Isabel, with enthusiasm; "and what a pleasant day we've had here! Does n't our quarrel show *couleur de rose* in this light?"

"One side of it," answered Basil, dreamily, "but all the rest is black."

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"Why, the Nelson Monument, with the sunset on it, at the head of the street there."

The effect was so fine that Isabel could not be angry with him for failing to heed what she had said, and she mused a moment with him.

"It seems rather far-fetched," she said presently, "to erect a monument to Nelson in Montreal, does n't it? But then, it's a very absurd monument when you're near it," she added, thoughtfully.

Basil did not answer at once, for gazing on this Nelson column in Jacques Cartier Square, his thoughts wandered away, not to the hero of the Nile, but to the doughty old Breton navigator, the first white man who ever set foot upon that shore, and who more than three hundred years ago explored the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, and in the splendid autumn weather climbed to the top of her green height and named it. The scene that Jacques Cartier then beheld, like a mirage of the past projected upon the present, floated before him, and he saw at the mountain's foot the Indian city of Hochelaga, with its vast and populous lodges of bark, its encircling palisades, and its wide outlying fields of yellow maize. He heard with Jacques Cartier's sense the blare of his followers' trumpets down in the open square of the barbarous city, where the soldiers of many an Old-World fight, "with mustached lip and bearded chin, with arquebuse and

glittering halberd, helmet, and cuirass," mingled with the plumed and painted savages; then he lifted Jacques Cartier's eyes, and looked out upon the magnificent landscape. "East, west, and north, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battle-ground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in ilimitable woods."

A vaguer picture of Champlain, who, seeking a westward route to China and the East, some three quarters of a century later, had fixed the first trading-post at Montreal, and camped upon the spot where the convent of the Gray Nuns now stands, appeared before him, and vanished with all its fleets of fur-traders' boats and hunters' birch canoes, and the watch-fires of both; and then in the sweet light of the spring morning, he saw Maisonneuve leaping ashore upon the green meadows, that spread all gay with early flowers where Hochelaga once stood, and with the black-robed Jesuits, the noble, delicately nurtured, and devoted nuns, and the steel-clad soldiers of his train, kneeling about the altar raised there in the wilderness, and silent amidst the silence of nature at the lifted Host.

He painted a semblance of all this for Isabel, using the colors of the historian who has made these scenes the beautiful inheritance of all dreamers, and sketched the battles, the miracles, the sufferings, and the penances through which the pious colony was preserved and prospered, till they both grew impatient of modern Montreal, and would fain have had the ancient Villemarie back in its place.

"Think of Maisonneuve, dearest, climbing in mid-winter to the top of the mountain there, under a heavy cross set with the bones of saints, and planting it on the summit, in fulfilment of a vow to do so if Villemarie were saved from the freshet; and then of Madame

de la Peltrie romantically receiving the sacrament there, while all Villemarie fell down adoring ! Ah, that was a picturesque people ! When did ever a Boston governor climb to the top of Beacon Hill in fulfilment of a vow ? To be sure, we may yet see a New York governor doing something of the kind — if he can find a hill. But this ridiculous column to Nelson, who never had anything to do with Montreal,” he continued ; “ it really seems to me the perfect expression of snobbish colonial dependence and sentimentality, seeking always to identify itself with the mother-country, and ignoring the local past and its heroic figures. A column to Nelson in Jacques Cartier Square, on the ground that was trodden by Champlain, and won for its present masters by the death of Wolfe ! ”

The boat departed on her trip to Quebec. During supper they were served by French waiters, who, without apparent English of their own, miraculously understood that of the passengers, except in the case of the furious gentleman who wanted English breakfast tea ; to so much English as that their inspiration did not reach, and they forced him to compromise on coffee. It was a French boat, owned by a French company, and seemed to be officered by Frenchmen throughout ; certainly, as our tourists in the joy of their good appetites affirmed, the cook was of that culinarily delightful nation.

The boat was almost as large as those of the Hudson, but it was not so lavishly splendid, though it had everything that could minister to the comfort and self-respect of the passengers. These were of all nations, but chiefly Americans, with some French Canadians. The former gathered on the forward promenade, eagerly enjoying what little of the landscape the growing night left visible, and the latter made society after their manner in

the saloon. They were plain-looking men and women, mostly, and provincial, it was evident, to their inmost hearts ; provincial in origin, provincial by inheritance, by all their circumstances, social and political. Their relation with France was not a proud one, but it was not like submersion by the slip-slop of English colonial loyalty ; yet they seem to be troubled by no memories of their hundred years' dominion of the land that they rescued from the wilderness, and that was wrested from them by war. It is a strange fate for any people thus to have been cut off from the parent-country, and abandoned to whatever destiny their conquerors chose to reserve for them ; and if each of the race wore the sadness and strangeness of that fate in his countenance it would not be wonderful. Perhaps it is wonderful that none of them shows anything of the kind. In their desertion they have multiplied and prospered ; they may have a national grief, but they hide it well ; and perhaps they have none.

Later, one of them appeared to Isabel in the person of the pale, slender young ecclesiastic who had shown her and Basil the pictures in the country church. She was confessing to him, and she was not at all surprised to find that he was Basil in a suit of mediæval armor. He had an immense cross on his shoulder.

“ To get this cross to the top of the mountain,” thought Isabel, “ we must have two horses. Basil,” she added, aloud, “ we must have two horses ! ”

“ Ten, if you like, my dear,” answered his voice, cheerfully, “ though I think we 'd better ride up in the omnibus.”

She opened her eyes, and saw him smiling. “ We 're in sight of Quebec,” he said. “ Come out as soon as you can, — come out into the seventeenth century.”

W. D. Howells.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

XI.

DICKENS had timed our visit to his country house in Kent, and arranged that we should appear at Gad's Hill with the nightingales. Arriving at the Higham station, on a bright June day in 1869, we found his stout little pony ready to take us up the hill; and before we had proceeded far on the road, the master himself came out to welcome us on the way. He looked brown and hearty, and told us he had passed a breezy morning writing in the *châlet*. We had parted from him only a few days before in London, but I thought the country air had already begun to exert its strengthening influence, — a process he said which commonly set in the moment he reached his garden gate.

It was ten years since I had seen Gad's Hill Place, and I observed at once what extensive improvements had been made during that period. Dickens had increased his estate by adding quite a large tract of land on the opposite side of the road, and a beautiful meadow at the back of the house. He had connected the front lawn, by a passageway running under the road, with beautifully wooded grounds, on which was erected the Swiss *châlet*, a present from Fechter. The old house, too, had been greatly improved, and there was an air of assured comfort and ease about the charming establishment. No one could surpass Dickens as a host; and as there were certain household rules (hours for meals, recreation, etc.), he at once announced them, so that visitors never lost any time "wondering" when this or that was to happen.

Lunch over, we were taken round to see the dogs, and Dickens gave us a rapid biographical account of each as we made acquaintance with the whole colony. One old fellow, who had grown superannuated and nearly blind,

raised himself up and laid his great black head against Dickens's breast as if he loved him. All were spoken to with pleasant words of greeting, and the whole troop seemed wild with joy over the master's visit. "Linda" put up her shaggy paw to be shaken at parting; and as we left the dog-houses, our host told us some amusing anecdotes of his favorite friends.

Dickens's admiration of Hogarth was unbounded, and he had hung the staircase leading up from the hall of his house with fine old impressions of the great master's best works. Observing our immediate interest in these pictures, he seemed greatly pleased, and proceeded at once to point out in his graphic way what had struck his own fancy most in Hogarth's genius. He had made a study of the painter's *thought* as displayed in these works, and his talk about the artist was delightful. He used to say he never came down the stairs without pausing with new wonder over the fertility of the mind that had conceived and the hand that had executed these powerful pictures of human life; and I cannot forget with what fervid energy and feeling he repeated one day, as we were standing together on the stairs in front of the Hogarth pictures, Dr. Johnson's epitaph, on the painter: —

"The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here closed in death the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face."

Every day we had out-of-door games, such as "Bowls," "Aunt Sally," and the like, Dickens leading off with great spirit and fun. Billiards came after dinner, and during the evening we had charades and dancing. There was no end to the new diversions; our kind host was in the habit of proposing, so that constant cheerfulness reigned at Gad's Hill. He went

into his work-room, as he called it, soon after breakfast, and wrote till twelve o'clock; then he came out, ready for a long walk. The country about Gad's Hill is admirably adapted for pedestrian exercise, and we went forth every day, rain or shine, for a stretcher. Twelve, fifteen, even twenty miles were not too much for Dickens, and many a long tramp we have had over the hop-country together. Chatham, Rochester, Cobham Park, Maidstone, — anywhere, out under the open sky and into the free air! Then Dickens was at his best, and talked. Swinging his black-thorn stick, his lithe figure sprang forward over the ground, and it took a practised pair of legs to keep alongside of his voice. In these expeditions I heard from his own lips delightful reminiscences of his early days in the region we were then traversing, and charming narratives of incidents connected with the writing of his books.

Dickens's association with Gad's Hill, the city of Rochester, the road to Canterbury, and the old cathedral town itself, date back to his earliest years. In "David Copperfield," the most autobiographic of all his books, we find him, a little boy, (so small, that the landlady is called to peer over the counter and catch a glimpse of the tiny lad who possesses such "a spirit,") trudging over the old Kent Road to Dover. "I see myself," he writes, "as evening closes in, coming over the bridge at Rochester, footsore and tired, and eating bread that I had bought for supper. One or two little houses, with the notice, 'Lodgings for Travellers,' hanging out, had tempted me; but I was afraid of spending the few pence I had, and was even more afraid of the vicious looks of the trampers I had met or overtaken. I sought no shelter, therefore, but the sky; and toiling into Chatham, — which in that night's aspect is a mere dream of chalk, and drawbridges, and mastless ships in a muddy river, roofed like Noah's arks, — crept, at last, upon a sort of grass-grown battery overhanging a lane, where a sentry was walking to and fro.

Here I lay down near a cannon; and, happy in the society of the sentry's footsteps, though he knew no more of my being above him than the boys at Salem House had known of my lying by the wall, slept soundly until morning." Thus early he noticed "the trampers" which infest the old Dover Road, and observed them in their numberless gypsy-like variety; thus early he looked lovingly on Gad's Hill Place, and wished it might be his own, if he ever grew up to be a man. His earliest memories were filled with pictures of the endless hop-grounds and orchards, and the little child "thought it all extremely beautiful!"

Through the long years of his short life he was always consistent in his love for Kent and the old surroundings. When the after days came and while travelling abroad, how vividly the childish love returned! As he passed rapidly over the road on his way to France he once wrote: "Midway between Gravesend and Rochester the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"'Halloa!' said I, to the very queer small boy, 'where do you live?'

"'At Chatham,' says he.

"'What do you do there?' said I.

"'I go to school,' says he.

"I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy says, 'This is Gad's Hill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers, and ran away.'

"'You know something about Falstaff, eh?' said I.

"'All about him,' said the very queer small boy. 'I am old (I am nine) and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!'

"'You admire that house,' said I.

"'Bless you, sir,' said the very queer small boy, 'when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it,

has often said to me, "If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it." Though that's impossible!" said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might. I was rather annoyed to be told this by the very queer small boy; for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

What stay-at-home is there who does not know the Bull Inn at Rochester, from which Mr. Tupman and Mr. Jingle attended the ball, Mr. Jingle wearing Mr. Winkle's coat? or who has not seen in fancy the "gypsy-tramp," the "show-tramp," the "cheap jack," the "tramp-children," and the "Irish hoppers" all passing over "the Kentish Road, bordered" in their favorite resting-place "on either side by a wood, and having on one hand, between the road-dust and the trees, a skirting patch of grass? Wild-flowers grow in abundance on this spot, and it lies high and airy, with the distant river stealing steadily away to the ocean, like a man's life."

Sitting in the beautiful *châlet* during his later years and watching this same river stealing away like his own life, he never could find a harsh word for the tramps, and many and many a one has gone over the road rejoicing because of some kindness received from his hands. Every precaution was taken to protect a house exposed as his was to these wild rovers, several dogs being kept in the stable-yard, and the large outer gates locked. But he seldom made an excursion in any direction without finding some opportunity to benefit them. One of these many kindnesses came to the public ear during the last summer of his life. He was dressing in his own bedroom in the morning, when he saw two Savoyards and two bears come up to the Falstaff Inn opposite. While he was watching the odd company, two English bullies joined the little party and insisted upon taking the muzzles off the

bears in order to have a dance with them. "At once," said Dickens, "I saw there would be trouble, and I watched the scene with the greatest anxiety. In a moment I saw how things were going, and without delay I found myself at the gate. I called the gardener by the way, but he managed to hold himself at safe distance behind the fence. I put the Savoyards instantly in a secure position, asked the bullies what they were at, forced them to muzzle the bears again, under threat of sending for the police, and ended the whole affair in so short a time that I was not missed from the house. Unfortunately, while I was covered with dust and blood, for the bears had already attacked one of the men when I arrived, I heard a carriage roll by. I thought nothing of it at the time, but the report in the foreign journals which startled and shocked my friends so much came probably from the occupants of that vehicle. Unhappily, in my desire to save the men, I entirely forgot the dogs, and ordered the bears to be carried into the stable-yard until the scuffle should be over, when a tremendous tumult arose between the bears and the dogs. Fortunately we were able to separate them without injury, and the whole was so soon over that it was hard to make the family believe, when I came in to breakfast, that anything of the kind had gone forward." It was the newspaper report, causing anxiety to some absent friends, which led, on inquiry, to this rehearsal of the incident.

Who does not know Cobham Park? Has Dickens not invited us there in the old days to meet Mr. Pickwick, who pronounced it "delightful! — thoroughly delightful," while "the skin of his expressive countenance was rapidly peeling off with exposure to the sun"? Has he not invited the world to enjoy the loveliness of its solitudes with him, and peopled its haunts for us again and again?

Our first *real* visit to Cobham Park was on a summer morning when Dickens walked out with us from his own

gate, and, strolling quietly along the road, turned at length into what seemed a rural wooded pathway. At first we did not associate the spot in its spring freshness with that morning after Christmas when he had supped with the "Seven Poor Travellers," and lain awake all night with thinking of them; and after parting in the morning with a kindly shake of the hand all round, started to walk through Cobham woods on his way towards London. Then on his lonely road, "the mists began to rise in the most beautiful manner and the sun to shine; and as I went on," he writes, "through the bracing air, seeing the hoar frost sparkle everywhere, I felt as if all nature shared in the joy of the great Birthday. Going through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground and among the brown leaves enhanced the Christmas sacredness by which I felt surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the time had never raised his benignant hand, save to bless and heal, except in the case of one unconscious tree."

Now we found ourselves on the same ground, surrounded by the full beauty of the summer-time. The hand of Art conspiring with Nature had planted rhododendrons, as if in their native soil beneath the forest-trees. They were in one universal flame of blossoms, as far as the eye could see. Lord and Lady D——, the kindest and most hospitable of neighbors, were absent; there was not a living figure beside ourselves to break the solitude, and we wandered on and on with the wild birds for companions as in our native wildernesses. By and by we came near Cobham Hall, with its fine lawns and far-sweeping landscape, and workmen and gardeners and a general air of summer luxury. But to-day we were to go past the hall and lunch on a green slope under the trees, (was it *just* the spot where Mr. Pickwick tried the cold punch and found it satisfactory? I never liked to ask!) and after making the old woods ring with

the clatter and clink of our noontide meal, mingled with floods of laughter, were to come to the village, and to the very inn from which the disconsolate Mr. Tupman wrote to Mr. Pickwick, after his adventure with Miss Wardle. There is the old sign, and here we are at the Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent. "There's no doubt whatever about that." Dickens's modesty would not allow him to go in, so we made the most of an outside study of the quaint old place as we strolled by; also of the cottages whose inmates were evidently no strangers to our party, but were cared for by them as English cottagers are so often looked after by the kindly ladies in their neighborhood. And there was the old churchyard, "where the dead had been quietly buried 'in the sure and certain hope' which Christmas-time inspired." There too were the children, whom, seeing at their play, he could not but be loving, remembering who had loved them! One party of urchins swinging on a gate reminded us vividly of Collins, the painter. Here was his composition to the life. Every lover of rural scenery must recall the little fellow on the top of a five-barred gate in the picture Collins painted, known widely by the fine engraving made of it at the time. And there too were the blossoming gardens, which now shone in their new garments of resurrection. The stillness of midsummer noon crept over everything as we lingered in the sun and shadow of the old village. Slowly circling the hall, we came upon an avenue of lime-trees leading up to a stately doorway in the distance. The path was overgrown, birds and squirrels were hopping unconcernedly over the ground, and the gates and chains were rusty with disuse. "This avenue," said Dickens, as we leaned upon the wall and looked into its cool shadows, "is never crossed except to bear the dead body of the lord of the hall to its last resting-place; a remnant of superstition, and one Lord and Lady D—— would be glad to do away with, but the villagers would never hear of such a thing, and would consider it

certain death to any one who should go or come through this entrance. It would be a highly unpopular movement for the present occupants to attempt to uproot this absurd idea, and they have given up all thoughts of it for the time."

It was on a subsequent visit to Cobham village that we explored the "College," an old foundation of the reign of Edward III. for the aged poor of both sexes. Each occupant of the various small apartments was sitting at his or her door, which opened on a grassy enclosure with arches like an abandoned cloister of some old cathedral. Such a motley society, brought together under such unnatural circumstances, would of course interest Dickens. He seemed to take a profound pleasure in wandering about the place, which was evidently filled with the associations of former visits in his own mind. He was usually possessed by a childlike eagerness to go to any spot which he had made up his mind it was best to visit, and quick to come away, but he lingered long about this leafy old haunt on that Sunday afternoon.

Of Cobham Hall itself much might be written without conveying the smallest idea of its peculiar interest to this generation. The terraces, and lawns, and cedar-trees, and deer-park, the names of Edward III. and Elizabeth, the famous old Cobhams and their long line of distinguished descendants, their invaluable pictures and historic chapel, have all been the common property of the past and of the present. But the air of comfort and hospitality diffused about the place by the present owners belongs exclusively to our time, and a little Swiss chalet removed from Gad's Hill, standing not far from the great house, will always connect the name of Charles Dickens with the place he loved so well. The chalet has been transferred thither as a tribute from the Dickens family to the kindness of their friends and former neighbors. We could not fail to think of the connection his name would always have with Cobham Hall, though he was then still by

our side, and the little chalet yet remained embowered in its own green trees overlooking the sail-dotted Medway as it flowed towards the Thames.

The old city of Rochester, to which we have already referred as being particularly well known to all Mr. Pickwick's admirers, is within walking distance from Gad's Hill Place and was the object of daily visits from its occupants. The ancient castle, one of the best ruins in England, as Dickens loved to say, because less has been done to it, rises with rugged walls precipitously from the river. It is wholly unrestored; just enough care has been bestowed to prevent its utter destruction, but otherwise it stands as it has stood and crumbled from year to year. We climbed painfully up to the highest steep of its loftiest tower, and looked down on the wonderful scene spread out in the glory of a summer sunset. Below, a clear trickling stream flowed and tinkled as it has done since the rope was first lowered in the year 800 to bring the bucket up over the worn stones which still remain to attest the fact. How happy Dickens was in the beauty of that scene! What delight he took in rebuilding the old place, with every legend of which he proved himself familiar, and repeopling it out of the storehouse of his fancy. "Here was the kitchen, and there the dining-hall! How frightfully dark they must have been in those days, with such small slits for windows, and the fireplaces without chimneys! There were the galleries; this is one of the four towers; the others, you will understand, corresponded with this; and now, if you're not dizzy, we will come out on the battlements for the view!" Up we went, of course, following our cheery leader until we stood among the topmost wall-flowers, which were waving yellow and sweet in the sunset air. East and west, north and south, our eyes traversed the beautiful garden land of Kent, the land Shakespeare also loved and made immortal. Below lay the city of Rochester on one hand, and in the heart of it an old inn where

a carrier was even then getting out, or putting in, horses and wagon for the night. "That is the inn with the new chimney," said Dickens, "over which Charles's Wain was seen to rise by the carrier at 'four by the day,' as Shakespeare tells us in 'King Henry IV.' I discovered it as I was walking into Rochester one morning at the same hour, and saw the constellation in that very position." The chimney looks old enough by this time, and we fancy travellers fare no better at the inn now than when Shakespeare has described their entertainment in his play. Improvement has not kept pace with time in Rochester, but our feet are allowed to walk and our minds to dwell where he walked and his mind so often dwelt in his marvellous earthly course.

Below, on the other side, was the river Medway, from whose depths the castle once rose steeply. Now the *débris* and perhaps also a slight swerving of the river from its old course have left a rough margin, over which it would not be difficult to make an ascent. Rochester Bridge, too, is here, and the "windy hills" in the distance; and again, on the other hand, Chatham, and beyond, the Thames, with the sunset tingeing the many-colored sails. We were not easily persuaded to descend from our picturesque vantage-ground; but the master's hand led us gently on from point to point, until we found ourselves, before we were aware, on the grassy slope outside the castle wall. Besides, there was the cathedral to be visited, and the tomb of Richard Watts, "with the effigy of worthy Master Richard starting out of it like a ship's figure-head."

After seeing the cathedral, we went along the silent High street, past queer Elizabethan houses with endless gables and fences and lattice-windows, until we came to Watts's Charity, the house of entertainment for six poor travellers. The establishment is so familiar to all lovers of Dickens through his description of it in the article entitled "Seven Poor Travellers" among his "Uncom-

mercial" papers, that little is left to be said on that subject; except perhaps that no autobiographic sketch ever gave a more faithful picture, a closer portrait, than is there conveyed.

Dickens's fancy for Rochester, and his numberless associations with it, have left traces of that city in almost everything he wrote. From the time when Mr. Snodgrass first discovered the castle ruin from Rochester Bridge, to the last chapter of *Edwin Drood*, we observe hints of the city's quaintness or silence; the unending pavements, which go on and on till the wisest head would be puzzled to know where Rochester ends and where Chatham begins; the disposition of Father Time to have his own unimpeded way therein, and of the gray cathedral towers which loom up in the background of many a sketch and tale. Rochester, too, is on the way to Canterbury, Dickens's best loved cathedral, the home of Agnes Wickfield, the sunny spot in the life and memory of David Copperfield. David was particularly small, as we are told, when he first saw Canterbury, but he was already familiar with Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Robinson Crusoe, who came out, as he says, a glorious host, to keep him company. Naturally, the calm old place, the green nooks, the beauty of the cathedral, possessed a better chance with him than with many others, and surely no one could have loved them more. In the later years of his life the crowning-point of the summer holidays was "a pilgrimage to Canterbury."

The sun shone from end to end through the day when he chose to carry us thither. Early in the morning the whole house was astir; large hampers were packed, ladies and gentlemen were clad in gay midsummer attire, and, soon after breakfast, huge carriages with four horses, and postilions with red coats and top-boots, after the fashion of the olden time, were drawn up before the door. Presently we were moving lightly over the road,

the hop-vines dancing on the poles on either side, the orchards looking invitingly cool, the oast-houses fanning with their wide arms, the river glowing from time to time through the landscape. We made such a clatter passing through Rochester, that all the main street turned out to see the carriages, and, being obliged to stop the horses a moment, a shopkeeper, desirous of discovering Dickens among the party, hit upon the wrong man, and confused an humble individual among the company by calling a crowd, pointing him out as Dickens, and making him the mark of eager eyes. This incident seemed very odd to us in a place he knew so well. On we clattered, leaving the echoing street behind us, on and on for many a mile, until noon, when, finding a green wood and clear stream by the roadside, we encamped under the shadow of the trees in a retired spot for lunch. Again we went on, through quaint towns and lonely roads, until we came to Canterbury, in the yellow afternoon. The bells for service were ringing as we drove under the stone archway into the soundless streets. The whole town seemed to be enjoying a simultaneous nap, from which it was aroused by our horses' hoofs. Out the people ran, at this signal, into the street, and we were glad to descend at some distance from the centre of the city, thus leaving the excitement behind us. We had been exposed to the hot rays of the sun all day, and the change into the shadow of the cathedral was refreshing. Service was going forward as we entered; we sat down, therefore, and joined our voices with those of the choristers. Dickens, with tireless observation, noted how sleepy and inane were the faces of many of the singers, to whom this beautiful service was but a sickening monotony of repetition. The words, too, were gabbled over in a manner anything but impressive. He was such a downright enemy to form, as substituted for religion, that any dash of untruth or unreality was abhorrent to him. When the last sounds

died away in the cathedral we came out again into the cloisters, and sauntered about until the shadows fell over the beautiful enclosure. We were hospitably entreated, and listened to many an historical tale of tomb and stone and grassy nook; but under all we were listening to the heart of our companion, who had so often wandered thither in his solitude, and was now re-reading the stories these urns had prepared for him.

During one of his winter visits, he says (in "*Copperfield*"):—

"Coming into Canterbury, I loitered through the old streets with a sober pleasure that calmed my spirits and eased my heart. There were the old signs, the old names over the shops, the old people serving in them. It appeared so long since I had been a school-boy there, that I wondered the place was so little changed, until I reflected how little I was changed myself. Strange to say, that quiet influence which was inseparable in my mind from Agnes seemed to pervade even the city where she dwelt. The venerable cathedral towers, and the old jackdaws and rooks, whose airy voices made them more retired than perfect silence would have done; the battered gateways, once stuck full with statues, long thrown down and crumbled away, like the reverential pilgrims who had gazed upon them; the still nooks, where the ivied growth of centuries crept over gabled ends and ruined walls; the ancient houses; the pastoral landscape of field, orchard, and garden;—everywhere, in everything, I felt the same serene air, the same calm, thoughtful, softening spirit."

Walking away and leaving Canterbury behind us forever, we came again into the voiceless streets, past a "very old house bulging out over the road, . . . quite spotless in its cleanliness, the old-fashioned brass knocker on the low, arched door ornamented with carved garlands of fruit and flowers, twinkling like a star," the very house, perhaps, "with angles and corners and carvings and mouldings," where David

Copperfield was sent to school. We were turned off with a laughing reply, when we ventured to accuse this particular house of being *the one*, and were told there were several that "would do"; which was quite true, for nothing could be more quaint, more satisfactory to all, from the lovers of Chaucer to the lovers of Dickens, than this same city of Canterbury. The sun had set as we rattled noisily out of the ancient place that night, and along the high road, which was quite novel in its evening aspect. There was no lingering now; on and on we went, the postilions flying up and down on the backs of the huge horses, their red coats glancing in the occasional gleams of wayside lamps, fire-flies making the orchards shine, the sunset lighting up vast clouds that lay across the western sky, and the whole scene filled with evening stillness. When we stopped to change horses, the quiet was almost oppressive. Soon after nine we espied the welcome lantern of Gad's Hill Place and the open gates. And so ended Dickens's last pilgrimage to Canterbury.

There was another interesting spot near Gad's Hill Place, which was one of Dickens's haunts, and this was the "Druid-stone," as it is called, at Maidstone. This is within walking distance of his house, along a breezy hillside road, which we remember blossomy and wavy in the summer season, with open spaces in the hedges where one may look over wide hilly slopes, and at times come upon strange cuts down into the chalk which pervades this district. We turned into a lane from the dusty road, and, following our leader over a barred gate, came into wide grassy fields full of summer's bloom and glory. A short walk farther brought us to the Druid-stone, which Dickens thought to be, from the fitness of its position, simply a vantage-ground chosen by priests, — whether Druid or Christian of course it would be impossible to say, — from which to address a multitude. The rock served as a

kind of background and sounding-board, while the beautiful sloping of the sward upward from the speaker made it an excellent position for out-of-door discourses. On this day it was only a blooming solitude, where the birds had done all the talking, until we arrived. It was a fine afternoon haunt, and one worthy of a visit, apart from the associations which make the place dear.

One of the weirdest neighborhoods to Gad's Hill, and one of those most closely associated with Dickens, is the village of Cooling. A cloudy day proved well enough for Cooling; indeed, was undoubtedly chosen by the adroit master of hospitalities as being a fitting sky to show the dark landscape of "Great Expectations." The pony-carriage went thither to accompany the walking party and carry the baskets; the whole way, as we remember, leading on among narrow lanes where heavy carriages were seldom seen. We are told in the novel, "On every rail and gate, wet lay clammy, and the marsh mist was so thick that the wooden finger on the post directing people to our village — a direction which they never accepted, for they never came there — was invisible to me until I was close under it." The lanes certainly wore that aspect of never being accepted as a way of travel; but this was a delightful recommendation to our walk, for summer kept her own way there, and grass and wild-flowers were abundant. It was already noon, and low clouds and mists were lying about the earth and sky as we approached a forlorn little village on the edge of the wide marshes described in the opening of the novel. This was Cooling, and passing by the few cottages, the decayed rectory, and straggling buildings, we came at length to the churchyard. It took but a short time to make us feel at home there, with the marshes on one hand, the low wall over which Pip saw the convict climb before he dared to run away; "the five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, . . . sacred to the memory of five little brothers, . . . to which I

had been indebted for a belief that they had all been born on their backs, with their hands in their trousers pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence";—all these points, combined with the general dreariness of the landscape, the far-stretching marshes, and the distant sea-line, soon revealed to us that this was Pip's country, and we might momentarily expect to see the convict's head, or to hear the clank of his chain, over that low wall.

We were in the churchyard now, having left the pony within eye-shot, and taken the baskets along with us, and were standing on one of those very lozenges, somewhat grass-grown by this time, and deciphering the inscriptions. On tiptoe we could get a wide view of the marsh, with the wind sweeping in a lonely limitless way through the tall grasses. Presently hearing Dickens's cheery call, we turned to see what he was doing. He had chosen a good flat gravestone in one corner (the corner farthest from the marsh and Pip's little brothers and the expected convict), had spread a wide napkin thereupon after the fashion of a domestic dinner-table, and was rapidly transferring the contents of the hampers to that point. The horrible whimsicality of trying to eat and make merry under these deplorable circumstances, the tragi-comic character of the scene, appeared to take him by surprise. He at once threw himself into it (as he says in "*Copperfield*" he was wont to do with anything to which he had laid his hand) with fantastic eagerness. Having spread the table after the most approved style, he suddenly disappeared behind the wall for a moment, transformed himself by the aid of a towel and napkin into a first-class head-waiter, reappeared, laid a row of plates along the top of the wall, as at a bar-room or eating-house, again retreated to the other side with some provisions, and, making the gentlemen of the party stand up to the wall, went through the whole play with most entire gravity. When we had wound

up with a good laugh and were again seated together on the grass around the table, we espied two wretched figures, not the convicts this time, although we might have easily persuaded ourselves so, but only tramps gazing at us over the wall from the marsh side as they approached, and finally sitting down just outside the churchyard gate. They looked wretchedly hungry and miserable, and Dickens said at once, starting up, "Come, let us offer them a glass of wine and something good for lunch." He was about to carry them himself, when what he considered a happy thought seemed to strike him. "*You* shall carry it to them," he said, turning to one of the ladies; "it will be less like a charity and more like a kindness if one of you should speak to the poor souls!" This was so much in character for him, who stopped always to choose the most delicate way of doing a kind deed, that the memory of this little incident remains, while much, alas! of his wit and wisdom have vanished beyond the power of reproducing. We feasted on the satisfaction the tramps took in their lunch, long after our own was concluded; and seeing them well off on their road again, took up our own way to Gad's Hill Place. How comfortable it looked on our return; how beautifully the afternoon gleams of sunshine shone upon the holly-trees by the porch; how we turned away from the door and went into the playground, where we bowled on the green turf, until the tall maid in her spotless cap was seen bringing the five-o'clock tea thitherward; how the dews and the setting sun warned us at last we must prepare for dinner; and how Dickens played longer and harder than any one of the company, scorning the idea of tea at that hour, and beating his ball instead, quite the youngest of the company up to the last moment!—all this returns with vivid distinctness as I write these inadequate words.

Many days and weeks passed over after those June days were ended be-

fore we were to see Dickens again. Our meeting then was at the station in London, on our way to Gad's Hill once more. He was always early at a railway station, he said, if only to save himself the unnecessary and wasteful excitement hurry commonly produces : and so he came to meet us with a cheery manner, as if care were shut up in some desk or closet he had left behind, and he were ready to make the day a gay one, whatever the sun might say to it. A small roll of manuscript in his hand led him soon to confess that a new story was already begun ; but this communication was made in the utmost confidence, as if to account for any otherwise unexplainable absences, physically or mentally, from our society, which might occur. But there were no gaps during that autumn afternoon of return to Gad's Hill. He told us how summer had brought him no vacation this year, and only two days of recreation. One of those, he said, was spent with his family at "Rosherville Gardens," "the place," as a huge advertisement informed us, "to spend a happy day." His curiosity with regard to all entertainments for the people, he said to us, carried him thither, and he seemed to have been amused and rewarded by his visit. He said the previous Sunday had found him in London ; he was anxious to reach Gad's Hill before the afternoon, but in order to accomplish this he must walk nine miles to a way station, which he did. Coming to the little village, he inquired where the station was, and, being shown in the wrong direction, walked calmly down a narrow road which did not lead there at all. "On I went," he said, "in the perfect sunshine, over yellow leaves,

without even a wandering breeze to break the silence, when suddenly I came upon three or four antique wooden houses standing under trees on the borders of a lovely stream, and a little farther, upon an ancient doorway to a grand hall, perhaps the home of some bishop of the olden time. The road came to an end there, and I was obliged to retrace my steps ; but anything more entirely peaceful and beautiful in its aspect on that autumnal day than this retreat, forgotten by the world, I almost never saw." He was eager, too, to describe for our entertainment one of the yearly cricket-matches among the villagers at Gad's Hill which had just come off. Some of the toasts at the supper afterward were as old as the time of Queen Anne. For instance, —

"More pigs,
Fewer parsons" ;

delivered with all seriousness ; a later one was, "May the walls of old England never be covered with French polish."

Once more we recall a morning at Gad's Hill, a soft white haze over everything, and the yellow sun burning through. The birds were singing, and beauty and calm pervaded the whole scene. We strayed through Cobham Park and saw the lovely vistas through the autumnal haze ; once more we reclined in the cool *châlet* in the afternoon, and watched the vessels going and coming upon the ever-moving river. Suddenly all has vanished ; and now, neither spring nor autumn, nor flowers nor birds, nor dawn nor sunset, nor the ever-moving river, can be the same to any of us again. We have all drifted down upon the river of Time, and one has already sailed out into the illimitable ocean.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Hours of Exercise in the Alps. By JOHN TYNDALL, LL. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S volume has not only great merits, but a great and constant charm. Few writers on scientific topics possess in such degree the art of flinging over their stern subject-matter that mellow light of sentiment which conciliates the uninitiated mind without cheapening, as it were, the theme. Science we imagine has few such useful friends in literature: it were much to be wished that literature had a few such friends in science. By which we mean that literary topics would largely gain if writers would wander as far afield in search of a more rigorous method, as Professor Tyndall has travelled hitherward in search of a graceful one. But indeed Professor Tyndall seems to us so admirable a writer chiefly because he is so clear, so educated a thinker. It would be hard to make an unsymmetrical statement of conceptions so definite as those in which he deals. The habit of accurate thought gives a superb neatness to his style. "The mind," he excellently says, in his recent "Fragments of Science," "is, as it were, a photographic plate, which is gradually cleansed by the effort to think rightly, and which, when so cleansed, and not before, receives impressions from the light of truth." This sentence may serve at once as an example of the author's admirable way of putting things, and as a text for remark on the highly clarified condition of the Professor's own intellect. The reader moves in an atmosphere in which the habit of a sort of heroic attention seems to maintain a glare of electric light. On every side he sees shining facts, grouped and piled like the Alpine ice-masses the author commemorates in the present volume.

When Professor Tyndall starts forth in the early morning to climb an Alpine peak, or when he stands triumphant and still vigilant on the summit, he resolves the mysteries of the atmosphere, the weather, the clouds, the glaciers, into various hard component facts, which, to his eye, deepen rather than diminish the picturesqueness of the scene. In the midst of chaos and confusion the analytic instinct rises supreme. "As night

drew near the fog thickened through a series of intermittances which a mountain-land alone can show. Sudden uprushings of air would often carry the clouds aloft in vertical currents, while horizontal gusts swept them wildly to and fro. Different currents, impinging on each other, sometimes formed whirling cyclones of cloud. The air was tortured in its search of equilibrium." And elsewhere: "Monte Rosa was still in shadow, but . . . her precipices were all aglow. The purple coloring of the mountains . . . was indescribable; out of Italy I have never seen anything like it. Oxygen and nitrogen could not produce the effect; some effluences from the earth, some foreign constituent of the atmosphere, developed in those deep valleys by the southern sun, must sift the solar beams, weaken the rays of medium refrangibility, and blend the red and violet of the spectrum to that incomparable hue." These are fair examples of the explanatory gaze, as we may say, at nature, which so richly substantiates the author's perception of the beautiful, making him on all occasions an admirably vivid painter. The source of the reader's satisfaction is his sense of these firm particulars, as it were, close behind the glittering generals of common fine writing. It must be confessed that Professor Tyndall's manner makes our lighter descriptive arts seem somewhat inexpensive. We have had suggested to us, as we read, Mr. Ruskin's strongly contrasted manner of treating the same topics. He is almost equally familiar with mountain scenery, and some of his noblest writing occurs in the Alpine chapters of "Modern Painters." But the difference in tone, in attitude, in method, in result, between the two men, is most striking and interesting. In one we have the pursuit of the picturesque in nature tempered and animated by scientific curiosity; in the other, linked and combined with a sort of passionate sentimentality. Professor Tyndall, to our minds, never rises so high as Mr. Ruskin at certain inspired moments; we doubt if he has ever stood knee-deep in flower-streaked Alpine grasses, and seen, above him, with just that potent longing of vision, "the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines." But we

may say of Professor Tyndall that, on the whole, he gives the mind a higher lift. His pages are pervaded by a cool contagious serenity which reminds one of high mountain air on a still day. He exhales a kind of immense urbanity, — the good-humor of a man who has mastered a multitude of facts. Mr. Ruskin, on the other hand, stands oppressed and querulous among the swarming shapes and misty problems his magnificent imagination and his "theological" sympathies have evoked; as helpless as that half-skilled wizard of the Coliseum, of whom Benvenuto Cellini narrates. He leaves in the mind a bitter deposit of melancholy; whereas Professor Tyndall's recitals have passed through the understanding with the cleansing force of running water. This difference is perhaps owing especially, however, to the fact that in Mr. Ruskin you are fatigued by a perpetual sense of waste exertion; and that half your pleasure in reading Tyndall comes from the admirable economy of his style. He is all concentration. His narrative never ceases to be a closely wrought chain of logically related propositions. No sentence but really fills (and has paid for, so to speak) the space it occupies. If there is no "nonsense" about Professor Tyndall's writing, it is in a deeper sense than through the comparatively vulgar fact that he is a frank materialist, and leaves the whole class of imponderable factors out of his account; in the sense, rather, that his writing is so strictly constructive and positive, leaving in its march no stragglers behind and reaching its goal by the straightest road. He consumes his own smoke. The author of "Modern Painters," on the other hand, though he has written so much (and to such excellent purpose) on "composition" in art, has not practised it in literature so rigorously as might have been wished. But it would be very absurd to push our comparison too far. It was suggested by the simple fact that, like Mr. Ruskin, Professor Tyndall is a man of powerful imagination.

The volume which has given us a pretext for these remarks is a record of Professor Tyndall's various exploits in the Alps. He has pursued Nature into her highest places and gathered observations at the cost of much personal exertion and exposure. Some of his chapters have already appeared; all of them were substantially written at the time of the adventures they relate, and are full of the immediate freshness, the air of

business, of genuine mountaineering. Those who will read at the same time Mr. Leslie Stephen's recent delightful "Playground of Europe" will find here potently recalled their own long summer days in Switzerland. Mr. Stephen, though none the less a mountaineer, is a very happy humorist; and the reader's complaint with Professor Tyndall will be, possibly, that he is too little of one. He is fearfully in earnest; he has an unwavering eye to business; and herewith the reader will scarcely fail to observe, quite ungrudgingly, the author's fine habit of egotism. It is very serene, very robust, and it carries the best conscience in the world. It makes its first appearance when, in the Preface, he erects into peculiarly personal application the very interesting question of the source of the modern interest in fine scenery, and dedicates his book to a friend on the ground, apparently (reversing the common order of obligation), of his being one "whom I taught in his boyhood to handle a theodolite and lay a chain"; it recurs in the various rugged resting-points and rare breathing-spaces of his perilous scrambles, and it rises perhaps to a climax in the last chapter of the volume, where, in an account of a stormy voyage to Algeria, he relates how in the face of danger he "watched with intense interest the workings of his own mind," — and apparently found them satisfactory. Professor Tyndall indeed gravitates, at all times most naturally, to self-reference. In the "Fragments of Science," before mentioned, having occasion to speak with enthusiasm of Carlyle, he tells us how he "must ever remember with gratitude that, through three long cold German winters, Carlyle placed me in my tub, even when ice was on its surface, at five o'clock every morning." This seems to us a capital instance of the so-called *naïveté* of genius. But we confess that to ourselves this same *naïveté* is never offensive, and that it is no mean entertainment to read a powerful mind by flashes of egotism. The author's self-complacency appears to be but part and parcel of the fine in good-humor with which he regards things general. The reader, too, will willingly concede the right of a genial equanimity to one who has learned it in *action* so thoroughly as Professor Tyndall. His book reveals to us a superb working organization. That manner of rest from overwork, which he comes to Switzerland to seek, will seem to many persons a rather arduous pastime. But once a-trudge on his icy slopes, climb-

ing, noting, straining, buffeting, — with his “solid nutriment for the day consisting of part of a box of meat-lozenges,” — he feels the sources of strength renewed. And in case of bad weather he has other wholesome expedients. During a period of storm on the Bel-Alp he rolls himself in his plaid, lights his pipe, and masters “Mozely on Miracles.”

We must not enter into the details of our author's various adventures. They were all as bravely achieved as they are vividly narrated. Professor Tyndall concedes more than some authorities to the much-discussed perils of mountaineering. Mr. Leslie Stephen appears to place them at a minimum, — so long, that is, as vigilance is at its maximum. But Professor Tyndall hints at contingencies in which even the utmost care leaves an all-sufficient margin for calamity. Such was the occasion in which the guide Joseph Bennen, here commemorated, found his death; *apropos* of which one may remark that the author's portraiture of Bennen, — the “*Garibaldi der Führer*,” — a series of firm touches scattered here and there through the volume, is one of the best things it contains. There has recently been much talk in England about Alpine perils, and an attempt manifested to draw the line between lawful and wanton self-exposure. The details of this question need not occupy us here, removed as we are, compared with the English, from this particular field of enterprise: though indeed it may well have been raised recently among readers of this magazine by the admirable narratives of a gentleman himself profoundly indifferent to such fine distinctions. Professor Tyndall's volume, suggestive of so many things, has been so of none more than of just this point of the vanity of saying to human audacity, curiosity, — the great motive energy of our Anglo-Saxon race, by whatever names we call it, — that it shall, in any direction, go thus far and no farther. We shall live to see it go farther than we can yet forecast its course. Mr. Clarence King and his friend, for instance, have been setting fresh examples, in our own Western Alps, for which coming years will surely furnish a sufficient following, — and yet awhile without that “perpetual leather gaiter and ostentation of bath-tub” which they apprehend. What man can attempt, by hook or by crook, he will never consent to abjure on *a priori* grounds even the most elaborately rational. There is no rest for him but after the fact,

and in the unfolding of human experiences these defiant yet seductive facts press more and more upon his conscience. Its constant exhibition of the exquisite mettle of the human will gives perhaps its greatest interest to Mr. Tyndall's book. The author himself, indeed, claims that for the wise man there need be nothing vain or wanton in Alpine climbing. It is subjectively as valuable a discipline as it is rich in objective revelations. “Spirit and matter are interfused. The Alps improve us *totally*, and we return from the precipices wiser as well as stronger men.” To this, as far as we are able, we heartily subscribe. It seems to us that the perilous ascent of the Matterhorn was amply justified by the inrush of those “musings” the author so eloquently describes, and which were conditioned then and there. After the great efforts of the Alps, the efforts of daily life, pitched chiefly as they are in a lower key, are vanquished with greater ease. Common solitude is more tolerable, after a taste of that palpable loneliness which sits among the upper peaks; the vulgar heats of life seem mild in contrast with the swelter of Swiss hillsides; among our daily fatigues we may recall with profit the resolution which unmeasured itself through the endless phases of a Swiss ascent. The “eloquence of nature,” we suppose, is the proper motto of Professor Tyndall's book. It is surely an excellent one. Nature as a teacher, as a friend, as a companion, is, especially among ourselves, decidedly underestimated. But her claims in these respects are, to our mind, to be received with a qualification. We are to remember that nature dwells within us as well as without, and that we have each of us a personal Alp to climb, — some formidable peak of character to dismantle of its frowning mystery and to decorate with the little flag-stick of mastery, before we can roam at our ease through the mysteries of matter. In other words, eternal Nature is less a pure refuge than the poets would have us believe. She is an excellent teacher for those whose education is fairly begun, a most effective comforter for those whom she finds half comforted.

Castilian Days. By JOHN HAY. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE satisfaction given by faithful study and clear, bold treatment of facts is the chief pleasure which awaits the reader of

this admirable book ; but that is only one of many delights he will find in it, if he is a reader who cares also for the artistic side, and can enjoy the charm of its forcible and brilliant style ; or is one who likes to find a man as well as an author in a book, and can be glad of very decided, yet tolerant feeling upon matters of modern interest and dispute. Mr. Hay regards Spain not merely in a literary way, and with the purpose of turning her characteristics to literary account, but views her as a part of the living world, with due share in the common advance and reaction ; yet his attitude is no more that of a reformer than that of a sentimentalist, in the tiresome and disheartening sense. The chapters on "Influence of Tradition in Spanish Life," "The Moral of Spanish Politics," "The Bourbon Duel," and "Necessity of the Republic," form a picture of foreign political life of almost unique excellence, singularly vivid, simple, and intelligible ; and "A Field Night in the Spanish Cortes" is a piece of writing in which the author establishes his pre-eminence as an observer of political character. The felicity with which he portrays all those unknown or dimly known leaders of Spanish parties, and makes us comprehend, without tedious explanation, all those alien political conditions, is his peculiar gift. The ideas and motives of those who disagree with us are so hard to state with fairness, that we are almost ready to rate Mr. Hay's justice as highly as the more positive power he shows in this vigorous sketch, where the warmth of color is in his undisguised yet perfectly controlled feeling, and the light is that of a wholesome and steadfast common sense. It is the best chapter in the book, we think, who think so well of all the rest ; and not unnaturally so, for Mr. Hay, besides inherent aptness, has through his varied experience of political life at home and abroad had unusual training for that kind of work. This experience has not made a politician of him, but an observer of politicians, — a rarer, and for our country, a usefuller character. It perhaps accounts for a certain polished hardness of manner on which the reader strikes unpleasantly at times, in different parts of the book, but which is not without its advantages.

Next to this chapter we like "An Hour with the Painters," a body of refreshingly sane and comprehensible comment on a collection of art which Mr. Hay believes, and goes far to prove, the best in the world. We

do not know that in speaking of art he is at any time dishonest or obscure ; which we conceive places him very high among critics of art. "The Cradle and the Grave of Cervantes" is the most sympathetically written chapter in the book ; and Mr. Hay might learn a lesson from the fact that it is one of the best, if his defect were an habitually unsympathetic tone. It is thoroughly charming, and as useful in accounting for modern Spain as any of the chapters on her modern life. Indeed, it is Mr. Hay's custom to treat Spain present and Spain past as an historical unity, either to be inferred from the other, with a perfectly logical strictness, and he seldom considers one without reference to the other. This gives an unusual interest to all his social and local sketches, and makes his pictures of the whole condition of Spanish things singularly intelligible. It is not a very hopeful condition at first glance ; for we are told that honor and not honesty, religion and not morality, are the ruling principles in public and private affairs ; that the country is essentially poor, and the state immemorably bankrupt ; that the leaders are insincere, and the led are ignorant ; but Mr. Hay takes courage from the fact that Spain is a bundle of anomalies, and from the more encouraging fact that there is now perfect equality of religious sects, and the beginning of popular education ; he hopes for the best, that is to say, the republic ; and he is not disturbed in this hope by the apparition of King Amadeus. There is nothing we like better in his book than the very hearty tone of his democracy or — if Americanism is yet to mean something better than democracy — his Americanism. No fair-minded man can now look at any part of Europe, and not be glad of America, in spite of New York ; and Mr. Hay is above all fair-minded.

We leave ourselves little space to speak of the delightfulness of the book as a study of the social life of a most picturesque and interesting people, or to praise those admirable chapters on Madrid, Toledo, La Granja, the Escorial, bull-fighting, and holidays. In these respects it is as satisfactory as in its solid qualities ; and it takes its place beside the best books of a rare and valuable kind. In style, in perfect adequacy of expression, it is also of the first. Every page sparkles with witty comment, — at times perhaps too little relieved by the kindness of humor, — but its epigram never wea-

ries; and the spice of literary Gallicism in it only adds an agreeable piquancy. No other book in English about Spain can compare with it, and we know of none on the subject which offers, with such easy and charming grace, so much that we may all be the wiser for knowing. This is high praise for a book on Spain. Mr. Hay's volume merits greater.

My Witness. A Book of Verse. By WILLIAM WINTER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

IN these days, when so many of our poets seem to be so badly bitten by the tarantula of sensationalism that they must needs dance forever in Corybantic measures, rather than sing from the pure inbreathing of the Muse, and when the contortions of the Pythonesse are made a substitute for the strength and grace which come from Apollo alone, we welcome every performance in which the natural outweighs the artificial. Attitudinizing is a fault from which some of the best poets of this century are not altogether exempt. All praise to the poets who find new phrases, that are also the *fittest* phrases; but none to those who would palm off upon us the affectations and tricks of mere novelty for the sake of being new. Perhaps the sensational school must flourish a good deal longer yet—for the public seem to have a liking for it—before a healthy reaction can take place in the literary world. But the reaction will and must take place sooner or later.

But we must not fall into too ponderous a prelude to our notice of Mr. Winter's Book of Verse. Mr. Winter has the excellent quality of not overstepping the modesty of nature. He is not afraid of saying a thing simply and naturally. Especially in verse, which reflects so uniformly the writer's inner moods, the prime requisite is sincerity. The poems are short and unpretentious, and are characterized by a pervading dreaminess and tender melancholy; graceful, simple in style, and clothed in rhythm for the most part very melodious. They form a subdued, gentle, somewhat monotonous lament over the love, the beauty, and the glory that have passed away,—the burden of a refined, delicate, melancholy temperament, feeling that all that's bright must fade, and seeing no higher compensation amid life's mysteries, than final rest and forgetfulness of all. There is not sweep enough of thought or passion,

apparently, to drive the poet from this enveloping mood. We accept his volume as the work of one deeply imbued with poetic feeling and fancy, and genuine artist enough to write with care, and express himself simply unaffectedly, and (though there are a few exceptions) with a delicate feeling for the best standards of rhythm.

We are tempted to quote three or four of the poems which strike us most: for example, "Orgia," "Love's Question," "Three Pictures," and the sweet and pathetic verses on the death of the author's friend, George Arnold. But we must content ourselves with one, which seems to us, on the whole, the best in the book.

"AZRAEL.

"Come with a smile, when come thou must,
Evangel of the world to be,
And touch and glorify this dust, —
This shuddering dust that now is me, —
And from this prison set me free!

"Long in those awful eyes I quail,
That gaze across the grim profound;
Upon that sea there is no sail,
Nor any light, nor any sound
From the far shore that girdest it round:

"Only, — two still and steady rays,
That those twin orbs of doom o'ertop:
Only, — a quiet, patient gaze
What drinks my being, drop by drop,
And bids the pulse of Nature stop.

"Come with a smile, auspicious friend,
To usher in the eternal day!
Of these weak terrors make an end,
And charm the paltry chains away
That bind me to this timorous clay!

"And let me know my soul akin
To sunrise and the winds of morn,
And every grandeur that has been
Since this all-glorious world was born,
Nor longer droop in my own scorn.

"Come, when the way grows dark and chill!
Come, when the baffled mind is weak,
And in the heart the voice is still
Which used in happier days to speak,
Or only whispers sadly meek.

"Come with a smile that dims the sun!
With pitying heart and gentle hand;
And wait me, from a work that's done,
To peace that waits on thy command,
In God's mysterious better land."

Book of the East, and other Poems. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

WE like best the larger half of this volume preceding the "Persian Songs," "Arab Songs," and "Chinese Songs," which give its title; though we are not

sure but our grief with these is because of the kind more than the defect of any one poem. Many of them afford a pleasure not to be marred by the reader's sense of the unreality of the poet's attitude, and the intended fantasticality and cold-blooded hyperbole of Occidental achievement in Oriental poetry. Such a one is this little wine-song : —

" Day and night my thoughts incline
To the blandishments of wine :
Jars were made to drain, I think,
Wine, I know, was made to drink !

" When I die, (the day be far !)
Should the potters make a jar
Out of this poor clay of mine,
Let the jar be filled with wine ! "

Leigh Hunt himself could not have wrought out this delightful conceit with a more delicate and sufficient simplicity ; and we are almost ready, having tasted its fine quality, to recant our profession concerning the Book of the East as a whole. The jarring Western touch (as an allusion to the muses in one place) is sometimes felt ; but there is ever so much of grace and daintiness and sweetness in the thought and music. Yet after all, though the poet's work here is all very well, he lives in other things.

The pieces called " In Memoriam " are not without faults ; in fact, they have several ; there are some offences against taste, and some passages that lose force through their violence ; but nevertheless they deserve to be classed with a few surpassing efforts in which the poet and his reader stand heart to heart. It is a lament for the death of a little boy ; and its power is not to be spoken, but felt — it is sorrow's self. The twelfth poem of the series is the very passion of loss ; and we do not know where the sympathy of bereavement has been more tenderly and finely expressed than here : —

" That first wild burst of grief is o'er,
The spring is sealed of wretchedness ;
Not that I love my darling less,
But love, or think of, others more.

" Pale fathers pass me in the street,
Whose little sons, like mine, are dead ;
I see it in the drooping head,
And in the wandering of the feet ! "

It is not a question whether Mr. Stoddard is a poet ; if it had been before he wrote " In Memoriam," it could not be now. But he long ago answered that question, as every writer is apt to do, without much help or harm from the critics. His brief, sweet poems show an art akin to that of the early

English lyrists, but have borrowed no trick or mere quaintness from them. It is real simplicity in Mr. Stoddard's thought, as well as the musical movement of his verse, which distinguishes him, though he does not always escape that prosaic bareness to which simplicity tends. Here and there, too, is a crudity of style or expression which contrasts oddly enough with the perfection of the best passages. Mr. Stoddard seems for a poet of our time, when nearly all verse is flavored with sweet Tennysonian syrups, and made to taste of the common chemical base, to have kept an unusually large share of the savors of nature. Not but that he can be artificial too, if he likes ; there are as tiresome bits of unreality in this little book as an enemy could wish to find ; but the characteristic traits are a habit of original feeling, a clearness of utterance, and a lyrical touch. Some of the pieces are pure songs : expressions of mood and emotion, not vexing with deep meaning, but versing the inarticulate momentary regrets and longings ; others like the following are of subtler and deeper thought, and with equal music, mark the difference between a song to be sung and a poem to be read.

" I am dreary and gray,
And my thoughts fly away,
Like a long flight of cranes,
In a dark autumn day !

" They may go till they find
The warm sunshine and wind,
But the autumn remains,
And my darkness of mind ! "

We always liked, with some slight reservations, Mr. Stoddard's poem " Adsum," on Thackeray's death, which we find here ; the ode on Abraham Lincoln is good, too, and the " Cæsar." A very striking poem is " Why stand ye gazing up into heaven ? " which is none the less remarkable because it attempts no certain answer to the unanswerable.

Atlantic Essays. By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

OF the twelve papers here reprinted, the seven more strictly literary essays are in the interest of that self-respectful demeanor, high purpose, and honest art in literature which Mr. Higginson has always enforced by example in his own work, and which he has never ceased to advocate in a literary

generation much abandoned to pyrotechnics, with an incredible deal of stick to a very little rocket. We do not know but the example in these matters is better than the precept, yet we do not complain of the precept, since it cannot fail of the grace of example. There could not be more sensible or wittier advice than Mr. Higginson gives in "A Letter to a Young Contributor," but to our sad, certain knowledge the young contributor remains all that he was there deplored as being so long ago as 1862. Still, though these things cannot teach those to whom reading and writing have not come by nature the virtues that they praise, they ought to have a tonic and heartening effect upon others, and keep them from yielding to the temptations of a public that buys and pays trash as if it loved it. "A Plea for Culture," "Literature as an Art," "Americanism in Literature," and "On an Old Latin Text-Book," are papers that may be read with singular refreshment by all lovers of good literature, be they lay or cleric, and so we commend them.

We have always a feeling, however, that if Mr. Higginson were less conscious of a purpose to serve culture, he might serve himself and literature more. We like him best when he makes some study in the past or present of life that has no immediate relation to culture, and in this book we have had most pleasure in "A Charge with Prince Rupert," Mademoiselle's Campaigns," "The Puritan Minis-

ter," and "Fayal and the Portuguese." The last is a charming record of sojourn and observation among a people of curious interest, and abounds in sketches so skillfully touched and delicately colored, that we feel the loss of an admirable traveller in the fact that the author has not voyaged more. The other papers named seem to us quite as perfect in their presentation of the past. It is an art, this picturesque-historical essay (as we must unsatisfactorily call it) in which so many fail, that we shall sufficiently distinguish Mr. Higginson's success by saying that he succeeds. It borders upon historical romance; and it can be even more delusive. Vulgarly managed, it is intolerable; it is delightful when well done. If you would see how bad it can be, how false, read Dixon's "Tower of London," and for all its excellences turn to these papers of Mr. Higginson.

The "Atlantic Essays" were all first printed in our pages, and they range in date from the first to the present year of the magazine's existence. In that period we have offered the public of the best that has been produced in American literature; but, in their way, nothing better than these essays. The "constant reader" will think it very unnecessary to say this; and in fact it is somewhat late to praise Mr. Higginson for an elegance of style, a grace of humor and feeling, and an elevation of thought, which are matters of established fame.